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Photo: April 2011 protest at CPUC hearing on Diablo Canyon. By Luke Hauser.



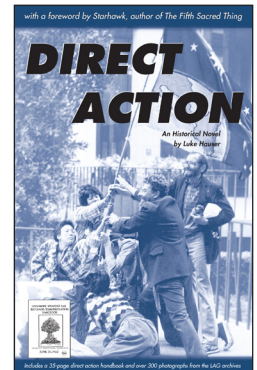
DIRECT ACTION

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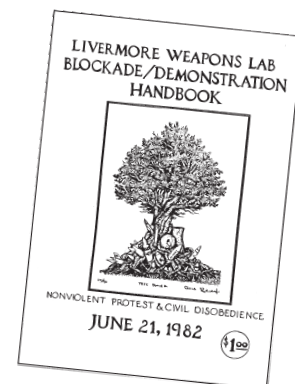


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Epilog / 1984

*Para bailar La Bamba, se necesita una poca de gracia.**

— traditional Mexican song, recorded by Ritchie Valens

Thursday, July 26, 1984

RITCHIE VALENS was playing on the old cassette deck in the workshop. We were heading into the hot season, and I was repairing screens for the hall windows. Measure, cut, seal, trim — not a bad way to make a buck. My hands were occupied, but my mind was roving free.

I wasn't in bad spirits, considering all that had come down — down being the key word — in the past few months. Not just with Angie and Holly. Politics was a bust, too. People's Convention was a dud, and LAG was hanging by a thread.

The September Livermore action was drawing a bigger response than April had. But it wouldn't be anywhere near the scale of the previous two June blockades, and more than a few people talked about it as LAG's swan song.

I could think of all that and sink into pessimism. But then I'd flash on the Hall of Justice action, and it would all fall into perspective.

Not like it cured everything. But it alleviated my sense of lagging behind in the radicalism sweepstakes. I'd passed the initiation.

It didn't matter that hardly anyone knew. Jacey probably didn't even know my name, so Raoul and Jenny and Sid would never hear of it. Hank told Mort and Craig about it one night at pinball as part of his general narrative of our adventures, but it seemed unlikely to go further.

* *To dance La Bamba, one needs a bit of grace.*

And the only other person in on the secret, Angie, had left for Portland a day later, never to be seen again.

Well, practically. She had promised to come back the weekend of the Berkeley Anti-Reagan Festival. But BARF was two months away. Better not to think about her too much now.

I rolled the sealing tool along the last side of a screen, trimmed the overlap, and stacked it with the others. Four down, four to go. As I stood and stretched, my mind drifted back to my last night with Angie.

Following the Hall of Justice arrests, we were cited out that same evening, not too late. Angie and I were the first two back to Stonehenge, and retired to the basement. Her “room” was a corner enclosed by two dark curtains which didn’t quite meet. A futon propped up on milk crates filled half of the floorspace. On a rickety nightstand sat a lamp with no shade and an old clock radio stuck on an AM classical station.

But being alone with Angie, it was all beautiful. Maybe it was because she was leaving the next day, but her reservations about us sleeping together seemed to have evaporated. To the tinny sounds of Haydn and Brahms we kissed, talked, read tarot, and made love till a sliver of dawn shown through the gap in the curtains. Finally she fell asleep, curled against me with her head tucked under my chin. I lay awake as long as I could, holding onto her, holding onto my hope — please don’t let this be the last time...

Somewhere I dozed off. When I awoke, Angie was across the room packing. She was kneeling in front of her backpack, wearing only an oversized blue T-shirt and short white socks.

This is the moment, I thought. Ask her. This is the last chance. Ask her to stay. My mouth opened, but I feared the sound of my voice would startle her. I shuffled the blankets. Still kneeling, she turned to face me. “Just packing up,” she said. She smiled, but in an it’s-been-nice-seeing-you way. I lay on my side looking at her. She’s gone. She made up her mind long ago. What’s the point in asking her to stay? Why ask a question when you know the answer?

She put some clothes in the pack, then got up and came over to the bed. She stood there looking down at me, the blue T-shirt hung loosely around her. She smiled cryptically. “I’m meeting my old boss in Sausalito at noon,” she said. “It takes forty minutes from here. That leaves...”

“Twenty-seven minutes,” I said, glancing at the clock radio. She hovered over me. Should I ask her to stay? I closed my eyes. I could waste precious time asking futile questions, or I could answer her overture and leave us with one last memory. Clear enough. I arched up to meet her with a kiss. She lowered her body onto mine, pressing me down onto the bed. I drew her to me and felt her breath on my neck...

Twenty-seven minutes later she sat on the edge of the futon, tying her shoes. I lifted her T-shirt and kissed her on the back. She didn’t respond. Okay, I won’t beg you to stay. Just tell me when I’ll see you. Don’t make me ask.

But her words were elsewhere. "I'm driving as far as Arcata tonight. Unless I feel inspired to drive all night."

"Right," I said. I bent over to tie my shoes to avoid looking at her.

She picked up her pack. "Would you get the door?" I followed her out to the street. One of Sid's housemates was riding with her to Sausalito. He hoisted her pack into the van as Angie turned to face me. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed me gently on the lips, then put her arms around me. "I'll miss you," she said.

I squeezed her to me. "Angie, I'll miss you a lot," I said, my voice nearly breaking. "When will I see you?"

She stepped back, holding both my hands. "Unless you take a bus up to Portland, I guess it will be at BARF in September."

I stepped back onto the sidewalk and watched as she climbed into the van. She honked as she rolled away. I waved after her, but couldn't tell whether she noticed. There she goes. Off to Portland. And what about me? A bus to Portland? Why not? I could afford it. But what was the point? If she didn't care enough to stay here, why would it be different there?

Time to let go, I knew. Brooding wasn't going to make any difference. Back to work. Back to life.

I laid out another screen on the workbench. Actually, I wasn't as depressed as I thought I'd be. It was more a wistfulness, like waking from a beautiful dream to a dreary Monday morning. Life looked gray. But that probably stemmed as much from endless afternoons in the LAG office as from losing Angie.

If she was in fact "lost." Sure, the evidence pointed that way. Her first postcard said she'd been accepted at Portland State for the Fall semester. Plus, a permanent room had opened up in the house where she was subletting.

But my heart resisted the message. Almost subconsciously, I had been nursing a daydream: maybe tomorrow, I'll walk into the office, and there she'll be. We'll make plans to go over to the Starry Plough... Maybe tomorrow.

And what about our time together when she came back for BARF? It wasn't that far off. We'd take a nighttime hike to the top of Corona Heights, a rocky peak overlooking the Castro and Mission districts. We'd nestle together under a blanket, kissing, caressing...

Would she work on Direct Action that weekend? Would we sleep together? Was it too late for her to change her mind and move back?

The screen tool slipped and I scraped my hand. I clenched my teeth, warding off the stinging pain. Pay attention, I hissed. And not just to work. What was I doing, fantasizing about Angie? How long till she met someone in Portland? Stop living in dreamland. If it were ever going to work, it was back in the Spring. Hard as it was to let go, I needed to cut my losses, learn a lesson, and move on.

Thursday, August 2, 1984

WE PASSED THE Campanile, tall and silent, and turned toward the philosophy building in the center of campus. Holly had asked the night before if we could talk, and we'd made a date for this evening.

We walked under a brick archway that led to Strawberry Creek. The sun filtered through the leaves of the trees. We made our way into a little glade alongside the creek and sat down on a rickety wooden bench, half-facing each other in the dappled shade.

She took my hand between hers. Her eyes were veiled. She breathed in, then let it out slowly. I gazed at her steadily, ready for anything. What was the worst that could happen? Another lover. I could deal.

"I've decided to move out," she said plainly. "At the end of August."

"Move out?"

"We're drifting apart. We've hardly talked for a month. And it's not like the past year was all that different."

My hand felt limp and clammy in hers. I looked down at the weathered wood of the bench and felt alone, drifting. I started thinking about how inconvenient her decision was. Now I had to find a new roommate. I kicked myself for being so self-centered, and groped for something to say. "Where are you going? Do you have another place?"

"Not yet. Caroline and I might try to find a house. Or I might go traveling for a while. I'm not sure. I need to move on." A note of sadness played across her face. "I really wanted this to work. I guess my dream is that I'll meet someone to spend the rest of my life with. For two years I wished that was you. Now I know it's not."

I looked away. What could I say? I'd let her down. Not by falling in love with Angie, but by not being aware enough of my own feelings to see them developing and be open. That part I'd messed up. No wonder she was leaving. How could I expect her to trust me?

"Holly, you're really —" My voice broke, and I continued in a shaky tone. "You're really important to me."

She squeezed my hand. "Thanks, Jeff. I hope we can stay friends."

Wednesday, August 8, 1984

"KARINA did what?"

"At Vandenberg," Jenny told me. "On Hiroshima Day. She smashed up some computers or something. She's in jail right now."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "She's in jail? Down there?"

An odd look, almost of guilt, crossed Jenny's face. Did she know more

Jenny nodded and brushed her hair out of her face. "Me and Raoul want to start a collective house. Caroline and Tai might be part of it."

I wondered if Holly would join them, and felt a little jealous. "Are you staying in Oakland?"

"Or South Berkeley. If I'm going to have kids, I want a house with a nice yard."

I looked up from my layout board. "So you're thinking of having kids soon?"

"Yeah," she said with as much certainty as I'd ever heard from her. "Raising kids in a new way is one of the most radical things you can do. Of course, that means dealing with my own patterns. That's why I had to get out of the LAG office. It was the perfect way to avoid my feelings — staying immersed in endless phone calls and meetings and actions."

I pursed my lips. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Well, for starters, I'm taking a co-counseling class."

I nodded without quite grasping it. "Co-counseling?"

"Yeah. If I'm really committed to not passing my patterns on to my children, I have to get in and do the personal work. Right now."

"That's great," I said, but I wasn't quite following her plan. Before I could ask, we were interrupted by the door. It was Sid and Raoul, coming to work on the centerspread about the Convention actions.

"Did you hear about Karina?" Jenny asked them. Sid and Raoul were as surprised as I had been. Jenny filled them in on what little she knew.

A couple of minutes later, Norm arrived with an update. "I heard she's over at the Hall of Justice in the City," he told us. "Alby said they didn't arrest her till she got back home."

Sid bounced on his toes. "We should organize a solidarity rally in front of the Hall of Justice."

Raoul shook his head slowly. "I just hope she knows what she's gotten herself into," he said. "What was she trying to prove?"

BOHEMIAN GROVE ACTION NETWORK

PROTEST — 1984

FRIDAY, JULY 20
 11:00 A.M. (All day) — GREETING & VIGIL (Grove Front Gate, Monte Rio)
 6:00 P.M. — COMMUNITY DINNER, OPEN MIKE & FILMS —
 OCCIDENTAL COMMUNITY CENTER (Bohemian Hwy., Occidental)
 9:00 P.M. — DANCE — Uncle Wiggly

SATURDAY, JULY 21
 2:00 P.M. to Dusk — TEACH-IN, MUSIC & COMIC RELIEF (We will start on time)
 SONOMA STATE UNIVERSITY — COTATT (by the duck ponds)
 This event is FREE — Donations are needed & welcomed

FEATURING:
 Angela Davis — Vice President, Campaign, Communist Party U.S.A.
 Dolores Delaney — United Farm Workers
 Bill Hefley — American Road & Builders Builders
 Garry Ford — Feminist & Political Activist
 Sam Geary — Craft Worker
 Peter Margulies — Abolition Alliance
 William Marshall — Civ. California State Board of Equalization
 Owen Oakesman — Food For All Institute
 David Johnson — National Country President, N.A.A.C.P.
 Tom Woodard — Lawrence Action Group
 John Hunter — Berkeley Citizens Alliance
 George Shuch & the Committee to Intervene Anywhere (C.I.A.)
 Gail Herstein — Mayor of Berkeley, C.C.

Bohemian Grove Action Network

"LIFTING FOR SURVIVAL"
 Box 1016, Box 118
 Occidental, California 94953
 415/474-2122

MUSIC BY:
 Edie Marra — Chorus Backstreet — Break Dancers
 David Liberman

Label: DONATA-1

Bohemian Grove Action Network organizes protests of the annual July gathering of corporate and governmental bigwigs at the Bohemian Club in Northern California. See Fact and Fiction Appendix for info.

Probably nothing to you, I thought, feeling suddenly protective of Karina. If she did smash a computer, she must have had a good reason. Raoul's attitude made me think of Mort, who was over at Hank's shop working on the nukecycle. I was glad he wasn't coming to production that night. The last thing I needed was Mort gloating over Karina going off the deep end. Or whatever she had done.

We rehashed the news a few more times, then settled into production. I started working on the calendar page, while Jenny tackled Sara's article on the Bohemian Grove action. Sara might have done it herself, but she and Alby had an extended commitment up north.

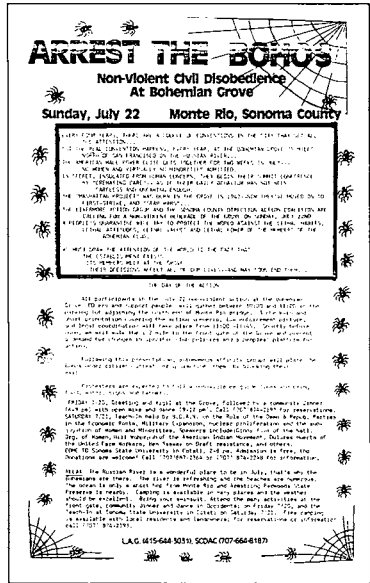
Alby and Sara were actually lucky their jail sentence wasn't worse, given how it looked at first. The whole incident had gotten blown out of proportion. It wasn't like they'd killed a cop. I couldn't believe that anyone had seriously said, "no solidarity."

Most of the fifty people busted at the July 22nd Bohemian Grove quarantine had either done a sit-down blockade, or woven "webs of resistance" across the road, trapping the bigwigs' cars in the Grove until Sonoma County sheriffs could make the arrests.

But Sara and Alby, fresh from the War Chest Tours, must have been thinking mobile tactics. When the sheriffs arrived to tear apart their web and take them into custody, the two of them took off running. The sheriffs gave chase and proved the better athletes, tackling Sara and Alby within a hundred yards.

The police slapped the two of them with resisting arrest, a much heavier charge than the other blockaders got. Immediate jail solidarity might have gotten the extra charges dropped, but some blockaders felt that running violated the nonviolence guidelines. No consensus was reached, and people cited out with the charges standing. Now the only hope was a courtroom showdown, and no one was pulling it together. Were people really cutting Alby and Sara adrift, or was it just lack of organizing?

The initiative needed to come from someone who did the action. Most participants lived up north. Daniel, the main Bay Area organizer, seemed like the only point of leverage.



In July 1984, LAG cosponsored the Bohemian Grove protests, helping organize a blockade of the only access road into the summer camp of the rich.

I had stalled for a week or so, till the day before their hearing, then approached Daniel at the office and asked if I could talk with him about Bohemian Grove.

He looked up slowly, his fountain pen poised above a densely-worded sheet of paper. "About Sara and Alby, I presume?"

I nodded. "It's not like they're strangers," I said. "These are our people."

"They also broke the nonviolence agreements," he answered. "I don't think we should make exceptions just because they're our 'friends.'"

A flush of anger rose in me. "Well, if I were one of the organizers, I wouldn't want people saying I abandoned someone just because they tried to get away from the cops. They're facing six months in jail."

Daniel drew his head back. "I'm quite aware of that," he said. "I don't believe I need a lecture on solidarity."

Maybe you do, maybe you don't, I thought. Better not to push him into a corner. If I argued more, he'd never give in. Give him time to think about it.

When the day rolled around, I rode up north for the hearing, even though I knew I'd have no leverage as a mere observer. When we arrived, I hoped to have one last word with Daniel. I was curious what he intended to do. If he hadn't made up his mind yet, maybe I could make the difference.

But when we arrived, he was already in a defendant's meeting. Maybe he'd give a ringing solidarity speech, urging people to stand firm with Sara and Alby and demand equal sentences. We took our seats in a small, wood-paneled room. As the defendants filed into court, Megan, who had been at their meeting as a legal assistant, came and joined us in the spectators' seats. She whispered to those of us close enough to hear: "Sara and Alby are going first. Daniel made a great speech about solidarity and how we can't abandon those we're protesting with. So the other protesters told the lawyers to tell the judge that Alby and Sara would be the first two arraigned and sentenced. No one else will cooperate until then. If Alby and Sara get outrageous sentences, the others will refuse to enter a plea, or plead not-guilty and demand separate trials."



Busted for wading in a fountain at the 1984 Republican National Convention in Dallas.

The legal team passed that information on to the judge, who weighed the matter with troubled visage. Staring down at Sara and Alby, he informed them that he personally was inclined toward a ninety-day sentence for their egregious offense, but to expedite justice would settle for giving them thirty days. Then he launched into the old "work within

the system” spiel. As he prattled on, a murmuring arose from the courtroom audience. The judge rapped his gavel for order. “I’m warning you, I’ll cite you all for contempt of court!”

As if by prearranged signal, Daniel stood up and faced the bench. “Your honor,” he declared, “I have nothing but contempt for this court.”

Before the judge could collect himself, four more defendants stood up, including Tony, the plumber from my first affinity group. The quintet received a five-day contempt citation and were led away.

“You never know who is going to step forward,” Jenny said as she pasted down the drawing that Alby did afterwards. “I’d never have guessed Daniel.”

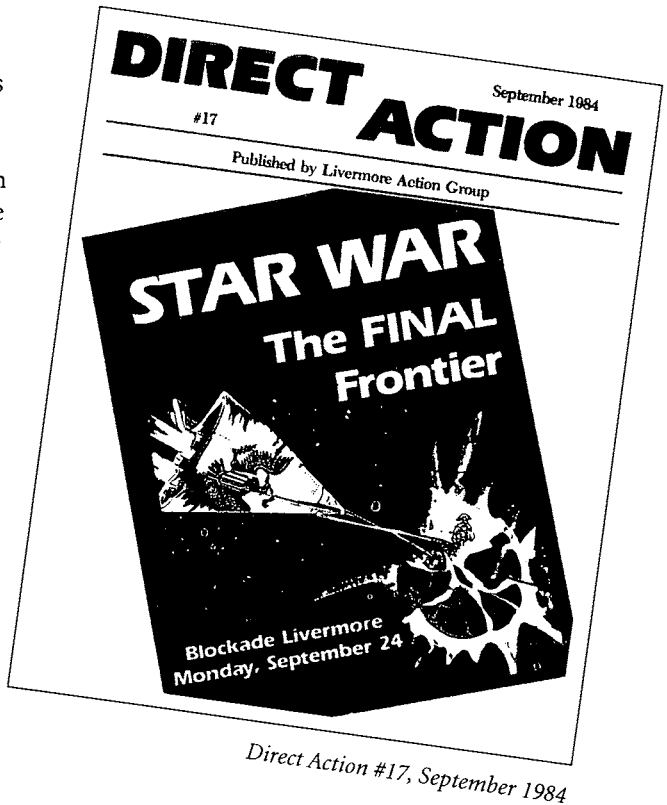
I smiled to myself. With a little prodding.

Jenny pasted down a drawing for another story on the page, a scruffy man in boxer shorts standing in a puddle of water holding a dress and high heels — Moonstone in action at the Republican National Convention in Dallas. Now we just needed his story.

Which he obligingly dropped off about ten minutes later. “Good to see you,” I said. “I heard about your bust. I’d hate to see you get six months for protesting in Texas.”

“Aw, I don’t think they minded us that much. We were sort of free entertainment. We did a drag-queen fashion show downtown. The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence organized it, and a few more of us joined in. It was really hot, especially in the polyester dress I had on, so I thought I’d escape the heat by wading in the Southwest Life fountain. Unfortunately, I didn’t escape the ‘heat.’”

“They busted you?”



Direct Action #17, September 1984

"Yeah. But they let me go after a few hours."

"That's lucky. I'd hate to be facing charges so far away."

"Well," he said, "I do have charges. I got busted again the next day on a War Chest Tour."

"You did a War Chest Tour at the Republican Convention?"

"Yeah. Over a hundred of us got arrested. Maybe it will catch on and people will do them at every Convention. But it's a drag having charges that far away. Hopefully the ACLU will get them dropped."

Shortly after Moonstone took off, Walt came in. All production ceased, and we crowded around. "What happened with Karina?" I asked.

"Pretty simple," he said, shaking his head. "She went down to Vandenberg and paid a visit to the Navstar computers."

Sid leaned toward Walt. "Is she at the Hall of Justice? We should do a march. We should start calling people right now."

"Probably not the best idea," Walt said. "We're posting bail tomorrow. She'll be free till her trial in November or December. After that, well, we may not see her for a while."

"What exactly did she do?" I asked.

Walt took a breath. "As her attorney, I can't elaborate on that. You'll have to ask her if she wants to talk about it." He paused, then added with a weak laugh, "which she probably does..."

Wednesday, August 29, 1984

"Wow," I SAID as I stood and hugged Karina. "Federal felony charges suit you well."

We took our seats in the small Vietnamese restaurant on Valencia Street. It was the first time I'd seen her since her Vandenberg action. Her hair seemed longer and thicker than before, and her dark eyes glowed warmly.

"Walt says you're out till November," I said.

She opened her menu. "As long as I don't get arrested. Then they could revoke my bail. But I'm being careful. If I get busted again, I'll make it count."

I frowned. Make it count? Where was she headed? Since hearing of her arrest, I'd done my best to stay nonjudgmental. But if she had a further escapade in mind, maybe I needed to speak up.

Regardless, I'd never seen her looking more enchanting. I gazed at her as she perused the menu. Her movements seemed almost stately. Even when she flipped her hair back, she did it with gravity and purpose.

Why had I always been so sure we were a bad match? I pictured us together in my apartment, talking and kissing. Was it out of the question? Of course, I'd heard that she was sleeping with Sara again, and probably Alby as well. That didn't leave a lot of spare nights. But I could be flexible.

I realized she was looking at me, as if waiting for me to start the conversation. Let's go back to your place, I wanted to say. Who needs lunch? Well, I didn't need to be quite that blunt. I closed my menu. "I want to hear about the action."

She looked away. I wondered if I had asked the wrong question, dredging up visions of her impending prison sentence.

But then she began speaking. "I wanted to do something at Vandenberg ever since Alby and I got the sixty-day sentences last year. I wanted to let them know once and for all that they weren't going to intimidate us." She nodded to herself. "Originally, I wanted to do it with an affinity group. When I met with Plowshares people this Spring, that was the first thing they asked, why I wasn't doing it as part of a group. But then I thought about all the meetings, if we wanted to have a true consensus. If I had to spend hours and hours in meetings talking about it, it would have been too hard. I needed to just jump in and do it."

Smart, I thought. Lately, meetings seemed like the best way not to do anything.

The waitress came back. "They have a great vegetarian platter," Karina said. "And how about some lemongrass tofu?"

"Fine with me," I said. I figured if it wasn't filling enough, I could get a burrito later.

She took a drink of water and resumed her story. "Once I decided to do it," she said, "I gave notice at the temp job I'd been working since I quit the LAG office. I told a few friends that I was going away for a while, because I assumed that I'd get busted and be in prison for the next few years. Alby and Sara knew something was up, but I didn't tell them exactly what I was doing, so they wouldn't be implicated if they got picked up for questioning.

"I rode a bus down to San Luis Obispo, then hitchhiked out near Vandenberg that evening. I had a daypack with my tools, a bagel, spraypaint and markers, and my Teddy Bear. For jail, I brought a copy of *Les Misérables* by Victor Hugo, one of those thick books that's really hard to read unless you just aren't going anywhere.

"By the time I got there, it was almost midnight, which was perfect. They weren't expecting anything, so I had no trouble getting onto the base. It's those same low fences that we saw in our earlier actions. I hiked right in, following the roads. I was making pretty good time, although I had to go behind bushes and pee every few minutes because I was so scared."

"I can imagine," I said with a nervous laugh.

The waitress brought our dishes and arranged them on the little table. I suddenly felt hungry, and filled my plate. Karina did likewise, took a few bites, then set her fork down and continued.

"It was so beautiful," she said, looking into my eyes as if searching for a sign that I could feel the beauty, too. "I remember a slight ocean breeze.

Crickets making a racket. And more stars than I'd ever seen in my life." She raised her eyes. "I looked up at the Milky Way and tried to imprint it in my mind, so I could visualize the stars when I was locked away in a cell."

I looked up, too. Could I visualize the Milky Way? Or hear crickets sing? I pictured Karina hiking through the woods, strolling resolutely toward — toward what? "Are there signs that tell you where you are?" I asked.

"Not many. But folks at earlier actions had reconnoitered the Navstar installation, and I had a Geological Survey map to go by. It only took me an hour to get from the edge of the base to the building." Her voice trailed off, as if the scene were rising before her eyes. "The building wasn't very big. On top was a white spherical drum about fifteen feet across, which I figured held the satellite dish. That's how I knew I was at the right place. It was surrounded by a tall barbed wire fence. But the gate was unlocked and I didn't see any guards.

"I'd brought a bouquet of red-white-and-blue flowers and a box of Mrs. Field's chocolate chip cookies. I left them outside the gate with a poem I wrote:

I have no guns, you must have lots,
 Let's not be hasty, no cheap shots.
 Have a cookie and a nice day!
 Love,
 Karina

She smiled. "Then I closed the gate behind me, put a kryptonite lock on it, and put epoxy in the lock to slow them down. Plus, I figured they'd have to stop and disarm the box of cookies before they came in."

I nodded appreciatively. "I bet you're right."

"So there I am, sometime around one in the morning," she said, "I'm standing in front of the Navstar building. First thing, I get out my spraypaint and giant markers, and on the outside of the building I write 'International Law' and 'Nuremburg Principles.'"

That made me laugh. Here she is, trespassing on an Air Force Base with a bunch of breaking-and-entering tools, and she stops to spraypaint. "That's true dedication to the art," I said.

Karina beamed at the praise. "Mainly, I was thinking about my legal defense — how to prove my mental state while doing the action. I wanted to show that I was enforcing international law, by which we're bound. We've signed treaties at Nuremburg and Geneva that say we won't use weapons of mass and indiscriminate destruction, that we won't commit crimes against humanity. I was enforcing those treaties. But how do I prove what my thoughts were at that moment?"

"Of course," I said. "What better way than graffiti?"

"Exactly," she said. "You fix your mental state to the scene." She paused, as

if refining a detail of her defense strategy. When she spoke, her voice was hushed.

“Then I had to break into the building. I was standing in front of the door, psyching myself. Once I broke in, the alarms would go off, and I would have seconds to accomplish anything. I had all kinds of tools: a crowbar, a hammer, a cordless drill, bolt cutters. It was like a little *Mission Impossible* kit. I even had the *Mission Impossible* music in my head. Half the time, anyway. The other half of the time I had this nursery rhyme: ‘Going on a Lion hunt... I’m not afraid!’”

“So I’m at the door. I’m back to the *Mission Impossible* theme, trying to drill through the lock. But it’s a dinky old drill, we’re not getting anywhere, and guards could come by any minute! Then I realize, the door has this big plate-glass window. And I think, Karina, wake up! I take out the crowbar and tap at it, and it shatters. I reach through and open the door, and I go, oh my god, you’re committed now.”

I felt an impulse to reach across the table and grab her and say, “No! Get out of there!”

But I could see there was no dissuading her. Her eyes gleamed as she continued. “Now I’m inside, and I’m walking down the hall with the cordless drill in one hand and the hammer in the other, looking for the computer room, and the music is still going in my head, really fast!” She burst into laughter.

I pushed aside my worries and laughed with her. “That must have been so scary!”

She stopped for a bite of tofu. “Yeah. I was afraid of getting shot. But I was even more afraid of getting caught before I’d done anything. That would be the worst. I knew the alarm must have sounded when I opened the door. But the building seemed totally empty. Finally I found the computer room. The door was unlocked — I was in! Even though the soldiers could come any second, I knew I’d get in a few whacks. I felt so much better!”

“First I smashed the monitors,” she said, pausing as if savoring the memory. “Then I found the computer — a mainframe, not some mini-computer. It was in five big cabinets, row after row of circuit boards, probably two hundred in every cabinet. I couldn’t believe it. I jabbed at them with the crowbar, like some kind of Aikido exercise. I was raking out whole batches of circuit boards, piling them on the floor and dancing on top of them. One of the cabinets was locked and I couldn’t get into it, so I went and filled a wastepaper basket full of water and poured it through the vents on top and flipped the switch, and it sizzled and made sparks.”

“After that, I wrote more international law stuff on the outside of the computers. And still no guards! Then I noticed that there was a big alarm box on the wall, so I opened it and it was full of switches. A bunch of them looked tripped, so I figured I better get back to work.”

"I decided to go after the radar dish on the roof. I found the room underneath it, with a trap door way up in the ceiling. I made this pile of furniture, one desk on top of another, and a chair on top of that, until I could reach the trap door.

"I pulled myself up through the opening and into a little room. There was the satellite dish, as big as a king-sized bed. I whacked at it with the hammer and the crowbar, trying to dent the surface, but it turned out to be really hard. Then I tried to drill holes in it. I spent half an hour and barely gave it a case of acne, let alone warping it." A troubled look crossed her face, as if she were puzzling once more over how to damage the dish.

"So I gave up on that and climbed back down," she said. "And still no soldiers. Which was not at all what I expected. I sat down and ate my bagel. I tried reading my book, but I was too jittery for that. So I went to the bathroom and primped for a while. You want to look nice when you're arrested."

"Or shot," I said.

"Yeah, for sure." She took a drink of water. "Finally I was so restless that I decided to start walking back out. I had to climb out of the Navstar area, because I'd kryptonite-locked the gate. I still figured I'd get busted any minute. But I hiked all the way out and reached the edge of the base just before dawn. A delivery truck was driving by. I put my thumb out..."

She shook her head in wonder. "What was really weird was, the truck was actually going *into* Vandenberg. He dropped me off by the front gate, right where we did that first action. I was so excited and scared, and I had to pee and there was nowhere to go. Finally, I got a ride from a civilian employee leaving the base. The whole time I was expecting to get arrested. It wasn't till I was changing rides near Salinas that my heart finally stopped pounding."

Mine, too, I thought. I took a deep breath as she continued.

"I got back to the Bay Area late that night and called Sara and Alby. They were amazed to hear from me. They figured I was long gone.

"The next day, I phoned down to Vandenberg and said, 'I heard your computer got trashed last night.' And they said, 'That's a false rumor, it never happened.' And I said 'Yes it did — I did it!' But they had their party line, that it never happened.

"Next I called the U.S. Attorney. But they said that it wasn't their department, that I should call the U.S. Marshals. I'm thinking, what do you have to do to get arrested around here?"

"I called the Marshals and said, 'I smashed these computers, and I'm having a press conference tomorrow at noon.' And they said something like, 'Call the FBI,' but I'm thinking, I've had enough of you people.

"At noon the next day, we called a press conference at the Hall of Justice. Walt was there as my attorney. Sara and Alby were present, of course. And word had leaked out, so there were a few other supporters in the courtroom, too. All sorts of media came, and we did a long interview. Finally, after about

forty-five minutes, the FBI showed up. Their offices were in the same building, but they were clueless. They didn't even bring a tape recorder. They could have gotten all kinds of incriminating statements.

"Partway through, the Marshals came and confiscated my tools, which I had laid out like show and tell. They seized them as dangerous weapons that never should have gotten into the Hall of Justice.

"At the end of the conference, I was pretty hungry. Some of us talked about going to Chinatown for lunch. But then the FBI says, come hang out with us. I refused. Finally, just as I was leaving, they came and handcuffed me.

"I was in jail for several days before people got the bail money together for me. But now I'm out for a couple of months till the trial. I hadn't planned for this, but it's been amazing. I've been getting asked to speak all over the place. It's like my action is touching the world in ways I never imagined."

I nodded. It sure is.

"So that's my life," she concluded, "until the trial. After that, who knows? Maybe I'll be acquitted, or there'll be a hung jury. I only have to convince one juror. That's all it takes."

She was right. And if anyone could do it, it was Karina. She'd win her acquittal. And then she wouldn't be gone. Maybe we did have a future.

The waitress stepped up and laid the check on the table. Reality. With a cold flush, I knew acquittal was impossible. Not if the Feds wanted her.

She got up to use the restroom, and I gazed after her. Yeah, it was possible that we might sleep together in the next month or so. But what was the point? A quick fling that would just alienate me from Sara. And for what? Karina was as good as gone. And not just her. With her went Change of Heart. How could it be the same without Karina and her latest adventure?

She returned and picked up the check. I handed her my share, then watched her talking to the waitress, all warmth and good cheer. Karina at her best.

But it was out of context. Where were the police? Where were the solidarity meetings? Was this our life together, sharing lunch in a little Mission diner?

At that moment I knew it wasn't Karina I wanted, but something far more. Something that Karina had always pointed to — a sense of being at the very center of a vast conspiracy to change the world. That's what was slipping away. Not just a potential lover, but our entire reality.

We stepped outside and said a few parting words. If only we could roll back the clock and sit with Change of Heart in the warm grass of People's Park, planning our latest action. Karina scheming, Sara fretting, Alby clowning, Doc furrowing, Angie pondering, Moonstone daydreaming...

Gone. Karina and I hugged and said something about talking soon. It was the end.

Saturday, September 22, 1984

“What a charming amusement for young people this is, Mr. Darcy! There is nothing like dancing after all. I consider it as one of the first refinements of polished societies.”

— Jane Austen, *Pride & Prejudice*

I LOOKED out the window. The sky was a solid sheet of gray. But it looked like fog, not rainclouds. Just stay that way. The last thing LAG needed was a month of work and \$1000 in expenses washed away by a fluke September downpour.

BARE. That’s how I felt, getting up at eight in the morning. I tried to think of the last time I’d done it. Livermore the previous Summer? Even once a year was hard to stomach.

I showered and headed downtown toward the park. My mind was thrown askew by the unfamiliar morning shadows. But soon I honed in on the most pressing matter at hand. Seeing Angie.

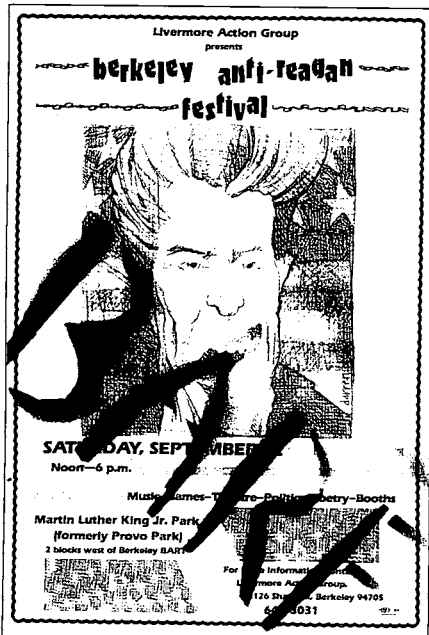
Seeing her for the first time in two months. She’d come into town the night before and stayed over at Urban Stonehenge. We had a date that evening, after BARE. Naturally, I was hoping to sleep with her. I wasn’t dating anyone else. Probably she wasn’t yet either. So why not? Casual sex between old lovers.

Right. “Move back,” I still wanted to say. As soon as I saw her. She hadn’t started school yet. Ask her today.

Was it impossible? Not on my end. Holly had moved out a few weeks earlier. In fact, she wasn’t even in town, having gone with Sara and some of her friends to a women’s Equinox retreat. I wasn’t sorry. One less complication to deal with today.

Holly and I had gotten together a couple of times since she moved out and talked about where our relationship was heading. Not like we were going to drop out of each others’ lives. But we were fumbling for ways to stay connected.

For my part, I was getting clearer on what I wanted from Holly. I wanted her to be happy. Not just satisfied, but vibrant, like she was when we met. I wanted it



for her sake. But I wanted it for me, too. I had the feeling that until Holly was happy, I wasn't going to feel like I could forgive myself and relax.

Relax. What a concept. When I was about to see Angie for the first time in two months? What was I going to say when I saw her? "How was your trip down? How'd you sleep last night?" Forget it. Just get right to the point: "Move back!"

When I reached the park, Angie wasn't there yet. I wandered over to the stage to check-in with Hank, who was bolting together the scaffolding. "How's it going?"

He turned toward me wide-eyed. "We did it. We closed the deal yesterday. Judith and I bought a house."

I tried to follow him. "A house? The one on Grant? That's great."

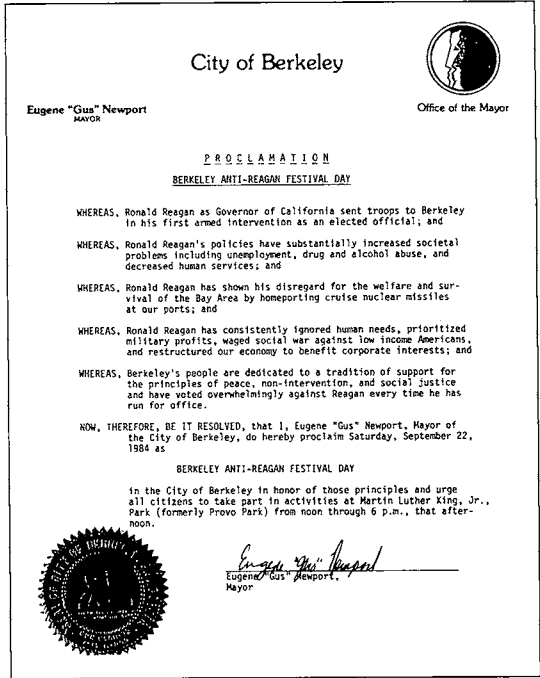
"Yeah, can you believe it? Two working stiffs beat the system. Landlords want to keep you a tenant for your entire life. They'll suck you dry. It's a major victory to get even one piece of property away from them." He cast his eyes in the direction of Grant Street. "Judith gets the upstairs to decorate however she wants, and I get the basement. It's huge, I can get thirty or forty pinball games down there, easy. We signed the papers, it's ours on October 1st."

"Couldn't have happened to a nicer pinball restorer," I said.

"As soon as I get some machines set up, we'll have a dedication." He picked up a wrench and tightened a bolt on the scaffolding. "This stage is taller than I thought. I hope there's a good crowd, or it's going to seem weird to have it so high."

Walt asked for my help setting up a sun-awning for the backstage area. I looked up at the gray sky. Rain seemed more of a threat than heatstroke.

Off to the left side, Raoul and Norm were rigging a volleyball net. Raoul



Progressive Berkeley Mayor Gus Newport issued this city proclamation in support of BAREF, and spoke at the festival.

stood up, pulled out a joint, and fired it up. He passed it to Norm, who took a toke, then held it up between his thumb and forefinger and beckoned in my direction. I savored the rich scent as it drifted my way, but shook my head. No way I wanted to be high while coordinating the show.

An unexpected face passed in front of the stage: Melissa, carrying a big stack of leaflets. I wondered if she was dropping them off, or staying for the day.

Angie came walking across the park, stopping here and there to say hi to people. Her hair was longer, pulled back in twin braids, and she was wearing a baggy sweatshirt. I wondered what she had on under it. Come on, sunshine!

She greeted me with a hug, and for an instant, the world felt fine. But she quickly let go and surveyed the park. "We've got to get going," she said. "This place could be packed with people in two hours." She looked at me, her eyes all business. "I'm going to focus on the game booths."

I watched her walk away. She's right. Stay focused on the set-up. I have all day with her here at BARF, then hopefully all night at my place.

Work areas were scattered around the park, and booths, awnings, and



The nukecycle crew put the finishing touches on the missile in preparation for its first unaided flight.

tables sprang up. The only downer was that PG&E, the utility monopoly, had chosen the same afternoon to host an "Energy Fair." They were setting up a display in the parking lot of their branch office across the street from the park. "Freeloading off our event," I said to Hank. "Trying to look all community-minded."

"Don't sweat it," Hank said. "I heard that COMA affinity group is planning something. They didn't publicize it because they want to surprise PG&E."

I nodded and turned back to our work. Alby, looking none the worse for his recent three-week jail-stint for Boho Grove, climbed a tree to the side of the stage and anchored the rope for the Reagan piñata. Moonstone pedaled up on a recumbent bicycle with a bag of donated bagels. He reached in the bag, grabbed several, and tossed them to people like frisbees. He started to toss one to me, but I waved him off. "In a while," I said. "Once we get settled here."

Partway down the left side of the park, Angie worked with Walt on my favorite game booth: "Smash Nancy's China." First Lady Nancy Reagan, oblivious to the mounting homeless crisis, had just spent thousands of tax dollars to buy a new set of the finest serving ware for the White House. Walt's response was to go to Ashby Flea Market and buy up all of the plates he could find, collect a few baseballs, and charge people a quarter a throw.

I walked over that way. "Let's test it," I said when the canvas backdrop was secured. Angie handed me a ball. I went into a windup and uncorked my heater. Wham! Right past the dish and into the canvas. I put my hands on my hips as Walt retrieved the ball. I studied the plate carefully, then unleashed a second pitch. Wham! Canvas again.

"Relief pitcher!" Raoul's voice came booming from behind me. He stepped over and picked up a ball, working it between his hands. Then he held one palm up near his mouth and pretended to spit into it. "Spitball," he said. "This one's for you, Nancy." He limbered his throwing arm, took aim, and fired. Crack! Shards flew in every direction. I joined in the applause, only a little annoyed at being upstaged.

A truck pulled up alongside the stage. "Ah, the reinforcements," Hank yelled. It was the staff of the Starry Plough, whom we had invited to set up a barbecue pit as one of the food booths. They unloaded a couple of big grills, barrels of ice for drinks — and then, unmistakably, several kegs of beer. "Uh-oh," I said to Hank, "that wasn't part of the plan. We don't have an alcohol permit."

"Aw, it's no big deal," Hank answered. "The cops won't mess with us. We've got Congressman Dellums and the mayor speaking. We're covered."

"Yeah, I guess so," I said, embarrassed that I was worrying about permits. "How's the nukecycle?"

Hank lit up. "All systems go. We parked it around the corner, behind the PG&E building. Craig's keeping an eye on it."

"So what's the plan?" I felt a little out of the loop.

"We want to do it around five o'clock, as the climax of the day. Wavy Gravy is going to announce it from stage." Hank's eyes got a faraway look. "Right when the Looters finish their set, when everyone's up and dancing, we'll launch."

"Sounds great," I said. "So you finally solved the chain problem?"

His face clouded. "I hope so. There isn't room in the frame for a heavier chain. But we test-drove it last night and it held."

While we were finishing the stage set-up, a commotion over on the side street caught our attention. Coming right down the center of the street was a flat trailer being pulled by a half-dozen huffing people. A sign identified them as "PG&E Ratepayers." Atop the trailer was an eight-foot cylinder labeled "Diablo Canyon." White-coated scientists with green and orange clown-hair scurried up and down a stepladder, throwing large wads of money and plastic baby dolls into the reactor, which spewed white smoke.



When energy monopoly PG&E tried to co-opt a community event by hosting an adjacent "Energy Fair," protesters constructed a mobile nuclear power plant which they paraded around downtown Berkeley on the day of the event.

"It's COMA," Hank said. We dropped our tasks and headed out toward the street, waving and applauding the rolling reactor. The scientists waved back, but directed the "ratepayers" to keep pulling the trailer down the street.

"Why don't they bring it up here by the stage," Mort said. Then we saw why. Over in front of the PG&E display was a wide-open driveway. As COMA closed in on their target, the PG&E types caught on and scurried to stop them. But COMA had momentum on their side, and deftly maneuvered the trailer into the slot, completely obscuring PG&E's visibility.

"Yes!" Angie yelled, and all of us cheered. PG&E threatened and cajoled COMA, trying to get them to move, but to no avail. The participants posed for a group photo, and the PG&E flacks wound up in some of the pictures, too.

Various lefty groups set up literature tables in a ring around the grassy central area of the park. Over by the game booths, a group called Food Not Bombs set up a free soup and bread table. The group had started in Boston/Cambridge a few years earlier. Recently, a San Francisco chapter had formed, and traveled over to Berkeley for the festival. Moonstone stirred the soup. "We're going to start a chapter here in the East Bay," he told me. "We want to serve free meals in People's Park."

"Sounds like a good place," I said, picturing a soupline stretching around the Park stage.

"Yeah. We'll see if the cops let us do it. Over in San Francisco they've busted people for serving food at civic center."

"Unbelievable," I said. "Busted for serving free food. It makes the government look so inhumane."

Moonstone nodded. "That's the great thing about Food Not Bombs. If they harass us, they betray their heartlessness. If they ignore us, hey, we're serving free food. Either way, we win."

It was almost noon. Knowing we were about to start, I went out front and

looked for Angie. I wished we could share one last hug before things got crazy. But I didn't see her anywhere.

The crowd was disappointingly small as Wavy Gravy did a welcome, followed by Cris Williamson with a set of folk music. Mort and I were doing the backstage coordination. So far, there wasn't much to coordinate. Where was Stoney Burke, the comedian who was to go on next? Or Zulu Spear, the next band? The only performers around were members of the Funky Nixons, the closing act that included several LAG blockaders. Maybe we'd have to send them on for an impromptu acoustic set.

I walked around to the side of the stage. The sky was still overcast, and the sparse crowd was scattered across the grass. I felt sorry for Wavy, struggling valiantly to build some musical energy.

Off to the left I spotted Angie with Megan over by the game booths. With no customers, they looked a little forlorn. At the Starry Plough's bar and grill, a small line imbibed. Damn. Not like we had to make a fortune off BARF, but we had sunk almost a thousand dollars into advertising and equipment. It would be an ill omen for LAG if the festival was a dud and we lost money.

A couple of performers showed up, giving me a distraction from crowd-counting.

Neither was happy with their timeslot, and while we haggled, a couple of speakers showed up and insisted on having more time. Where was Mort? How did I get stuck with this job? The one saving grace was that



The leaky Diablo Canyon reactor later found a convenient parking spot directly in front of PG&E's "Energy Fair" booth.

all the complainers got to hear each other, and gradually canceled one another out. I held firm on the lineup, and eventually everyone accepted it.

The next several acts went smoothly. Around two o'clock, the "Ron-Off" got underway. With moderator Stoney Burke egging them on, two Reagan impersonators vied in reciting the Great Communicator's greatest hits:

"Ketchup in school lunches counts as a vegetable."

"Trees cause air pollution."

"The right-wing Nicaraguan rebels are freedom fighters."

“The MX Missile is a ‘Peacekeeper.’”

“Cow gas causes global warming.”

Whenever one of them got off a whopper, the big Bullshit-o-Meter in the center would tilt into the red zone. The cow-gas lie, which both Reagans mouthed simultaneously, sent the meter spinning wildly. The Reagans creaked to the middle of the stage and grabbed each other’s necks, collapsing in a strangled heap. A swell of applause rose from the crowd. I walked over to the edge of the stage and looked around the park. The grassy area was half full, and the line at the Plough’s booth was a dozen people long — a promising sign.

Hank walked past, adjusting the strap on his aviator goggles. I smiled at the sight of the old leather headgear, which usually hung above one of the

pinball machines.

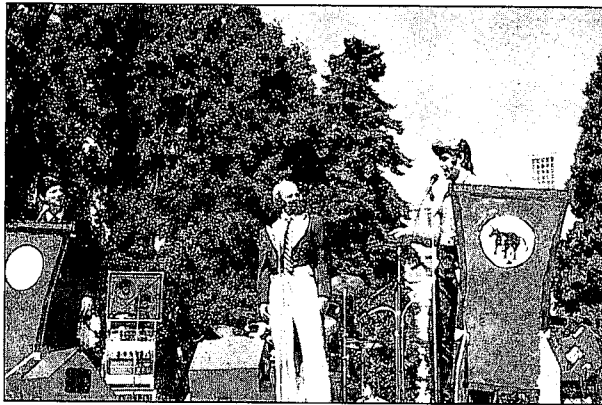
“Getting ready?”

He nodded curtly. “I wish we’d get it over with.”

“Visualize a perfect flight,” I said dreamily, hoping to get him to laugh.

He gave a grimaced smile. “I’m visualizing a cold beer after we park the thing next to the stage.”

The sun



Comedian Stoney Burke moderated the “Ron-Off,” in which dueling Reagan impersonators vied in repeating the Great Communicator’s biggest prevarications and slips of tongue.

came fully into play as Dave Lippman performed his George Bush impersonation. Native American poet John Trudell did a set. The San Francisco Mime Troupe sang and danced an excerpt from their classic “Armageddonman” shows. Then, as the “keynote,” Ron Dellums made a short speech congratulating Berkeley on being itself. Hard not to applaud.

I was standing backstage with members of Family Nitoto, a Richmond hip-hop group I’d met during People’s Convention. “This is down,” said Marcus. “This is what People’s Convention should have been.”

“Amen,” I said. “Live and learn.”

As Family Nitoto’s set kicked in, Walt wandered backstage. He was one of the nukecycle co-pilots, resplendent in a tan officer’s cap and a long, flowing scarf.

“How’s it going,” I welcomed him.



Armageddonman (left) menaces Factwino, hero of San Francisco Mime Troupe's early 1980s plays.

He laughed dryly.
 "Well, I met with Karina this morning, so it's hard to feel too optimistic."

My smile faded.
 "What do you think? Does she have a chance?"

"At what," he said.
 "Acquittal? No way. Two to four years? If she's lucky."

"Are you representing her?"

"Well, about as

much as anyone can represent her," he said with a sad smile. "Then I'm done with the law."

"Really?" I looked at him as if he were joking, but he nodded soberly. "I've had enough of it. I'm going back to grad school in political science. Time for a change."

What a loss, I thought. Here was a lawyer who understood direct action from the inside, a person all of us counted on. "What's going on?" I asked.

He took a deep breath. "I'm not cut out for losing all my cases, defending people I know are going to be found guilty. Especially when they're my friends." He lowered his eyes. "When Karina and Alby got sixty days last Summer, I couldn't sleep for the whole two months."

I thought back to the previous Summer. I remembered how depressed Walt had been at the time, but I hadn't thought about it since. I reached out and rubbed his arm. "I'm really sorry," I said.

He nodded, still looking down. "Yeah, thanks."

"So, political science?"



Armageddonman reigns supreme — will Factwino recover in time to save the world??!!?

“Something like that,” he said, turning back toward the crowd. “I’m going to get something to drink before we do the nukecycle.”

I watched Walt walk away. We’re all losing something, I thought. Some more than others.

Following Family Nitoto’s set, the kids’ program got going to the left of the stage. It started with a water-balloon toss at Alby and Doc and Megan, who were prancing around in Reagan and Bush masks. I spotted Angie in the kids’ line, a bow tied in her braided hair. It made me smile, but my old jealousy of Alby cropped up as Angie took special aim at him. Come backstage and talk to me, I thought. I felt neglected, but tried to set it aside. I’ll have her to myself later. Let her hang out with Alby now.

As the Looters started into their world-beat set, Mort came over and tapped me on the shoulder. “Could you keep an eye on things here? We’re going to get the nukecycle ready.”

“Sure,” I said, wishing I were part of the crew. Especially when Hank stopped by. “We’re going to be waiting around the corner,” he said. “When the Looters finish their set, Wavy will announce that LAG is about to make a first strike on BARF. That’s our cue.” He and Mort disappeared to round up the rest of the crew.

I was reviewing the clipboard and making sure the next speaker was ready to go when I spied Angie coming around the stage. With the sun out, she had taken off her sweatshirt, revealing a loose tanktop that ended just above her navel. I stood up to give her a hug, but she took my hand. “Come on, you’re missing the Looters. Everybody’s dancing.”

I resisted. “Hank and Mort went to get the missile. Someone has to keep an eye on things back here.”

Her brow furrowed. “It’ll be fine for ten minutes. Nothing is going to happen. Come on.”

I felt torn. I hated to lose a chance to be with her, and I hated to seem stodgy when everyone else was dancing. But I really was the only organizer backstage. If a later performer showed up, someone should be there. And besides, dancing? In broad daylight? Ask me to go to the game booths, or play volleyball. But dancing?

“I need to stay focused on backstage,” I said, wishing she’d stay and keep me company.

But she dropped my hand and turned to go. “Okay, I’ll talk to you in a while.” I sighed as she walked away. This wasn’t how I’d imagined BARF.

Another speaker showed up, a member of the Ohlone tribe, the original inhabitants of the Bay Area. I welcomed her, then walked over and looked at the crowd, which filled most of the central grassy area. Not bad, I thought.

Off to the left, Melissa was leafletting around the perimeter of the crowd. Even though we’d been at Coordinating Council meetings together, we’d hardly talked since the day she walked out on me and Raoul and Jenny at

People's Convention. It wasn't like she was holding a grudge, but more like she expected me to offer an explanation or apology. Not something that I felt like doing these days.

I caught Melissa's eye, and she started toward me with purposeful stride.

I nodded to her as she approached. "Hi, what's up?"

"Who told the Starry Plough they could sell beer?" she asked. "The

nonviolence guidelines say 'no alcohol.'"

"They just set it up on their own."

"Well, I sure hope there are no problems about permits."

I smiled to myself. You worry about that. I'm trying to give it up. "What are you leafletting for," I said in hopes of drawing her attention away.

She handed me a flyer about a meeting for an action at Nevada

Test Site. "Sounds like a worthy target," I said. "But do you think people will go all the way to Nevada to get arrested?"

"Sure," she said, her eyes growing large. "It's the nation's nuclear test site. What more obvious place to protest? If they can't test new weapons, we've stopped the arms race."

"I don't know," I said. "I wonder how many people will drive twelve hours for a protest. Not when there's so much to protest right here."

"People will do amazing things when they think it makes a difference," she said. "The Nevada Desert Experience has done Lenten actions at the Test Site for years. I'm going to go next Spring."

I made a note to get something in Direct Action about it. Melissa started back to her leafletting, then turned for a final word. "Are you getting arrested at Livermore Monday?"

"No," I said, and started to offer an explanation. But the words caught in my throat. "I'm not getting arrested," I told her, "but I'll see you there."

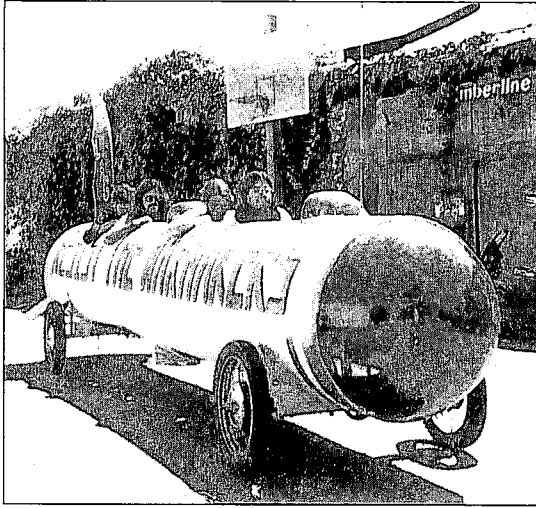
"Okay," she said. "I'll see you there."

As she walked off, the Looters were finishing their set. Wavy made his way to the mic. "We have just received word," he proclaimed, "that Livermore Action Group is about to launch a first strike attack on BARE. We've picked up the missile on our radar — there it is now!"



Can you ever have too many Reagans?

The crowd turned toward the back of the park. From behind the PG&E building the nosecone emerged. Slowly, the nukecycle came into full view. There was Hank in the driver's seat, looking like the Red Baron. Behind him Mort, Walt, and Craig huffed and pedaled. The missile, gleaming white in the



The only known photo of the nukecycle moving under its own power.

afternoon sun, started up the incline into the park. A ripple of applause rose from the crowd. "This must be ground zero!" Wavy yelled, and the applause turned into a cheer.

I abandoned my backstage post and went out to welcome them. Most of the crowd was standing. Dozens of people fell in line behind the nukecycle, and others crowded around the sides, escorting it toward the stage.

Despite the strain of pedaling, Hank's face shone in a broad smile. "Finally," I could practically hear him thinking. "Two years of shlepping, and finally a moment of glory!"

The nukecycle was fifty feet from the stage, gliding smoothly toward its target, when a loud crack silenced the applause. The missile teetered precariously as the crew struggled to regain their balance. "Oh, no," Hank groaned. "The chain broke again!"

People gawked as Hank clambered out of the cockpit. He stood with his hands on his hips, staring in disbelief at the immobilized missile. I went over and patted him on the back. "Bummer," I said. "So close."

He nodded, speechless. The crowd was sitting back down, but Wavy called out, "Come on, we'll finish this job by hand!" He rallied a dozen people to push the nukecycle up the incline to the side of the stage. Then Wavy bounded back up to the mic. "Let's hear it for the nukecycle! It probably works better than most of what the Pentagon designs."

The audience gave another loud round of applause, but Hank seemed oblivious. He wandered backstage in a daze. "So close," he said. "The damn chain just can't carry that much weight."

I nodded sympathetically. "What more can you do?"

His eyes narrowed, and he studied me. "What else *can* you do," he finally

said, "except try again." A smile inched across his face. "Back to the drawing board."

I laughed. "Yeah, back to the drawing board."

The Reagan piñata was getting underway, and I walked over that way with Hank. Alby was up in a tree dangling the big paper-maché head. Angie blindfolded the kids one at a time and got them headed in the right direction. As they took their allotted three whacks, Alby bobbed the piñata up and down. The crowd cheered as one little girl landed a solid blow that sent Reagan reeling.

But the piñata remained unbroken until a teenage boy adopted a freestyle-thrashing method and cracked the gnarled caricature along one jaw. Candy and toy animals spilled onto the ground. The crowd whooped, and the kids scrambled for the treasure. Angie jumped right in with them, snagging a handful of candy.

The show was drawing to a close. A couple of speakers gave short talks, and then the Funky Nixons, wearing army helmets and waving little American flags, kicked off the day's final set. I took a deep breath and folded my list. The end. I wished I felt a wave of satisfaction, but relief was about the extent of it. And clean-up still remained.

The aroma from the Plough's barbeque pit lured me around the right-hand side of the stage. My head felt light, and I realized I hadn't eaten all day. I sized up the line, at least a dozen people long. My stomach groaned. I looked at the other food stands — burritos, falafel, veggie-kabobs, Korean BBQ — but their lines were just as long. I thought about going over to the game area and looking for Angie, but in the center of the park, a big crowd was dancing, so I'd have to walk all the way around.

I was mulling my options when Mitchell, the manager of the Starry Plough, beckoned me back behind the counter. "Something wrong?" I asked.

"No," he said. "You look like you need something to eat."

"That would be great," I said. "How about a hamburger?" A minute later, he handed me an oversized burger and pointed me toward the condiments. I reached into my pocket, but he waved me off. "It's on the house," he said. "Great festival."

I let out a surprised laugh. "Thanks a lot." I turned and looked out at the park. People dancing, lolling in the grass, playing volleyball, basking in the late afternoon sun. I nodded to myself. This was the point, wasn't it?

As I finished the hamburger, I saw Angie waving to me from the dance circle. "Come on," she called.

She had me this time. I tossed my plate in the trash and moved out toward her, trying to put a bounce in my step. There was a big enough crowd on the lawn that I didn't feel too self-conscious. But it was still hard to cut loose. I couldn't shake the feeling that this was the last time we'd ever dance together. I drifted ahead to the evening, Angie and I alone. Was I really going to ask her

to move back? It didn't take a psychic to intuit her answer. She was gone. Why even bother asking? It would just make the rest of our time awkward.

I made an effort to focus on the Funky Nixons' song, which was about Reagan being a big fish in a little pond. Stay present. Here we are, together, me and Angie. The sun is shining. The band is playing. Let go. Tune in. Dance.

Easier said than done. I tried my best, but it never stopped feeling like work, and I was relieved when the Nixons finally wrapped up their encore.

I put my arm around Angie. She was sweaty, and spun away from me like a swing dancer. I squeezed her hand and let go, hoping her bright laughter would carry over into the evening. And on into the night...

The crowd filtered out of the park. The organizing crew and other LAGers drifted together in the center of the park. Raoul came over my way. "What a great day," he said, finishing off a beer. "A kegger in the park, that's style."

Sid, whom I hadn't seen previously, loped up next to Raoul and thrust a hand-lettered flyer at me. "A bunch of people from the War Chest Tours are putting this together," he said. "You should come."

"The Anarchist Coffeehouse," I read. "Where's that?"

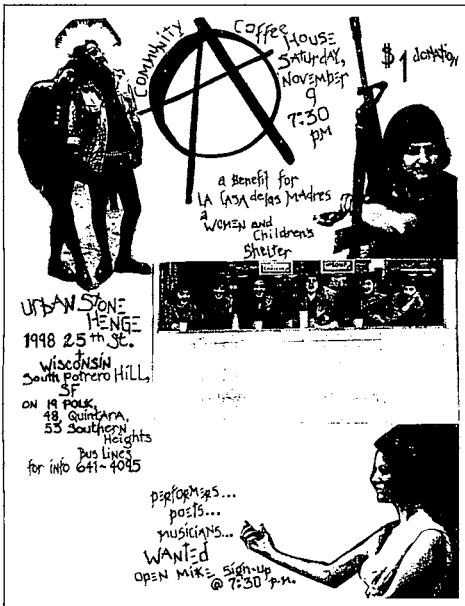
"It's not one place," he said. "It's going to rotate around a bunch of collective houses over in the City. The first one is at Stonehenge in a few weeks. Sara's house is doing the next one. We already have houses signed up for the first five months."

"Sounds like a good idea," I said. It actually sounded like an alternate reality. Who had time for cultural projects when LAG was teetering on the brink?

Sid pointed to the fine print. "We're going to have an open mic. You should bring your guitar and sing."

"Thanks," I said, touched by the invitation. "I'll try to make it." I carefully folded the flyer and put it in my pocket as they started away. "See you guys later."

"Yeah," Raoul said. "Hey,



Flyer for an early Anarchist Community Coffeehouse. The monthly events rotated among collective houses in San Francisco and occasionally Berkeley or Oakland for five years, providing a regular meeting ground for radical artists and activists.



Wavy Gravy joins Tricky Dick and the Funky Nixons onstage.

I'm going to the ballgame on Thursday night. A's versus Boston. Let me know if you want to go."

I thought for a moment. "Count me in," I said. "See you Thursday." I smiled to myself. Back to real life.

Moonstone came over my way. "Hey, Jeff, we're doing a circle, come on."

I followed him over in front of the stage. A couple of dozen people who had worked on the event were standing with hands linked, sharing tired smiles. Hank, joking with Wavy, seemed already to have forgotten his disappointment over the nukecycle as they schemed how to climb the dome of city hall and hang a banner for some cause that I didn't catch.

Mort caught my eye. I remembered how bent out of shape I'd been at him over the Summer, feeling like all he did was criticize. Now we'd pulled off LAG's biggest success in a year. Of course we'd keep working together. On to the next project.

And Angie. I looked across the circle at her. The spirit behind BARE. Behind her, all of Nancy's china lay smashed, and pieces of the piñata lay strewn on the grass. Why couldn't it always be like this? She and I and a bunch of friends doing actions and festivals and graffiti and a newspaper... Why did she have to go?

Her arms were draped around Alby and Doc's shoulders. "Let's clean up and go out to eat," she called out to the circle.

Nods and sounds of approval greeted her proposal. "Let's go to La Peña," Hank said.

Good idea, I knew. I tried to shake off the rest of my doldrums. Sure, I wanted to be alone with Angie, the sooner the better. But maybe the perfect antidote to her wanting to move away was an evening reliving our success. Maybe a post-BARF dinner was just what the doctor ordered.

THE EVENING was warm. We pulled together several tables on the patio at La Peña. A row of potted palms separated us from the sidewalk. I sat next to Angie, with Craig on my left side. I hadn't been clear on who was coming, but it looked like about ten people, mostly men.

"Pitcher of beer?" Craig said to me and Doc.

"Not for me," Doc said. "I'll have a soft drink."

Craig's face seemed to redden. He turned to me. "Should we split a pitcher?"

"Sure, someone here will help us with it."

A couple of waiters brought our first round of drinks. Craig poured us each a glass, and we clinked the rims together.

"A toast!" called out Hank. "A toast to BARF!"

"To BARF!"

"And to the nukecycle," Angie said.

"To the nukecycle!"

I wished someone would toast LAG. After all, who had sponsored BARF? But I felt funny doing it, and no one else picked up the slack. We settled into smaller conversations. I turned to Craig. I hadn't talked to him in a while, and tried to think of something to say. "Glad you made it today. Mort said you'd started a new job."

"Yeah, I got hired on a construction crew," he said as if daring me to doubt him. "I've never done it before, and it's taking all my time trying to get up to speed."

"No time for organizing?"

His eye twitched. "Not anytime soon. My idea is to work for a few years and get construction skills, then buy some land and build my own house. It's something I've always wanted to do, and now feels like the time."

Well, maybe so, I thought. But what a loss to LAG. What a loss to the movement. Maybe he'd take a break and come back refreshed. But in the short run, I wouldn't bet on seeing him.

I couldn't think of anything more to say, and I was glad when our food came. As I focused on getting the correct proportions of beans, rice, cheese, and salsa onto a tortilla, Angie leaned toward me. "I never asked — can I spend the night with you tonight?"

I paused in mid-burrito and looked at her. "Yeah, that would be great."

She smiled. "Good, I just wanted to be sure." She gave me a puzzled look. "How are you doing?"

"Good, I think." Should I tell her how relieved I was to hear she was

coming home with me? Now wasn't the time. I deflected the question. "I'm doing fine. I just wish all of us were having a real discussion instead of small talk."

Angie picked up her glass, held it aloft, and rapped it with a spoon. "Hey, everybody, Jeff has a proposal."

I shuffled in my seat. "Well, my idea is that we all say — that we go around the table and each of us says one thing we learned from working on BARF."

"Then we'll vote on whose is best," Hank said.

"No," Angie rejoined, "we'll synthesize them into one giant proposal and stay here till we reach consensus."

Hank started up from his chair. "Let me outa here!"

After a few more jokes, the proposal was adopted with the proviso that we go in random order. People shifted around to get comfortable. Craig poured us another round of beer.

Hank rocked back in his chair, beer in hand. "I'll start. I learned a lot about how to have an impact on local politics. Today probably swung some votes toward BCA. But the main thing I learned is, if your nukecycle is going to launch a first strike on BARF — make sure your target is downhill!"

Everyone laughed. "To the nukecycle," Mort toasted, and we all echoed his cry.

Megan brushed her hair out of her face. I was glad she'd come along, glad for her unjaded perspective. "Mine is easy," she said. "BARF taught me that we have to create our own ways of participating in electoral politics. It's usually so bureaucratic — phonebanking or stuffing envelopes. We have to cut our own path."

Doc nodded seriously. His eyes looked almost troubled. "What if we did that — simply did things our own way? That's the real revolution, when we take direct control over our lives. When people do this — whether it's Food Not Bombs, AIDS support, childcare co-ops, or neighborhood watches — when we organize and act for ourselves, nothing can stop us."

Good point, I thought. The trick is to convince people that their lives would be richer this way than by having more money.

A couple of others spoke. Then Mort set down his bottle. "The biggest thing for me was, BARF shows that we know how to throw a good party. We need all kinds of approaches. No one tactic is going to change the world. We need voting, big marches, educational work, letter-writing, protests — and we need festivals like BARF."

"Maybe we've found our role in coalitions," Hank tossed in. "We'll do the Reagan-bashing."

"It's an important role," Mort said, picking up his beer. "We need this kind of inspiration."

There was a moment of silence, perhaps in shock at hearing Mort say the word "inspiration." I took a breath. "I want to build off Mort's point," I said.

“I’ve been thinking about how sometimes we work in parallel with other groups, and sometimes in series. When we work in parallel, the liberals handle one function, like the electioneering, and we handle another — like BARF. That’s good. But we have to learn how to organize in ‘series,’ so that each group can build off others’ work. Not just add to it, but use it as a foundation for the next step.”

People were listening attentively. Mort nodded his head slowly. “We already do this in street actions,” I continued, “when one group draws off the police so that another can strike at a different site. Now we have to apply it to our broader work, so each protest builds off the preceding ones.”

“I think that’s called a strategy,” Craig said sardonically.

I started to scowl, then felt it slide off. “Well, yeah. But it has to take into account what people are already doing, not impose some abstract scheme on the group.”

Craig took a drink of beer and settled back in his chair. “If we’re going to talk strategy, here’s what I think. There are two broad levels of strategy. The first is how to organize before the revolution — how we gain power. The second is how to organize *after* the revolution — how we change society once

we’ve gained political power. Most of what LAG does, our blockades and actions, are stuck in the first level. They won’t mean much after we gain political power. Why I liked BARF is, festivals are the kind of events that cross over. They’ll be just as important in the new society.”

Well, at least he sees some value in what we’re doing. Mort started to say something, but I held up my hand. “There are still some people who haven’t spoken.” I looked at Angie, who was leaning back in her chair.

She leaned forward so her arms rested on the table. “What I liked best about BARF,” she said in a pensive voice, “was taking art into the streets. Or at least into the park. The games, the nukecycle, the piñata, the dancing — that’s what’s going to reach people, not yelling and finger-pointing.” She paused and took a sip of beer. “BARF was great, but it still had an ‘anti’ focus.



We're anti-nuke, anti-war, anti-Reagan. I wonder if we really reach people that way."

She paused and looked down at the table. Then she leaned back and gazed out toward the foggy horizon. "What excites me isn't negativity. It's creativity. It's art and magic."

Her final words hung in the air. People looked around. Had everyone spoken?

Doc cleared his throat. "It's a mystery, isn't it — what causes change? What tips the balance? It could be our smallest act." I followed Doc's words carefully, but Mort and Hank fidgeted. "We never know exactly how our work fits into the larger picture. We may have far more impact than we realize."

"Hey," Hank said as soon as Doc finished, "BARF may just have launched the revolution, and we don't even know it yet. Speaking of impact, you know what I've noticed? Ever since our *USA Today* action last Spring, their boxes have been disappearing from Berkeley."

"Yeah," I said, "I noticed that! Adios, *USA Today*. We had a hand in that."

Hank raised his bottle. "Success!"

I raised my glass and clinked his bottle, joined by Angie and several others. "Success!"

We paid our bill and headed out to the sidewalk. A round of hugs ensued, a graphic reminder that we'd spent the whole day together and no one had walked out. Maybe we really were moving beyond the Convention and its strife.

Angie and I bid goodnight to the others and started our walk back to my place. We rounded the corner at the Starry Plough, then stopped in the shadows. I leaned down to kiss her, grateful for the day we'd spent together, grateful for the night we were about to spend. Worries about the future, regrets about the past, all faded. For one long, sweet kiss, I almost succeeded in forgetting that this might be our last night together.

Monday, September 24, 1984

LIVERMORE LAB. One more time.

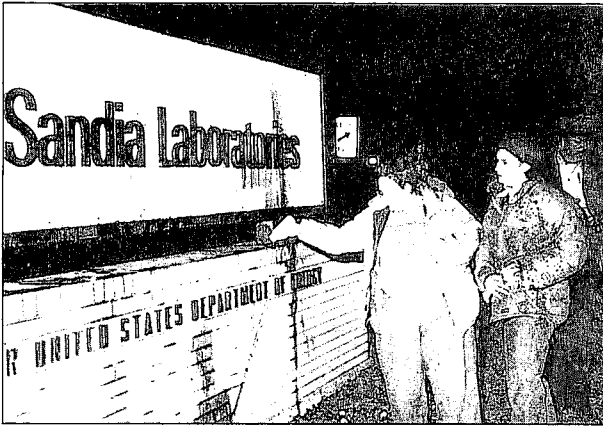
Angie had left the previous day, after a wonderful, nearly-sleepless night together. Now, getting up at five in the morning for a demo, I was pretty well exhausted. Hopefully the protest wouldn't last too long, and by noon I'd be back home, settling in for a long nap.

It was still dark as we gathered at the intersection of East and Vasco Roads. The crowd wasn't much, a few hundred people. Even counting Holly, Caroline, Daniel, and some others out at the Site 300 test area, it was a mere shadow of the previous two Summers. Hank and Mort weren't there, and I knew I wouldn't be seeing Craig or Claudia. Karina was steering clear of

further arrests, and Sara and Alby had probably seen enough of jail for a while.

Still, I spotted plenty of familiar faces in the pre-dawn conclave. Some were Livermore stalwarts, like Melissa, Daniel, and Nathaniel. Monique and the Walnettos were out in force, as were Maria and Spirit AG. Change of Hearters like Moonstone, Doc, and Megan didn't surprise me. And Imagine AG, with Pilgrim taking the forty-fourth bust of his illustrious career, could certainly be counted on.

But the sight of Jenny, Raoul, and Sid was unexpected. Maybe after the dismal performance of affinity groups at the War Chest Tours, they were seeing the virtue of LAG. "Turning over a new leaf?" I couldn't help saying to them. "I



Military laboratory Sandia's local offices were located directly across from Livermore Lab. In September 1984, an affinity group entered the public gate and poured blood on the sign.

didn't figure to see you at a LAG action."

"We aren't thinking of it as a LAG action," Sid answered. "Our AG wanted to try out some new tactics."

Melissa walked by as he spoke. "Just be sure your 'tactics' are nonviolent," she said without stopping for an answer.

Raoul turned slowly toward her and jutted his chin. "Just make sure your tactics aren't stuck in the mud."

Melissa halted in her tracks. "Who's stuck in the mud? What's so new about your ideas? You think you're the ones who invented running around in the streets yelling? That's been tried for a thousand years, and it hasn't changed anything yet."

"Oh, yeah?" Raoul shot back. "I haven't noticed Livermore Lab closing down on account of your pacifist blockades."

Before Melissa could answer, I stepped between them. "Come on," I pleaded, looking first at Raoul and then at Melissa. "The Lab has four different gates. Everyone can do the action they want. Why do we have to tear each other apart?"

Melissa stopped glaring at Raoul and shifted her eyes to me. She gazed at me like a doctor deciding what medicine to prescribe. Then she reached out

and patted me on the arm. "Don't worry," she said in a reassuring voice. "We're just having a fight."

I stared back at her, then looked at Raoul, whose mouth hung open. Then a slow, rolling laugh rose from him. "That's it," he said. "We're just having a fight." I had to laugh, too. Just fighting. Even Melissa started to smile, but at that moment, Belinda called to her.

Raoul and Jenny's AG headed out for the West Gate. I was going to follow them, figuring that whatever they did would be a good show. But as I started away, Melissa called to me. "Jeff, will you take some photos of our action?"

"I don't have a camera," I said.

"Use mine." She came over and handed me a small camera, as if I had already accepted the assignment. "We need someone who isn't getting arrested."

Well, that's me, I thought. Not today. Not if I could help it.

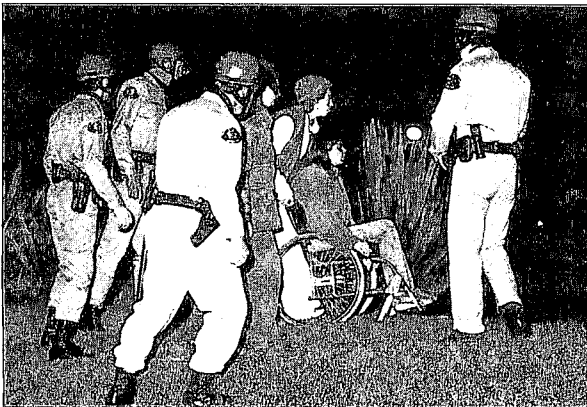
I followed her down toward the South Gate, where the Walnettos, Matrix, Spirit, and Mustard Seed AGs were circled up, discussing who would blockade first. "While they're blockading the gate," Melissa told me, "a few of us are going to do an action at Sandia." Sandia Laboratories were located

across the street from Livermore Lab.

Melissa signaled to Maria, Artemis, and Belinda, who joined her off to one side. With the cops focused on protecting the Lab, the four women had a clear shot at Sandia. Artemis and Belinda paired



The first policeman on the scene tried to corral two protesters.



Police circle in on the Sandia protesters.

off and headed toward the entrance driveway, with Melissa pushing Maria's wheelchair behind them. "We're doing a blood action," Melissa said to me in a low voice. "Wait till we get up by the sign, and then start shooting."

The first rays of dawn lit the east as Artemis and Belinda approached the big Sandia sign about a hundred feet past the entry. So far, no cops. Belinda pulled a tall plastic jar out of her coat and popped the lid off. She glanced at the other women, then flung the thick dark liquid toward the sign. It splattered over the big letters and dripped onto the manicured entrance lawn. I adjusted the focus and started clicking.

Artemis flung her bottle at the sign. A half-dozen state troopers came trotting our way. Melissa opened a second bottle and hurled more blood onto the sign. Artemis and Belinda walked toward the cops, who quickly handcuffed them and took them into custody.

I figured the action would be over quickly. But as Belinda and Artemis were led away, Melissa grabbed the handles of Maria's wheelchair and started carting her away across the parking lot. The cops looked confused, and so was I. What is this? Mobile tactics? A page out of Raoul's book? Did they really expect to get away?

Who could tell? After a moment's lapse, the cops regrouped and corralled Melissa and Maria. I shot most of the film, trying to stay on top of the action. It hadn't occurred to me that I, too, was trespassing on corporate property, until a couple of officers started gesturing at me. I looked around, abruptly aware of my predicament. I was on Sandia property, behind a chain-link fence — with cops between me and the exit.

Just stay still, I thought. No sudden moves. Maybe they'll go away. I cast a glance over at Melissa, holding up her camera. She nodded to me, then called out to the troopers. "He's not with us. He's a press photographer."

The cops turned to me, and I couldn't resist a jaunty wave, almost a salute. "Just taking some pictures," I told them. They looked at each other, mumbled a few words, then headed over toward the paddywagon. I waited to make sure they really were leaving, then sauntered back to neutral ground.

Once I was back on the public road, I laughed. A narrow escape. I started around to the West Gate, thinking it would be funny to use the rest of Melissa's film to shoot Sid and Jenny and Raoul's action. But someone coming the other direction told me that the AG had gotten swept up right away, before they got to try any of their new tactics.

We drifted back to the intersection at East and Vasco. Our old familiar meeting place. There had been about a hundred arrests, I heard. Not an embarrassment, but nothing like former years. Was this our last hurrah? I thought of Melissa throwing blood, of Pilgrim racking up another bust, of Sid and Jenny and their new tactics. Could it be the end?

Surely not. Was Livermore Lab going to stop producing weapons of mass destruction? Was the administration suddenly going to direct the weapons labs

to focus their research on alternative energy or environmental restoration?
Unlikely. I doubted that we'd seen the last of the Lab.

Tuesday, October 16, 1984

HOLLY AND I were meeting at Café Mediterranean on Telegraph Avenue. In our two-plus years together, I couldn't remember a single time we'd sat together in a café. Even this afternoon, I'd give it fifty-fifty that she'd come in and propose going for a walk.

I picked a table toward the back of the lower level, got an orange juice, and sat facing the door. Out on the street, people filtered back and forth, familiar faces among them. There went Moe, the cigar-chomping owner of my favorite bookstore. And Julia Vinograd, the berobed street poet who carried a bubblewand with her wherever she went. Julia stopped to talk to someone, then came into the Med.

I pulled out the sheaf of paper I lately had taken to carrying in my back pocket. Never know when inspiration might strike. Maybe I should write a song about LAG. What rhymes with "civil disobedience?"

I looked up to see Holly approaching, wearing as bright a smile as I had seen in a long while. "Hey, Jeff."

I stood to hug her. "Want to sit down here, or go somewhere else?"
"This is good," she said. "I need to sit down. Let me get some tea."

As she moved through the serving line, she bantered with the woman behind the counter. Was Holly always so outgoing? Had I forgotten, or was this something new?

She sat down and pulled a sketchbook out of her pack. "Want to see the drawing I did for the peace camp flyer? I thought it might work in Direct Action, too."

Holly had taken art classes in college, but during the whole time I'd known her, I'd never seen her draw anything. Her sketch showed tents, a table, and a teapot, with Mount Diablo in the background. "That's great," I said. "I like the shading. Why not make it the cover of the next issue, for the reopening of the peace camp?"

She smiled. "I think it would look good."

I studied her as she put the drawing away and took a drink of tea. Why was she in such good spirits over art? I wished I felt as excited about my writing or music.

She looked at me. I wondered if I should ask her about her art, or something more personal. "So what's been happening?" I finally asked.

Holly beamed. "I slept with someone new this weekend, and I'm really excited about it."

I tilted my head slowly. "This weekend," I said. "I thought you went

camping with Sara over the weekend..." Slowly it dawned on me. Sara. I felt dense for not catching on sooner. True, I wasn't expecting Holly to get involved with a woman. But when was the last time I saw her so bright?

I felt a pang in my heart, stronger than anything I'd let myself feel all Spring and Summer, a pang for Holly's buoyancy, for her belief that anything was possible. When we met and fell in love, when she moved in and we shared a home, I'd practically believed in those possibilities myself. The past year had tested us, as our paths diverged and our dreams faded. Yet I'd always trusted that her optimism would revive, I'd be reinspired, and we'd be swept back together.

Now she'd discovered a fresh source of hope. But it wasn't something we could share...

Holly was still telling me about the weekend. "I'd met her before," Holly said, "but this time it was different, being together all weekend. Her name is Louisa, and she's been 'out' since high school. She works with Sara at the Berkeley Women's Health Collective..."

Louisa? Wait. Not Sara? I'd never met anyone named Louisa. Jealousy crept over me, jealousy that someone would pull Holly's attention away from what we shared. Sara was part of LAG. She was safe. But who was Louisa?

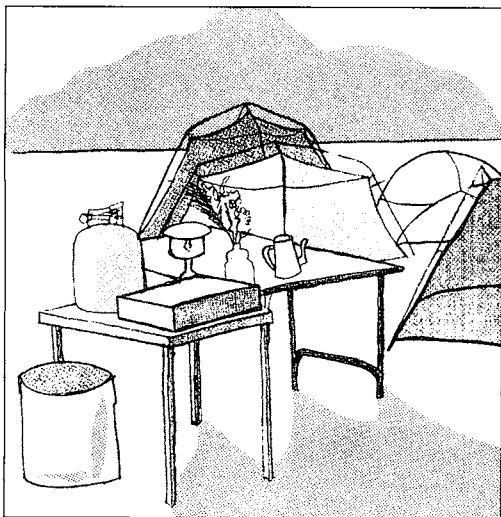
I groped for something supportive to say. "What's it been like?"

She looked at me blankly, as if she had no idea where to begin. "I've hardly slept for three nights," she finally said. "When I was with Louisa on the camping trip, it was wonderful. But then last night, by myself, I was lying awake feeling nauseated and paranoid. I wondered if I was falling apart. The

'me' I've known for thirty years was disintegrating. I never did get to sleep. But Louisa called me this morning, being all sweet, and I'm going to see her in an hour, so now it feels great again."

She stopped and took a breath. "I'm not sure how much more I want to say. I guess I'm still sorting it out myself."

Watching Holly recount the ups and downs, I felt a little scared for her. At the same time, in spite of a tinge of jealousy, I felt a blossom



The Livermore peace camp, drawn by a participant.



Telegraph Avenue near Dwight, with Café Med to the right.

of hope, hope that she had embarked on a new pilgrimage, that she was moving on with her life. Maybe we both could turn a new page.

Face it, I was ready for a whole new chapter. I thought about how I'd seen Holly as my anchor, the unshakable foundation of my commitment to reshaping the world. Through the Spring I'd worried that my indecision was jeopardizing our relationship. But Holly was changing, too, in ways that even she couldn't predict. Time to give up my illusions — not just about Holly, not just about us as a couple, but about finding an unshifting anchor, period. Let it go.

Angie, too. Enough pining after someone who had moved away. Let her go.

And Karina. Enough daydreaming about someone who was going to prison.

Even LAG. Maybe LAG would continue, and I'd be part of it. But enough clinging, enough trying to stem the tide of dissolution. It wasn't up to me or anyone else to save the group. It was time to step back and let events take their course.

We finished our drinks and left the Med. Standing there on Telegraph Avenue, I wished Holly well. I was heading home and she was going toward campus, so we hugged and headed in opposite directions. As I stood at the corner of Dwight waiting for the light to change, I wondered when I'd see her. I had no guarantees. I'd just have to be patient and trust that our paths would intertwine.

Saturday, October 27, 1984

IT WASN'T YET dusk as we came out of the 16th and Mission BART Station on our way to the Spiral Dance ritual. I was disoriented, but Angie saw our mistake. "We're east of Mission," she said. "We need to cross back that way."

The air was warm and crisp, wonderful to breath after being on the train. The wispy clouds over Twin Peaks were taking on a pink tint. We made our way up a block and turned south onto Valencia. "I love this street," Angie said, and I could see why. We peered into windows as we passed: a tattoo parlor, a liquor store, a bookstore, an appliance repair shop, a thrift store filled with junky treasures, a burrito joint grilling slabs of beef over an open fire, a Middle Eastern restaurant with live belly dancing...

Angie paused in front of the belly dancing club and perused the schedule. I stood behind her, ruminating. She was probably missing San Francisco right this minute. Should I ask her to return? Or give her time to let the feelings sink in?

Oh, no. Not another night of now-I'll-ask-her-now-I-won't. And anyway, now wasn't the moment, as Angie picked up the pace. We made our way down the crowded Valencia Street sidewalk to 18th Street, where we swung west. Just ahead, an imposing puddle loomed in our path. I started around it, but Angie



A small portion of "Maestrapeace," the incredible three-story mural on the San Francisco Women's Building portraying the contributions of women of many cultures.

took my arm and steered us right through the water. "A cleansing," she said. I wasn't sure if she was joking or not, but I was thankful for having bought a new pair of shoes the week before. I'd hate to start my first ritual with wet feet.

I'd never been to the Women's Building, our destination. Angie told me it was covered in murals, and I expected a small community center like La Peña over in Berkeley. I was unprepared for what greeted me. Even in the fading light the four-story building was stunning. Flowing patterns of color leapt from the walls. Women of every age and race were woven around the mullioned windows.

We crossed the street for a better view. Atop the north facade, breaking through the line of the roof, a pregnant woman in Earth-tones channeled crystalline energy to the child in her womb. From her belly flowed a river teeming with life, twisting downward in multicolored ribbons cascading to the ground. At each end, as if guarding the corners of the building, was an aged woman, the left one African and the right one Native American. In the center, amidst the streaming ribbons, their care-worn hands reached toward one another.

I drew Angie to me, and she leaned back onto my chest. Above the building, the crescent moon hovered in the darkening sky, as if pouring down its blessings on us.

Being here with her was a blessing in itself. She'd called the week before to say that she was coming down for the Spiral Dance and asked if I wanted to go. I'd jumped at the prospect.

I had to laugh. Me, excited about going to a ritual? I'd heard plenty about them. Here was a chance to see one, up close. Not to mention spending the evening with Angie.

Angie had briefed me on what to expect that evening, but it was still mostly a mystery. What did you do for three or four hours? I mean, how much invoking and singing and meditating can you do?

But I was committed to participating, to doing whatever it was that everyone else did. Even dancing. "Several times during the ritual, everyone gets up and dances," Angie told me. "The best place is right in the center, where it's really hot." I wondered if I'd have the nerve to follow her into the center. I wasn't ruling anything out.

As we stepped into the lobby, masked and painted faces bobbed past. A woman in a velvet gown and golden tiara anointed people with her magic wand. Behind her, a woman in the traditional garb of a Halloween Witch cackled as she blessed people with a handmade broom.

The people near us in the line looked innocent enough. But further ahead was a man with a very hairy chest, wearing sheepskin leggings and two small horns on his head. "The god Pan," Angie said. "He was here last year, too."

We paid our donation and were starting in when I spotted Karina across the lobby. I tugged on Angie's arm. "Let's go over and say hi."

Angie tensed under my touch. Oh, yeah, I thought. Maybe not the best pairing. But she relented and followed me through the crowd.

Karina was talking with someone, but Sara, standing next to her, saw us coming. She seemed surprised to see Angie, down from Portland, but even more surprised to see me, period. Still, she welcomed me with a warm hug.

Karina finished her conversation and turned to us, glowing. She even smiled at Angie, and the two of them hugged like old friends. Wow, I thought, magic works. Maybe it's just a truce for the evening, but that's magic enough.

Karina told us about her upcoming trial. "The problem is how to introduce the issue of my motivation. We know the judge won't allow international law defenses, but we're hoping the prosecution introduces photos that have my graffiti in them. Then we can use them to explain my motives to the jury."

Her delight as she described the graffiti made me wonder if she really expected to be acquitted. I glanced at Sara, who followed Karina's every move. Her eyes looked tired and care-worn.

"What's realistic," Angie asked. "Assuming you get convicted?"

Karina scarcely blinked. "Two or three years, maybe five," she said. "Walt's been checking into it."

Two or three years, I thought. Or five. In federal prison. I could almost hear Sara ticking it off in her head. Two or three birthdays. Or five.

"When is the trial?" I asked.

"Early December," Karina said. "Till then, I'm free. I'm leaving next week on a speaking tour around Oregon, and after that I might get flown to the East Coast for some events."

Angie nudged me. "We should go inside." She looked at Karina. "I hope this all goes well for you," she said. "I really do."

Karina stepped forward and gave her another hug. "It already is."

Well, I thought, if anyone could handle it, it was probably Karina. I hugged her again, holding her tightly. When we let go, she stepped back, smiling radiantly. "I'll see you before the trial," she said.

"Definitely," I said, then followed Angie toward the entrance.

As we stepped through the doorway into the dimly-lit ballroom, two "graces" in white robes ushered us through an Autumnal portal. Over our heads arched branches, leaves, dried flowers, and wild berries. At the far side, two more graces welcomed us. "You are now entering sacred space," one said as the other sprinkled water on our heads with a rosemary branch. "You are now entering sacred time."

I felt like I'd stepped into a cave. The room was a rough square about eighty feet across, with a two-story ceiling. A small balcony stretched along two walls. The other two walls were hung with dark fabric. The only light came from candles in the four corners and a dim chandelier above the center. Maybe two hundred people milled around, some in costumes, some in fancy dress.

But a lot of people were in street clothes, and I didn't feel out of place in my usual jeans and sweater. Several drummers played a slow, loping rhythm while a few dozen people moved and stretched.

Around the room I picked out familiar faces: Moonstone, Megan, Alby, Doc and Belinda. Walt came by carrying a box of candles, and off to one side I saw Sara meeting with Artemis and Antonio. "They're the 'guides' for the ritual," Angie told me. "Some people call them 'priest' and 'priestess.' But I think that we're all priestesses. So I like the word 'guides.'"

In each corner was an altar, aglow with candles. East was a simple affair, a small table draped with white veils and feathers, symbolizing the element Air. "Why are there knives on the 'air' table?" I asked Angie as I eyed a shiny blade.

She studied the knife. "I think of them as signifying sharpness of intellect and imagination," she said. "And cutting away the past to make a new beginning. That's what East means."

New beginnings. I could use some of those. On all fronts.

Flaming red and orange cloths adorned the South altar. From amid the folds burst a fiery painting of a Goddess dancing and shouting. On the altar burned a small cauldron. Angie passed her fingers above the quivering flame, then touched them to her breast. "South is for passion and creativity," she said. "The flame that burns in our hearts." I passed my fingers over the flame and touched them to my chest.

West was a rich blue cloth on which were placed dishes and bowls of water. A large glass bowl sat in the middle, and people were dipping their fingers and anointing themselves. "It's salt water," Angie whispered. "For purification. Think about things that you want to let go of, or worries and cares that you can set aside this evening. Visualize them moving out to the tips of your fingers, and let them go into the salt water."

My hands clenched. I looked down at the water. Letting go? Of what, exactly? If I cared about something — or someone — why would I let go?

Still, I was determined to enter into the spirit of the ritual. Let it go. For one evening. All the worries over Angie, over the future of LAG, over what in the world the past two years added up to. Let it go. I looked down at my hands, as if I cradled the cares in them. Then, following Angie's lead, I dipped my fingers into the salt water and breathed out. As I removed my hands from the bowl, Angie touched a wet finger to my forehead. "Welcome to sacred space," she said.

I smiled. But in truth, there was one care I hadn't let go of. Whether to talk to her about returning. And what to say. And when...

We moved on to North, which was built on a different scale altogether. The altar, draped in black and gray, filled the entire corner. Stacks of old wooden boxes and crates formed a latticework of nooks and cubbyholes sheltering faded photographs, driftwood, bones, pieces of old lace, rusted metal, and the like. "This is the ancestors' altar," Angie said. "This is their ritual,

too.” I studied the old photos. Faces of the once-living gazed back at us in the candlelight, and I could almost feel them present.

To the left of the altar, a black-draped bulletin board was filling up with small white paper skulls, each with a name written on it. “I’m going to add my grandmother,” Angie said, “even though she’s been dead for several years.” She took a paper skull, wrote her grandmother’s name and fastened it onto the board. I wondered if I had a name to add, but none came to mind.

Shhhhh. The wispy sound began to fill the room. Some people spread blankets and even cushions on the hardwood floor. Shhhhh. Others of us found space between them to form a circle around an open middle. Shhhhh. The chandelier lights were dimmed till only candlelight from the altars remained. Silence.

From the balcony above, a chorus of voices held forth a mysterious tune: “This very night, this very night...” Slowly, a solemn procession led by Artemis and Antonio filed down the stairs to our level, singing all the while. “This very night...” Each singer bore a white candle. They circled our space, then took up a station near the East altar and finished their song: “Fire and sleet and candlelight, May Earth receive thy soul.”

Silence reigned for a moment. Then Artemis stepped into the circle. She was wearing a long black gown, with a gauzy scarf draped over her shoulders. Specks of glitter sparkled in her hair. “This is the season of Halloween,” she proclaimed. “The time when the veil is thin that divides the worlds.”

She turned slowly, the sweep of her arms encompassing the entire circle. “Tonight we journey into the darkness of Winter and through to the promise of Spring. For Halloween is our new year — the new year of the Witches.”

Around me, people nodded and twinkled their fingers as if consenting to Artemis’ words. I was surrounded by Witches. Was I the only novice in the room?

“This is the night that we mourn our dead.” Artemis paused, letting the words sink in. “This very night, when we sail to the island beyond time and dance the spiral, the ancient symbol of rebirth, we perform an act of magic and turn our culture back toward balance. And when we remember what has passed and renew ourselves, we do it to reclaim the future.” She swept her arm around the circle again. “So join with us now — the spirits are gathering...”

Doc, wearing a turquoise robe that glistened behind his gray beard, stepped to the middle and beckoned us to stand and close our eyes. “Imagine your spine as a cord passing through your body, down through the floor, down into the Earth below,” he said in a measured voice. “Imagine the love of Mother Earth pulling that cord down, down to Her heart. Down through the topsoil, down through the rocks. Down past the fossils of past ages, past the streams that run beneath the Earth, down, down through the bedrock, until we can touch the molten core at the very center of the Earth, still pulsing with the energy of the sun and stars. The molten, living core, still alive and pulsing. And

as we reach that core, feel how the roots of all the others in this room are there with you, weaving, winding, binding us together.”

The root metaphor was making me a little queasy. I took a deep breath. Then, following Doc’s words, I slowly pulled the molten energy back up through the Earth and into my body. I let the fire swirl through me, rising higher and higher, till it flowed out of my head and showered down around me.

Some people raised their arms as if releasing the Earth’s fire to the heavens. Finally people knelt and touched the floor. “Grounding the energy,” I remembered, kneeling next to Angie and placing my palms on the floor. Hey, I’m not a complete rookie.

People stood, and a woman I recognized from the Vandenberg spokescouncils came forward. With both hands she grasped a dagger in front of her. In the center, she paused, as if pointing the knife toward an imaginary cauldron. Then she turned and strode toward the North altar. There, at the outer edge of our circle, she inscribed a star in the air, then proclaimed loudly, “By the Earth that is Her body.”

She gestured to the right with the dagger and circled around to the East altar. “By the air that is Her breath,” she said, inscribing another star.

“Why a star?” I whispered to Angie.

“It’s a pentacle. It’s a sign of power for Witches. She’s casting the circle.”

I nodded. The woman moved on to the south. “By the fire of Her bright spirit.” And to the West. “By the waters of Her living womb.” She circled back to North, then came to the Center, where she drew two final pentacles: “By all that is above... And all that is below...” Then she stretched out her arms to embrace the entire room. “The circle is cast. We are between the worlds. What happens between the worlds changes all the worlds.”

Between the worlds. I liked that image. And the part about changing all the worlds.

Most people sat down, and Angie and I joined them. An open space fifteen feet across was left in the center, with a three-foot aisle out to each altar. “Now we invoke the directions,” Angie whispered. She rotated toward the east altar. I cast a glance at her. Just do what she does, I thought.

Do what she does? Sure, so I should move to Portland? Hardly. Well, then how can I expect her to move back here? I shook my head sadly. Let it go. Stay present.

A fluttering sound came from behind the East altar. An angelic figure appeared, draped all in white, with gauzy wings and a fairy wand. “Spirits of the air,” the angel said as she glided toward the center. “Feathery ones! Fill us with your gift of breath, the mystery of life.” She inhaled deeply, and I followed suit, letting the air stretch my lungs. “Grant us clarity of vision,” she said. “Grant us sharpness of thought and insight. And as the wheel turns again to the new year, bless our fresh beginnings. Spirits of the East, be here now.”

“Be here now,” echoed voices in the crowd. “Blessed be.”

Eyes turned toward the South, where Sara, Karina, and several other women in red and yellow tights clustered. They reached out and linked hands, then leapt toward the center of the circle. “Passion!” Sara shouted. “Bright flames!” yelled another woman. “Sparks! Creativity! Blazing! Forging! Fire!”

At the final cry, a dancer clad in black stepped up to the South altar. She held a stick out to the candles and it burst into a flaming torch. The crowd gasped as she skipped into the center. The red-robed women danced around her, still shouting, “Passion! Creativity! Fire!” They ended with the torch held aloft and the dancers raising their arms to the sky. “Powers of the South,” called Karina, “be here now!”

“Be here now!” people called back, and a cheer filled the room.

As the fire invokers left the center and the cheering subsided, a woman and man dressed in blue sarongs entered from the West. The man carried a basin, the woman a pitcher, which she bore aloft as if consecrating it. Reaching the center, she looked into his eyes, then began to pour the water into the bowl.

“Hail, guardians of the watchtowers of the West,” she intoned as the water swished against the bowl. “Watery ones, mysterious ones, spirits of the ocean depths. Flow through our emotions, visit us in our dreams. Touch us with grace and fluidity. Teach us openness to the deep. We beseech you, spirits of the West: be here now!”

“Be here now,” we answered.

To the North we turned at last. From the shadows around the altar emerged four Earthen creatures wearing elaborate rag-dresses. Dirt was streaked on their faces, moss ratted through their hair. They stooped low to the ground, swaying as they moved. When they reached the center, they faced one another, dropped to their knees, and pounded their hands on the floor three times. Still kneeling, they faced out and began chanting:

Cycles of the moon, the stars, the Earth
 Secrets of the path from death to birth
 Keeper of the flame, the source, the light
 Presence of the deep, the dark, the night

The crowd picked up the chant. Voices rang through the room, then faded into silence. The Earth creatures pounded on the floor three more times.

“Spirits of the North, be here now!”

“Be here now,” we responded. I had to smile. Earth, air, fire, water. The classical elements. Where were we, ancient Greece?

As if answering me, Angie whispered, “Next is the invocation of the Triple Goddess — Maiden, Mother, and Crone.” Three women — a teen, a parent, and an elder — danced in from different directions. Meeting in the center, they joined hands and promenaded in a circle like graces from a Renaissance fountain, singing:

“There is no end to the circle, no end,
 “There’s no end to life, there is no end.”

Two men whom I recognized from the street demonstrations of the past year invoked the “Horned God.” They did a slow, sinuous dance, twining together as the chorus sang:

“There is no end to the circle, no end,
 “There’s no end to life, there is no end.”

As the song finished, one of the men sprang into the arms of the other, who cradled him like a newborn son. I placed my right hand on my heart as if anchoring the impression. Angie reached out and squeezed my left hand.

The final invocation, of the ancestors, ended in the drumming and dancing that Angie had told me about. I could see it coming as the drummers picked up the beat, and I braced myself. But oddly, Angie remained on the perimeter as the center dissolved into dancing. I was happy to stay with her. Was she feeling alienated, out of the loop? Or was she realizing how much she missed this?

As the dancing wound down, people backed out of the center and took seats. Some people were even laying out their jackets like pillows. Angie stretched out on the floor near the West altar. “Get comfortable,” she said as she settled in. “This part lasts a while.”

I stretched out on my back, hands folded across my chest. What was going on for Angie, I wondered. I tried to catch a glimpse of her face, but the light was wrong. Let it go, I told myself. Stay with the ritual. There’s time later.

“Breathe deeply,” came Artemis’ voice, pulling me back to the moment. She began a simple, hypnotic rhythm on a Middle Eastern drum. I pushed aside thoughts of Angie. Focus. Listen to the drum. Think of something else. Think of the elements. How does it go? East is air. South is fire. West is water. North is Earth. East, South, West, North. And again, East, South...

The resonant tones of the drum pulsed through the room. The voices of the guides floated above the rhythm. “Breathe in the night air,” Antonio said. “Move forward into the darkness... Feel yourself approaching the shores of the sunless sea... Breathe in the salty scent... Hear the water lapping against the beach... And look now as a ship comes out of the fog...”

I was lying with my eyes closed. In the hazy grayness, I pictured the outline of a wooden ship. “Let your breath guide you,” Antonio said. “Step on board the ship. Leave behind all worldly cares, and journey to the Isle of Apples, the land of the ancestors... Step aboard the ship, and set sail, set sail...”

As the drum continued its entrancing rhythm, a flute joined in, and the chorus sang a haunting ballad.

Set Sail, Set Sail,
 Over the waves where the spray grows white
 Into the night, into the night

Set Sail, Set Sail,
 Pass in an instant through the open gate
 It will not wait, it will not wait

Set Sail, Set Sail,
 To the Shining Isle where your heart is led
 To meet the dead, to meet the dead...

The song faded and the trance drum was heard again. I remembered what Holly said once about talking to ancestors at rituals. Maybe this was my chance to talk to Leonardo. Although if I had to choose one person, maybe it should be Ben Franklin. Or St. Francis. Do you get a choice? What if someone else chooses that spirit first? Hopefully they'd worked out these details at previous rituals.

Artemis' voice wafted through the air. "Look! There through the mist. We approach a sandy beach. Our ship washes gently ashore. Coming to greet us are the spirits of the ancestors. Listen as they speak to us..."

From throughout the room came whispery voices, welcoming us, cautioning us, calling us to take heed. "Listen," Artemis intoned. "The spirits are here with us. Listen, they call to us."

I was hearing the voices more as whispery music than as distinct words, when suddenly discordant shouts rent the room. "Stop! Listen! Hear us!"

My eyes snapped open, but aside from the two guides in the center, I saw nothing. "Listen!" cried voices that seemed to come from all around me. "Hear our stories!"

"Behold the unquiet dead," came Antonio's steady voice. "Spirits whose conscience gives them no peace, even in death. They will not let us continue until we have heard their stories. Listen! Listen to the voices of the unquiet dead!"

At his summons, white-veiled spirits rose among us. They wandered aimlessly through the room, wringing their hands and lamenting:

"With these hands I set fire to the Witches' pyres..."

"With these hands I sold my brothers and sisters into slavery..."

"With these hands I cut down the ancient forests..."

"With these hands I gave the Indians blankets infected with smallpox..."

"With these hands I hit my children like my father hit me..."

A chill permeated the air. These weren't the ancestors I thought we were going to meet. I took a deep breath. Near me, I could hear someone sobbing quietly as the voices continued:

"I hoarded grain while children starved..."

"I rounded up Jews and sent them to the gas chambers..."

"I evicted a family on Christmas eve..."

"I knew my orders were unjust, yet I obeyed them..."

"I knew it was wrong, yet I would not stop..."

"I saw the truth, yet I did not speak..."

The voices paused. An eerie silence filled the room. Then, like a Greek chorus, they cried in unison: "Hear us! Acknowledge us! We are your ancestors!"

"No!" Artemis swept her arms as if banishing the spirits. "You are not my dead! You are not my people! I disown you!"

The restive spirits wailed. "Hear us! Acknowledge us! Who we are and what we have done — you inherit!"

Their words hung in the air. Antonio looked around our circle. "The unquiet dead belong to us all," he said. "Feel their presence. Feel your own past. When we deny the dead, they rule us invisibly from the depth of our being."

Within me I felt rise my German heritage, which I usually ignored. But I'm a good German, I wanted to say.

Artemis held out her hands toward the spirits. "What do you want from us?"

"Perhaps they need us to undo their sorry legacy," Antonio answered.

"Perhaps there is something that we, the living, can do to ease the misery they left behind."

That's it, I thought. That's what has to be done. But what exactly? How did you know where to begin?

"Feel the power of our circle," Antonio said. "You are not alone. Feel the power here, and let the spirits speak to you."

I groped for an answer, but none was forthcoming. Hey, I'm new at this, I thought. Give me time. I'll get it....

But Artemis' voice drew the ritual on. "Breathe deeply now, and listen," she said. "Other spirits are crowding around us. Listen!"

Again, veiled spirits rose and roamed through the space. This time, instead of wringing their hands, they gestured lovingly, as if offering a gift.

"With these hands, I ran a station on the Underground Railroad..."

"With these hands, I openly loved other men..."

"With these hands, I stole bread, that my children might survive..."

"With these hands, I protected the forests from destruction..."

The spirits drifted toward the center of the room, where they linked hands in a circle around Artemis and Antonio.

"I prepared food, that the hungry might eat..."

"I stood watch, that refugees might sleep..."

"I did not hit my children like my father hit me..."

"I refused to obey unjust orders..."

"I learned the truth, and would not keep silent..."

Then with a single voice, they called out, "Hear us! Acknowledge us! We are your ancestors, too!"

That's more like it, I thought. Here were the ancestors I expected.

"These spirits also belong to us," Antonio declared. "They are in our thoughts, our bodies. What do they ask of us? Which of their traditions will we carry on? Which of their dreams can we bring to fruition?"

Before I had time to reflect, the drumbeat swelled through the room.

"Breathe deeply," came Artemis' voice. "Look ahead, through the mists. More spirits come to greet us. Look carefully. Who reaches out to you?"

She paused, and her drum carried me forward. Lying on my back, I peered through the haze. Coming toward me I beheld a stocky man in rough peasant garb. Somehow I knew that his name was Benvenuto, and that he was a stonemason in Medieval Siena. He stood before me, gazing back, and I had the feeling that I was just as much his vision as he was mine.

Artemis' voice seemed far off as she beckoned: "Listen to the voices of the dead, who have wisdom for us..."

I strained to listen... and a voice, faint at first, came to my ears. It was Benvenuto speaking, although it seemed almost to come from inside my own head. I implored him to speak up, and finally grasped a single word: "Dance."

"Dance?" It wasn't exactly what I expected to hear from a Medieval stonemason. "I don't know how to dance," I felt myself answer.

Benvenuto nodded knowingly. "I used to think that." He tossed his arms into the air and spun a circle on his toes. "Just do what you feel," he said, and spun again.

I took a step back. "I can't do that. I'd look all uptight."

"Then dance that way," he said. "Make your own statement. Dance your own truth." He pointed off to the side, where a wiry Morris dancer was twisting his body into a series of grotesque poses. "Cousin Wilhelm over there once Morris danced all the way from Frankfort to Mainz." From across the road, Wilhelm waved to me, then continued his contorted peregrination. "Of course," Benvenuto told me, "they had to put him on the rack afterwards to straighten him out."

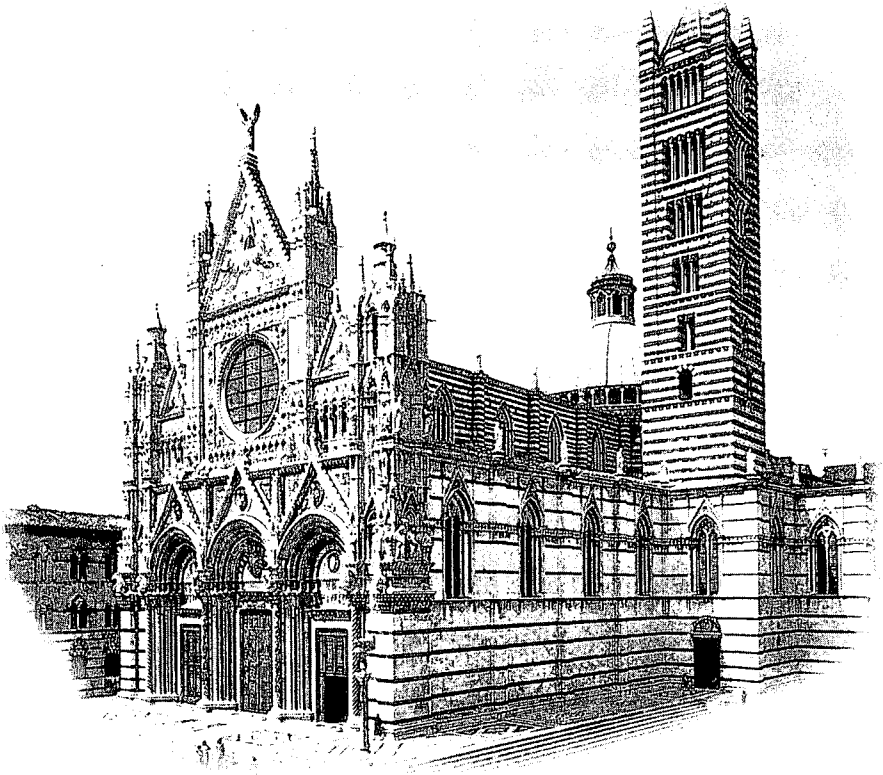
"That's fine," I said, sensing our time slipping away. "But what about your stonework? I've seen pictures of the cathedral you built in Siena."

Benvenuto swept his arm as if parting a veil. I thought I was ready for anything, but as the haze lifted and the outlines of the cathedral emerged, I shook my head in wonderment. My eyes soared up the striped spires, then played back down over the marble saints and prophets adorning the facade. "Which part did you work on?" I asked.

"The foundations," he answered, pointing. "Look closely. Look at the foundations."

As if the building were translucent, I gazed into the pavement and saw the massive stones that lay at the base of the cathedral. What labor it must have taken to drag those stones into position. What skill to carve and lay them precisely level.

"The foundations had to be perfect," Benvenuto said. "They would carry columns, arches, walls, and roof. This was my generation's work. We knew we would never see the finished building, that it would take a century or more to complete. But our work had to be perfect. One misplaced stone and the entire edifice would be threatened."



The Duomo, civic cathedral of Siena, Italy. The building, which was more a communal center than a church in today's sense, was begun in the early 1200s and took nearly two centuries to complete.

"It's stood for seven hundred years," I said.

"Seven hundred years," he echoed. "Look to the foundations that you lay."

"What?" I said.

"Look to the foundations." A cloud of mist washed around him. "What stones will you lay for future generations to build upon?"

"Foundations? Like what?" I groped for his meaning. Then suddenly it was clear. "Consensus? Nonviolence?"

His eyes strayed off into the distance, and I wasn't sure that he was hearing me anymore. "Lay them most carefully," he said. "The future looks to you."

"Nonviolence. Collectivity. Solidarity." I spoke the words as if stating a vow. "That's it, isn't it?"

The mists swirled, and he receded without taking a step. "Wait," I called, "one more question!" But he smiled benignly and waved farewell. I gazed after him as he faded from sight.

“Foundations,” I said to myself. I wondered if I would ever see Benvenuto again, or if every trance was unique. “Look to the foundations.”

Around me I felt a stirring, not of spirits, but of bodies. From across the room, Artemis’ voice floated through. “Soon we must bid farewell to the spirits. The time is short, and we must prepare to return through the veil...”

“Remember the ancestors you have met,” Antonio said. “Remember what you have learned from them, and the message you bring back. In these words there is power. And by that power we commit ourselves to create a future in which all people, all cultures, all races can live with respect for one another. So mote it be.”

“So mote it be,” Artemis echoed. She beckoned us to stand and form a circle around the outside of the room. I was still a bit dazed from the trance. I looked around for Angie, but didn’t see her. Somehow it wasn’t surprising, as if the journey to the Isle of the Ancestors had transported us to different parts of the room.

I wound up between two strangers in the circle. “As we take hands,” Artemis said, “we feel our neighbors as our allies. We are not alone in this struggle. Perhaps you have discovered a truth, or made a commitment. Imagine that truth, that commitment, as a flame burning in your heart. Feel it warming your spirit, flowing out through your hands, flowing around the entire circle. Feel our flames join together here in the center, burning on a hearth which all people can call home. This hearth will be our center as we dance the sacred spiral.”

Foundations, I repeated silently, gazing into the center. Collectivity. Solidarity. Community. Look to the foundations.

I let my eyes play around the circle. Didn’t I recognize that man from jail? And that woman from a spokescouncil? Or was it another lifetime?

A mandolin plucked the opening notes of a melody. Hand-drums laid down a stately rhythm, and the chorus began a song that the crowd picked up:

Let it begin with each step we take
 Let it begin with each change we make
 Let it begin with each chain we break
 Let it begin every time we awake

Artemis stepped to her left, still holding the hand of the person behind her. Slowly, majestically, the line began snaking inward. Once, twice, three times we spiraled toward the center. Candles cast a flickering light on the faces opposite me. It was beautiful, but not quite right. Wasn’t there something more?

Artemis turned and led the head of the snake spiraling back out, passing face to face with the inbound dancers. That was it! My heart jumped as the first faces passed me on their way out. Our eyes met in quick flashes. Artemis. Doc. Sara. Alby. Antonio. My part of the line reached the center and started winding

back out. The drums picked up the rhythm. Our steps became quicker. The tail of the line streamed past me. Karina. Ariel. Moonstone. The guy from jail — yes, he recognized me, too!

We reached the outside and turned back in. Faces flowed past a second time. I drank them in. But one face was missing. Angie. I watched carefully as we wended our way into the center — not a sign of her. We wound back out, and I peered into the dark recesses of the perimeter, where a few figures lurked. If she was out there, she was well-concealed.

My spirit sagged. How could she desert me at the climax of the ritual? I felt an impulse to leave right then. Even if she were still around, we weren't in this together. What was the point in staying? Quit clinging to the past. I'd missed my chance. Time to get on with life.

Yet I couldn't just walk out of the spiral. I felt my neighbors' hands gripping mine. My lot was cast. Stay with the flow. She must be here somewhere. Maybe it was a test.

The chant was picking up momentum, and I threw myself into it, reaching for the high harmony. "Let it begin with each step we take..." In we spiraled and out again. Faster and faster the drummers drove the rhythm. "Let it begin with each change we make..."

Artemis reached the center once more. She let loose her neighbor's hand and raised both of her arms in the air as if summoning all the spirits. "Let it begin with each chain we break..." Throughout the circle others joined her. Louder and louder we sang, as if sending our voices through the roof and out to the stars. "Let it begin every time we awake!"

People near the center were dancing ecstatically. I was a few rows back toward the West altar, singing over and over, "Let it begin now, let it begin now." Voices sailed free of the words, pouring out long, melismatic tones. I felt myself leaning toward the vibrant center. I closed my eyes and chanted the words like a mantra, blocking out all other thoughts: "Let it begin now, let it begin now."

Finally I let go of the words. The drums slowed the rhythm, then released it, leaving a medley of freely-toning voices. The stray notes settled into one extraordinary chord, two hundred voices echoing from the ceiling and walls, swelling and fading, swelling and fading. Together the voices rose one last time, then faded to pure silence.

I held my breath, not moving a muscle. Gradually, people knelt. I dropped to my knees and touched the floor, still reverberating from the chant. Next to me, a woman lowered her face and kissed the ground.

Eventually, people settled back into their seats. From near the North altar, several graces stepped forward bearing overflowing baskets of bread and fruit. Antonio pronounced a blessing on the harvest, and the food was distributed among the celebrants, each person passing some to the next with the words, "May you never hunger... May you never thirst..."

I joined those around the perimeter of the circle, figuring it was a good chance to search for Angie. I made a circuit of the room, checking around each altar, expecting every moment to spy her. But she was nowhere to be found.

Had she really left? Surely I was overlooking her. Or maybe she had gone out for some fresh air after the singing and dancing.

Or maybe — maybe she had gone outside to think something over. Maybe she was having a change of heart. Find her, I flashed. Find out. I made my way to the door and out into the lobby. The lights were jarring, the cool air bracing. A dozen people stood or sat around the lobby, refugees from the ritual. But no sign of Angie. Maybe in the women's room?

Just then I spotted Sara coming out of the restroom. I walked up to her and asked, "Have you seen Angie?"

She seemed startled, as if still in a trance. "Yeah," she said. "She went outside." As I started toward the door, Sara called after me. "That was a while ago. I thought she was leaving."

Leaving? I went out front. Nothing. Was she really gone? Maybe she got sick, and couldn't find me to say she was going.

Or maybe... maybe the ritual was too much a reminder of the past that she was leaving behind. Or maybe she could sense how much I wanted to ask her to stay. And she didn't want to deal with it...

I stood staring at the sidewalk. The streetlights cast an anemic glare on the pavement. Why go back inside? If Angie had left, why shouldn't I? I wouldn't even be here if not for her. Was it really my ritual?

But something felt unresolved. Angie's leaving wasn't adding up. Besides, I'd gone on a journey to the Isle of the Ancestors — was it smart to skip the ride home? I wasn't quite done with the Spiral Dance. Or maybe it wasn't quite done with me. Slowly, I gave in. I slipped back through the doors into the dark ritual space. My eyes had trouble adjusting, and I took a seat on the floor near the North altar just as our boat came aground in San Francisco. I patted the floor. San Francisco. We're home.

Soon we were bidding "hail and farewell" to the ancestors. "Hail and farewell," I said along with the rest.

The men and women who had invoked God, Goddess, and the Directions came to the center. In reverse order of the invocations, singers and dancers thanked and devoked first the Earth in the North, then water in the West.

Karina's closing words for the South drew me fully back into the spirit of the ritual. "We release you, fire. But help us remember that you burn in us always — in our passion for one another, in our passion for justice, and in our passion for all living beings. Go if you must, stay if you will. Hail and farewell."

Go if you must, I thought. Stay if you will. Maybe that was the secret. What if I could say that to Angie? "Stay if you will." No pressure, just an invitation. Of course, first I had to find her. Was she somewhere in the room? I

looked around the circle, but with the shadows, there was no telling. "Go if you must." Well, if she had left, there wasn't much I could do besides accept it.

Accept it. It seemed like the story of my life. I thought about LAG, about all of our efforts to breathe life back into the group. How little we had to show for it. Maybe we'd reached the end of the road. Time to accept the inevitable. Go if you must. Hail and farewell.

I turned my attention back to the ritual as East, the last direction, was devoked. Then, as if on an unspoken cue, voices throughout the room rose in a closing litany: "By the Earth that is Her body, by the air that is Her breath, by the fire of Her bright spirit, and by the waters of Her living womb — the circle is open, but unbroken. May the peace of the Goddess go in our hearts. Merry meet, merry part — and merry meet again!" On the final words, the voices rose to a shout. The drummers cut loose, and dozens of people flowed into the center of the circle in a free-form dance.

Standing back near the North altar, I searched one last time for Angie, half-expecting her magically to appear in the center, dancing and beckoning to me to join her. Wouldn't that be the perfect ending?

But it wasn't to be. Sadly, I turned toward the door. What had I expected, anyway? A miracle? Maybe it was time to stop asking for miracles. Time to think about what could be learned, so I didn't go on repeating the same mistakes for the rest of my life. I needed to do some serious thinking.

The drumming was good, but nothing was holding me. Why not head for BART, ride out to North Berkeley, and take a long walk home? Get a little distance, and maybe everything would come into focus.

Nothing was holding me, but I found it hard to leave. I should say goodbye to Sara or Doc or Antonio. Let them know I liked the ritual. I looked around the still-crowded room — and spied Karina coming toward me, floating like a Goddess over the sea. I fumbled for a sense of time. Wasn't Karina in prison? Was this a hallucination? Instinctively, I opened my arms and embraced her. She answered, in the flesh, and I squeezed her to me, as if my fervor might keep her free. She'll never go on trial. She'll never go to prison. We'll stop the clock by sheer desire.

We breathed together, and I felt the curve of her body meld into mine. Her thick warm hair rustled across my face. Again we breathed, more deeply. But as we exhaled, she let go of me, and I knew in a flash that she was gone. Even before our bodies separated, her spirit slipped away. Another lost soul. Hail and farewell.

Karina stepped back and pointed toward the door. "Angie just went that way," she said. "She was looking for you."

"Angie?" My eyes darted toward the exit. Angie? For real? Without another word, I headed out the door. My eyes searched the lobby. Find her. No more delays. Time to speak my heart. Stay if you will. Her response was irrelevant. All that mattered was speaking my truth. Stay if you will.

The lobby was a blur of faces, none of which registered. Only one person counted now. Stay if you will. Where was she? I stepped around a knot of people, and like a vision she appeared, walking toward me.

"There you are," she said, as if I were the one who had disappeared.

"Where were you?" I asked. I reached out and took her hand, but sensed that she didn't want to be crowded. "I thought you left."

"No, I just got overheated and felt like I couldn't breathe during the trance," she said. "I needed something cold to ground me, so I went out to the corner store for a bottle of water."

We stood facing one another, holding hands. My mind raced. Ask her now. Stay if you will. I took a breath and tried to say the words, but what came out was, "Are you really moving to Portland? I wish you'd think it over one more time. I really wish you'd come back." I paused, groping for words. "I love you, Angie."

She gazed at me for a long moment. Creases formed on her brow, and she seemed to draw her energy inward. Her eyes flickered, as if chaotic thoughts were racing past. Then suddenly she burst like a coiled spring and threw her arms around my neck. "I'm coming back, Jeff."

I held her to me. Her words echoed in my ears without quite taking hold. "Coming back..." Was it true? "Coming back..." I could scarcely make out her next few sentences. Something about knowing where her home was, and knowing what she needed to be doing. "All through the ritual," she said, "I felt this tugging at my heart, like I was being pulled by the Goddess, or by this community, however you want to see it. These are my people. However much some of them exasperate me, they're still my community. During the trance it just got too intense. I had to get outside and catch my breath. But I knew I was coming back."

Still holding her, I looked into her eyes. "What about school?"

She shook her head. "Social work isn't where my heart is. I'll probably still wind up doing that. But not right now. I need to be here. I felt like I'd given up on myself when I left the Bay Area. There's something here I need to carry through to the end. Even if it never comes to anything, I need to pursue it, to be true to myself."

"You're moving back?" I asked, as if saying it aloud would make it more real.

"Yeah," she said. "There's a room open at Stonehenge, a real room with a door. Ariel told me about it tonight, and said it was mine if I wanted it. Once I heard that, I knew I was meant to be here."

I leaned down and kissed her, a soft touch of the lips at first, then opening, moistening, caressing, like we had never kissed before. Angie leaned back and looked at me searchingly. My eyes opened wide. "I know of another room," I said. "With a great view off the balcony."

As if she had anticipated the question, she arched up and gently pressed her lips to my ear. "One step at a time," she whispered. "I'm sure I'll be

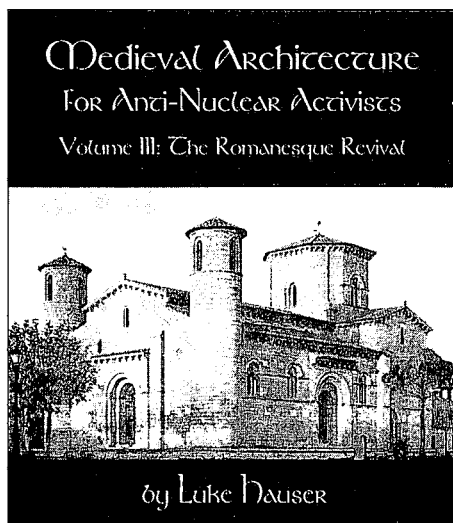
spending plenty of time there." I nodded, and we kissed again as if sealing a pact. One step at a time.

Gradually I became aware of voices around us. We stood in the middle of the lobby, still holding one another. The departing crowd swirled past. I looked down at Angie. Her eyes sparkled. "Let's dance." She took my hand and led me back into the ritual space.

In the center of the room, the drummers still pulsed. A small crowd clustered around, bobbing and swaying in time. Sweat, candle smoke, and laughter mingled in the air. Angie pulled me into the circle. She let loose my hand and shimmied. I met her eyes, and my hips picked up the beat. No need to press. Just feel the flow. This was the only moment that mattered. Somewhere among the spirits, I felt Benvenuto smile. I was dancing.

About the Author

LUKE HAUSER is a postgraduate student of parajournalism who was arrested numerous times while researching this book. His writing (under various pseudonyms) has appeared in *GroundWork*, *Reclaiming Quarterly*, *Street Spirit*, *The Berkeley Barb*, *The San Francisco Bay Guardian*, *The Indiana Statesman*, *Z Magazine*, and *The Revolutionary Pagan Workers' Vanguard*. He lives in a collective house in the shadow of San Francisco's Mission Dolores, and is part-owner of People's Park in Berkeley.



Also by Luke Hauser

Medieval Architecture for Anti-Nuclear Activists (four volumes)

Quasi-Hierarchical Anti-Authoritarianism: An Ontological Analysis

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The Complete Pagan Book of Algebraic Geometry

An Illustrated History of the Eight-Track Tape

Poststructural Semiotics and the Quest for Hermeneutic Certitude (junior high textbook)

Appendices and Miscellaneous Fun Stuff

In the last seventy pages of the book, you'll find various odds and ends arranged in what our Structural Semiotics Department determined was the most useful order. The LAG structure chart and the glossary are first for quick reference. The International Day pages give a richer sense of that pivotal event. The handbook gives a basic orientation to direct action. Lastly, be sure to consult the LAG Discography to avoid playing inappropriate music as you read a scene.

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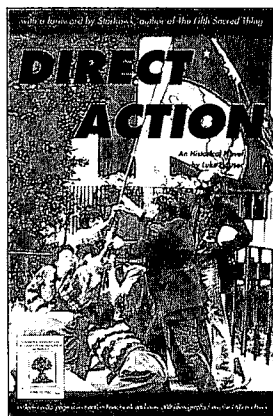
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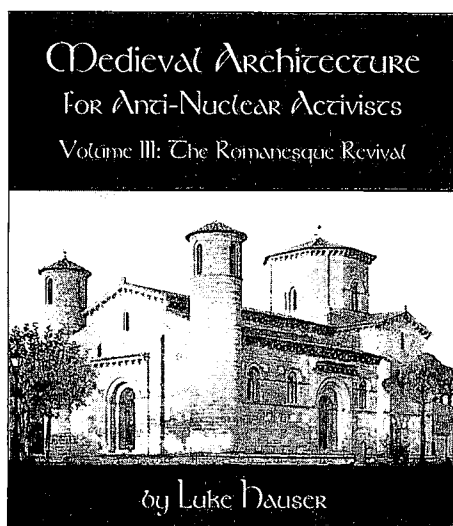
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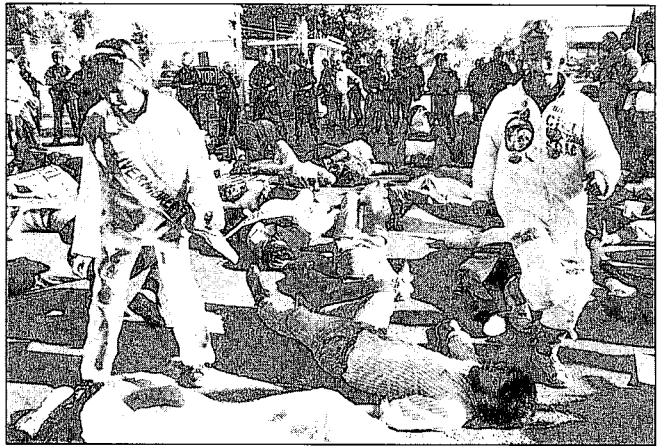
- Medieval Architecture for Anti-Nuclear Activists (four volumes)
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Appendices

For a guide to the Appendices, turn to the final page of the book

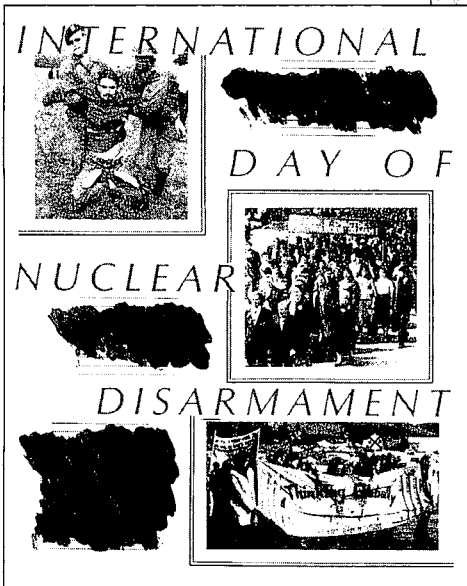
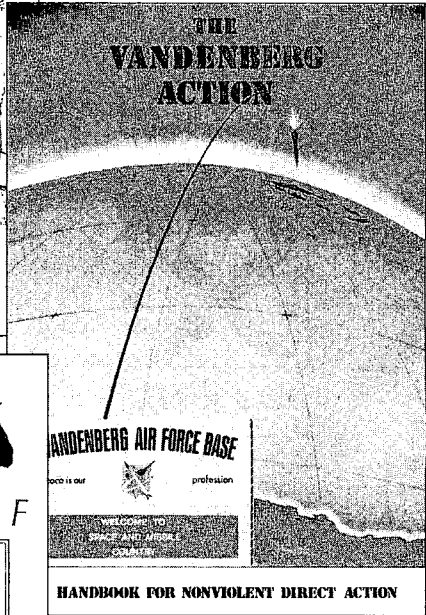
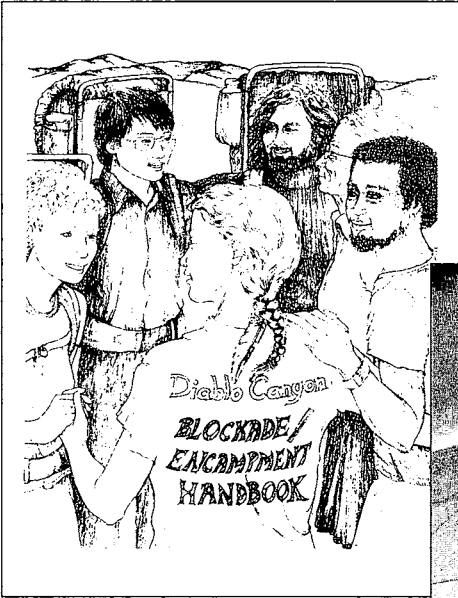


In the mid-1980s, protests of Livermore Lab's weapons programs shifted to the Lab's local test area, Site 300, located east of Livermore in the Altamont Hills. According to the Lab, only non-nuclear "triggers" for nuclear weapons were tested at Site 300. Protesters were skeptical enough to wear radiation suits when they went over the fence in backcountry actions at the sprawling facility (above). Other actions such as the 1985 theater protest at the Site 300 gate (below) used rad suits more for dramatic effect.

Direct Action Handbook

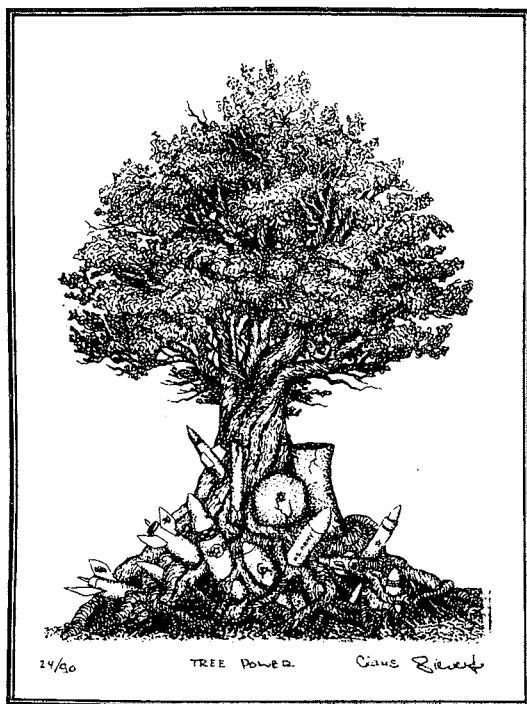
What follows is a much-condensed version of handbooks produced by Abalone Alliance (1981), Livermore Action Group (1982), Vandenberg Action Coalition (1983), and LAG's International Day work group (1983).

The 1982 LAG handbook forms the basis for both the material and the graphic design, with sections of text added from the others.



The original handbooks ranged from 48 to 104 pages. The next 35 pages offer a sampling of the material from those handbooks. More will be posted online at www.directaction.org, along with links to present-day handbooks and resources.

LIVERMORE WEAPONS LAB BLOCKADE/DEMONSTRATION HANDBOOK



NONVIOLENT PROTEST & CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

JUNE 21, 1982

\$1⁰⁰

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This Handbook was originally conceived as an eight-page supplement to the Diablo Blockade Handbook. But we realized it was important to have the excellent material from the Diablo Handbook on process and the Livermore background material in one place. We experienced both the stress of producing this Handbook in four weeks, and the excitement of work-

ing collectively, learning new skills and information, and creating something we think will be useful.

This Handbook is just the youngest descendent in a long line of partial plagiarism of thoughts and graphics which were lifted from the Diablo Handbook, which were lifted from the Pentagon '80 Handbook, which were lifted from the Seabrook Handbook...which were lifted from the mythical, primordial anti-nuclear Handbook. Wherefore and whereas we offer and authorize anyone to use anything from this Handbook.

We see this Handbook as one more step. It is up to all of us to weave *more* threads into the fabric. The pattern is peace.



GOALS OF THE ACTION

The ultimate goal of the Livermore Action Group is to further the cause of (1) global nuclear disarmament, (2) the demilitarization of American society, and (3) a redirection of economic priorities that provides for a more equitable distribution of wealth and resources at home and abroad.

The Livermore Action Group recognizes that people will participate in this action for a variety of reasons. It is not necessary that you take part for all of the following reasons. This summary is intended to help you clarify your reasons for taking part, by making the necessary connections between the lab, the nuclear arms race, and its threat to peace.

1. To focus public attention on the role of the lab in the arms race and militarism;

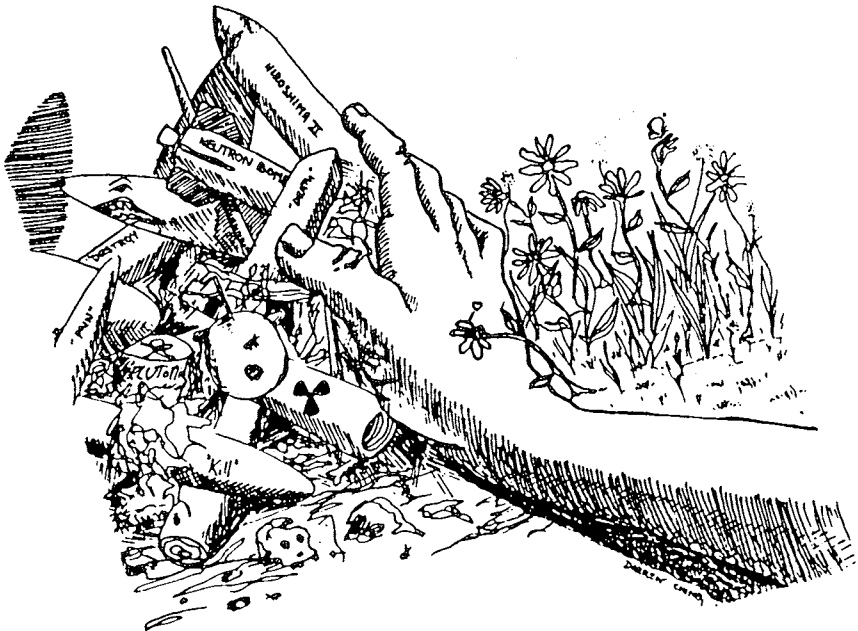
2. To stress the importance of conversion of the lab to productive, peaceful use;

3. To disrupt "business as usual" at the Lab, to slow down the development of first-strike and other nuclear weapons;

4. To urge weapons-related employees to reconsider their role in nuclear proliferation;

5. To assert the right and capability of ordinary citizens to express their objections to present foreign policy and to the threat of nuclear war;

6. To make clear to administrators



that they will have to arrest this country's own citizens if they insist on continuing on the path of destruction;

7. To show solidarity with European and world peace and disarmament movements;

8. To call attention to the vested interests which oppose disarmament and pour money into nuclear weapons instead of needed social welfare programs.

STATEMENT of PURPOSE

Livermore Action Group proposes conversion of our nation's two nuclear weapons design laboratories to productive, peaceful use, as a first step towards nuclear disarmament. LAG affirms that this unilateral initiative would create a



better environment for negotiations between the U.S. and the USSR.

The most formidable obstacle to arms control negotiations is America's thrust to develop a "disarming first-strike" capability. Some of the main proponents of first-strike weaponry are the self-proclaimed "impartial experts" at Livermore and Los Alamos Labs.

At present, the warheads for the highly-accurate, first-strike nuclear

weapons such as the Trident, Cruise and the MX missiles are in the final stages of development at Livermore Lab. The lab is also developing three different models of the first-use neutron bomb, which because it destroys living beings while leaving property intact has the potential of greatly increasing the possibility of "limited use" of nuclear weapons.

The weapons labs also conduct underground nuclear weapons tests at Nevada Test Site. Without these tests, the development of new and more destructive nuclear weapons systems would end.

Conversion of the weapons labs would constitute an enormously effective first step toward disarmament without jeopardizing the ability of the United States to defend itself during negotiations toward total nuclear disarmament.

In essence, the Livermore Action Group proposal for a first step toward nuclear disarmament would have the same effect as the Nuclear Weapons Freeze ballot initiative, which calls for a halt to testing, production, and deployment of nuclear weapons. LAG supports the Freeze. However, we are convinced that a more radical approach is necessary. We hope that massive, nonviolent demonstrations and direct action will serve as a catalyst that will encourage people from all walks of life to become active, and that together we will bring pressure on the American government to reverse its nuclear acceleration.

We do not expect to stop work at Livermore Lab for more than a few hours or a few days. However, we expect to focus national attention on Livermore, and to make it clear that we *will* no longer stand idly by while this administration prepares for global destruction. Stop the bomb where it starts!



Introduction

This section is intended to provide a minimum introduction to our reasons for attempting to convert Livermore Lab to peaceful use. We have put together several articles on aspects of the subject prepared by the LAG Education workgroup. These articles were written by individuals and not consensed to by LAG. We encourage further study of and action against this monster in our midst. If you are interested in more information, please contact the Livermore Action Group Education Collective.

LIVERMORE LAB

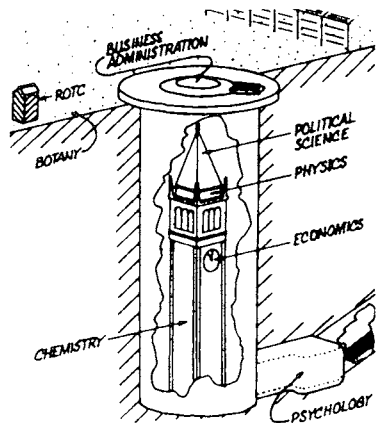
The Ivory Tower is a Bomb

The U.C. Connection

The University of California's name and seal are on every nuclear warhead developed by the United States. Officially, U.C. operates the weapons labs under five-year contracts with the Department of Energy. But the University exercises no control or influence over the work on the labs. Rather, it has provided an academic cover—a "cloak of legitimacy"—for secret nuclear weapons research.

For its part, the University receives a \$5 million yearly management fee from DOE.

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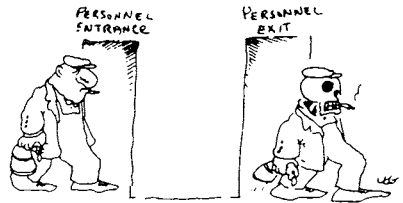
Livermore Lab: lobbyist for WAR

The weapons labs are the most powerful lobbyists in the country against arms control treaties and for new weapons systems. They were instrumental in defeating the negotiations for a Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty in the early 1960s, and again in the late 1970s.

Now, Livermore Lab is lobbying against the California Nuclear Weapons Freeze initiative. Livermore argues that a Freeze now, with the Soviets "ahead," would create an unstable situation, and might actually lead to nuclear war. We need time, the lab says, to develop the new generation of (first-strike) weapons, and then, with these "bargaining chips," we can negotiate real arms reductions. This self-serving argument merely justifies continued weapons work by the labs. In fact, the first-strike weapons under development now represent the most destabilizing development in many years.

Health and Safety at the Labs

Contrary to official proclamations, Livermore Lab is extremely unsafe, a deadly hazard to all in and around the facilities. The lab is run by people who are aware of the dangers and have withheld critical information from the DOE and from



most of their own employees, and from the public in general.

The Environmental Impact Statement prepared in 1978 by the DOE for Livermore Lab admitted to "routine and unavoidable emissions" of radioactive substances, including plutonium, curium, uranium and tritium. The EIS also reported a history of 17 accidents involving radioactive and toxic substances.

The innumerable health and safety problems at the lab reveal the colossal irresponsibility on the part of management. They risk the lives of employees, the community, and over four million people in the Bay Area with contamination of air, soil, water and vegetation.

No one really knows the outcome of these dangers; will we be faced with higher cancer rates and unknown threats against succeeding generations? The spin-off from the labs' design of first-strike weapons is a first strike against the environment.

Ivory Tower

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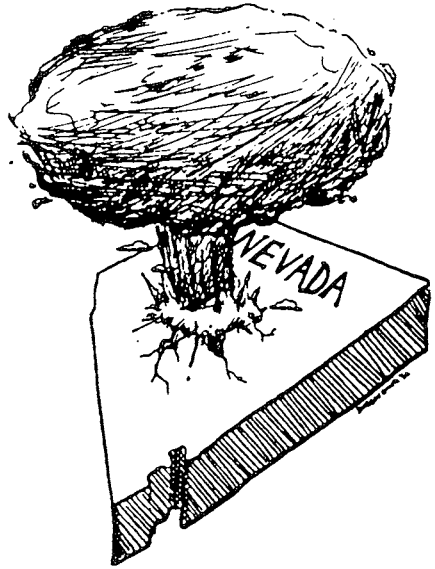
The major benefits to the labs from the University connection are prestige, in that the U.C. name helps in recruitment and retention of scientific personnel, and independence, in that the lab staff enjoys a much greater degree of freedom in its interactions with government officials than would be the case if they were under government or industrial management. It is precisely this independence that has enabled lab officials to exercise powerful influence on weapons policies.

Why are we bombing Nevada?

The nuclear weapons labs and the University of California also need to be held accountable for the ongoing health, safety and environmental risks involved in nuclear weapons testing at Nevada Test Site (NTS). As of June 30, 1979, 537 announced tests had taken place at NTS. President Reagan plans to double the annual number of tests.

Throughout the history of testing in Nevada, the weapons labs and government have knowingly doused thousands of Americans with radioactive fallout from tests. At least 41 of the 441 so-called “safe” underground tests have leaked large amounts of hazardous radiation into the atmosphere, some equivalent to the amount of radiation released in the Hiroshima bomb.

The labs, the Department of Energy, and other government officials have repeatedly ignored and even falsified the health and safety risks for the test site workers and the surrounding communi-



ties. This “invisible violence” against our own citizens reflects the willingness of this government to stop at nothing to achieve its ends.

Guns versus Butter

- 25% of the world’s research money goes into military research
- The money the world spends on military purposes in 12 hours could probably eradicate malaria from the earth
- 5% of the world’s military expenditure could provide school places for 100 million children who do not currently attend school
- The world spends \$22 on military purposes for every \$1 it spends on development aid to poor countries
- “The money required to provide adequate food, water, education, health and housing for everyone in the world has been estimated at about \$18.5 billion per year. It’s a huge sum of money... about as much as the world spends on arms every two weeks.” — U.N. Center for Disarmament

source: Oxfam America

U.S. Militarism

The War at Home and Abroad

The U.S. is at war. It has been in a state of war or war preparedness uninterruptedly for over four decades. Soon the Reagan administration's yearly military spending will surpass the peak of the Vietnam War.

What is the cause of this massive expansion, which began in the late Carter years? It cannot be explained solely in terms of competition with the Soviet



Union. Primarily, this military build-up is due to the loss of the overwhelming political and economic world dominance of the U.S. government and corporations, which characterized the 1950s through the early 1970s.

This abrupt change in U.S. policy parallels exactly the successful upsurge in third world struggles for self-determination. Since 1975, over a dozen third world nations have seen successful liberation struggles in which elites subservient to U.S. corporate interests were replaced by more popular governments. To maintain their profits, U.S. multinationals have become increasingly dependent on cheap labor and natural resources controlled by repressive governments in South Africa, Taiwan, the Phil-

ippines, Central America, South Korea, Malaysia, and other "democratic" allies. U.S. corporations and the local elites they support depend on U.S. power to maintain their privileged positions.

At the same time, the nuclear build-up in Western Europe is an attempt to reassert U.S. political dominance over its allies.

At home, the Reaganites are faced with serious tasks. With an economy already weakened by competition from Japan and Europe (whose economies are not drained by excessive military spending), a way must be found to subsidize military programs without totally destroying the U.S. economic base. This means opening a "second front" in Reagan's war: against workers and the unemployed, against women, Blacks, Hispanics, against the people of America.

A massive transfer of wealth is underway from poor and working people to the military-industrial complex. Corporate taxes have been drastically reduced, while basic social programs are slashed, if not eliminated. These actions are all designed to redirect funds to corporate profits and to the military build-up needed to sustain them.

We need unified resistance to confront this growing militarism. This is why Livermore Action Group sees the necessity of being part of a broad anti-militarist movement which includes trade unions, civil rights, feminist, and third world groups, churches and community organizations, and anti-intervention movements



The

BOMB

What It Would Be Like

What is the purpose of calculating just what the consequences of a nuclear war would be? To ignore the reality of holocaust is to surrender to psychic numbing, which produces disabling cynicism and despair. By having a clear understanding of nuclear annihilation, we are able to stop absurd suggestions of the survivability of nuclear war, including discussions of civil defense. And by knowing the future that nuclear war would bring, we are compelled to act.

The circles of destruction emanating from a nuclear holocaust continue to



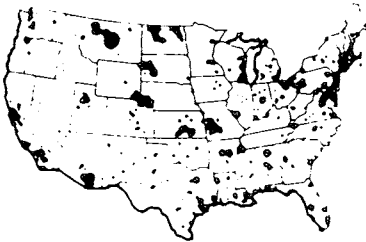
expand as more is understood. The over-kill capacity of nuclear arsenals ensure that much of the land area of the United States and the Soviet Union would be subject to primary effects of the weapons.

After the immediate and local effects, there would be three significant worldwide effects of a nuclear war. First, radioactive material blown into the stratosphere during the explosions would circulate throughout the globe and gradually fall back to earth. This would cause genetic mutations and cancers in organisms on both land and sea, lasting for many generations.

Second, the enormous volume of particulate material blown into the stratosphere would deflect some solar heat from the earth's surface. Cooled by just a few degrees, the climate would change, and global vegetation, including agriculture, would be drastically altered.

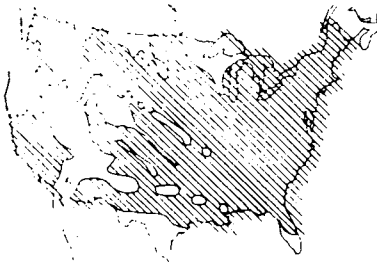
Finally, the layer of ozone in the upper atmosphere, which protects life from harmful ultraviolet radiation, would be reduced 30 to 70 percent. It is increasingly evident that only some types of organisms could tolerate this environment; the others would become extinct.

IN A NUCLEAR WAR . . .



THESE TARGETS ARE LIKELY TO BE HIT

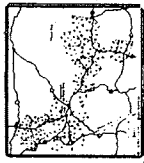
FALLOUT WOULD ENGLUF . . .



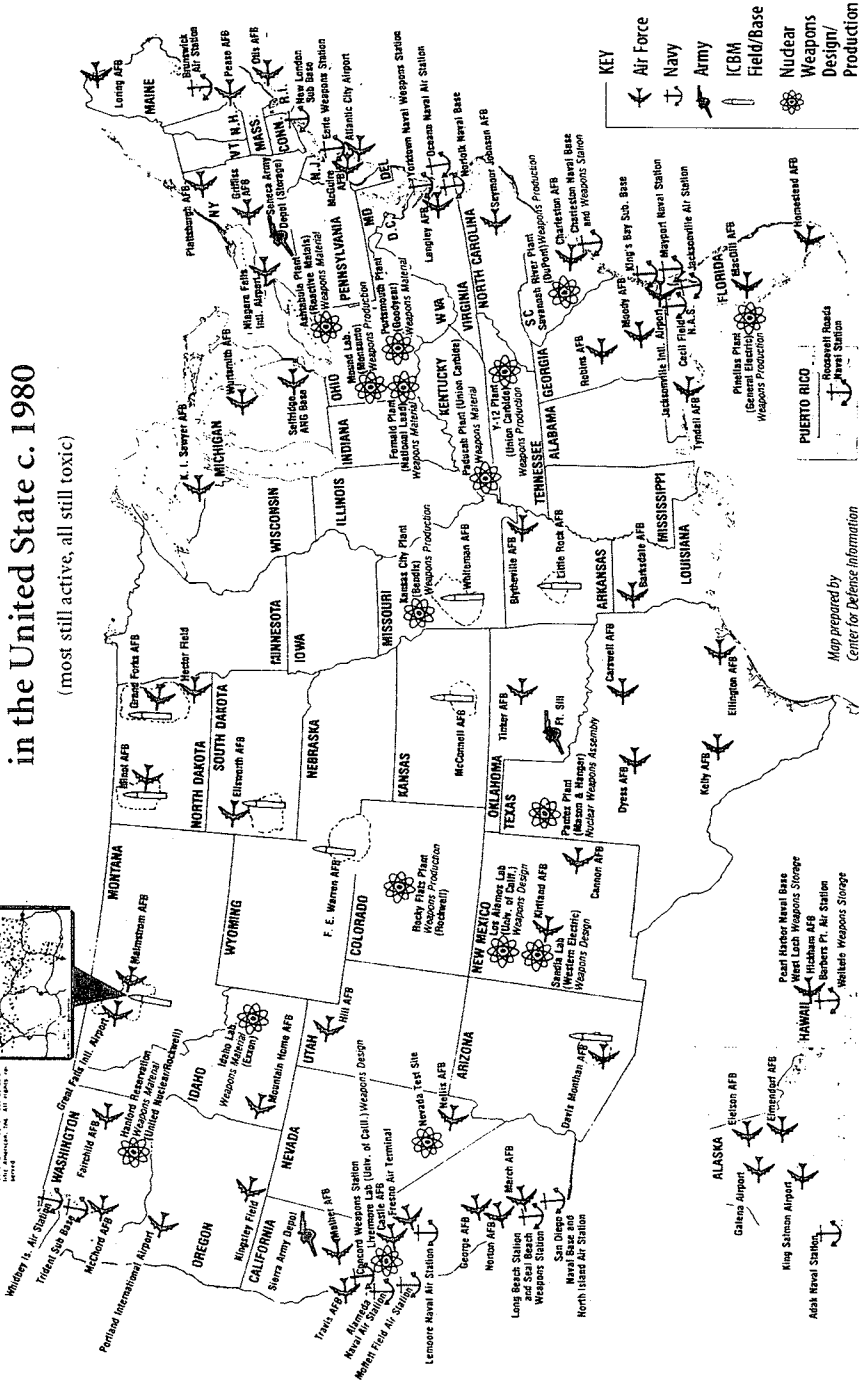
THE SHADED AREAS

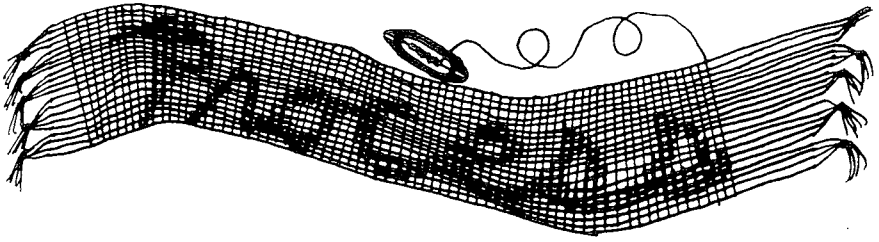
Nuclear Weapons Locations in the United State c. 1980

(most still active, all still toxic)



Maximum ICBM Missile Fleet
 1950 1955 1960 1965 1970 1975 1980
 1985 1990 1995 2000 2005 2010 2015 2020





NON-VIOLENCE

Guidelines for Nonviolence

These are basic agreements, rather than philosophical/political requirements. The guidelines are meant to act as a basis of trust among participants who, for the most part, have met only for a particular action. The guidelines are under constant discussion and are seen as our current working understanding, not as statements etched in stone.

1. Our attitude will be one of openness, friendliness, and respect toward all people we encounter.
2. We will use no violence, verbal or physical, toward any person.
3. We will not damage any property.
4. We will not bring or use drugs or alcohol other than for medical purposes.
5. We will not run.
6. We will carry no weapons.

Nonviolence is an alternative to the use of violence to initiate change. Nonviolence minimizes bitterness and isolation in all people affected by it and tries to break the cycle of violence breeding more violence. The use of nonviolence in campaigns has led to many successes, such as ending racial segregation on buses in Montgomery, Alabama, as a result of the 1956 boycott.

A large part of the anti-nuclear movement has decided to incorporate nonviolence into the heart of our strategy. The following working assumptions form a

preliminary framework for the understanding of nonviolence:

1. The means must be consistent with the ends.
2. Respect all life.
3. Transform opposition rather than destroy it.
4. Use creativity, humor, and love.
5. Aim for underlying changes.
6. Power lies in social dynamics. We can withhold cooperation from those who abuse power, and remove power from them.
7. Nonviolence is active.

Dynamics of NonViolence

How does one remain nonviolent in the face of riot(ing) police? The first thing is maintaining human contact with the potential assailant—whether it's the police, a counter-demonstrator, or an angry participant from "our" side. Body language is important: especially making eye contact. Listening rather than talking may help prevent conflicts from erupting.

It is crucial that affinity groups discuss and role play, responses to potentially violent situations. For instance, an AG can physically surround someone being assaulted, while continuing to distract or calm the attacker. Active nonviolent responses such as this are, after all, the same idea as the whole blockade, which is intervening against the corporate violence of nuclear power and weapons.

We can show police (among others) another model of human nature, people who are acting for nature and for themselves. This process encourages our opponents' doubts about the rightness of their actions.

Many people comment on the extraordinary tone of nonviolent actions. It comes from the fact that participants are *centered and clear* about what they are doing. Gandhi referred to this as *Satyagraha*. *Satya* is truth, the truth that implies love and human dignity; *agraha* is firmness, the force felt by both actors

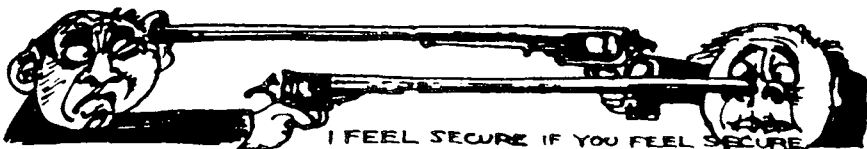
and opponents when truth and love are acted on. Don't look at this tone as something imposed by leaders in order to have discipline. Rather it emerges freely when, by acting, people take back some control over their lives.



Police Violence

Police are trained to use holds and blows that can break bones or sprain joints. You should be aware of this when you are noncooperating with an officer. You will have to be the one to decide how much to risk, how much to accept.

If you are beaten by police, cover the base of the back of your head at the spine with your hands. Your elbows go over the sides of your head. Lie in a fetal position with your legs drawn up to protect your groin. This is the last stage of dealing with this kind of violence. Communication and sometimes withdrawal should be tried first.



the Politics of NonViolence

The conventional view of political power sees people as dependent on the good will and caprice of the government. Power is seen as something people *have*. Consequently, those without power must kill or destroy their rulers and replace them in their positions in order to wield the selfsame power.

The theory of nonviolence proposes a different analysis: that government depends on people and that political power is variable, even fragile, always dependent on the cooperation of a multitude of groups and individuals. The withdrawal of that cooperation restricts and can even dissolve power. Put another way, power depends on continuing obedience, so that when we refuse to obey our rulers, their power begins to crumble.

In this sense, nonviolence is not passive—nor is it a naive belief in converting the opposition—nor is it a “safe” method of protest, immune from repression. Rather, it is based on a different understanding of where people’s power really lies. By acting disobediently, people learn to withhold, rather than surrender, their cooperation. When a group of people recognize this—as the “untouchables” of India did with Gandhi’s help—the result is massive noncooperation and obstruction involving the use of social, economic and political power.

The authorities are able to wield power because masses of people passively obey, and because they have the violent means for suppressing dissent—police, National Guard, prison guards. A

few disobey and are punished, keeping the many afraid.

Yet there are chinks in this armor. First, the repressive apparatus is made up of human beings whose cooperation is essential. A nonviolent approach undercuts the police rationale for violence—and reveals to neutral parties the extent to which the system relies on violence and force.

When dissent grows and brings force to bear, it astronomically raises the cost of continuing violence against it, until it becomes infeasible and the system breaks down.



CONSENSUS

Introduction

Consensus is a process in which no decision is finalized until everyone in the group feels comfortable with the decision and is able to implement it without resentment. Ideally, the consensus synthesizes the ideas of the entire group into one decision.

The skill of coming to genuine consensus decisions is a real and hard one. It involves a willingness to change and an openness to new ideas. People must be committed not only to expressing their own feelings, but also to helping others with opposite views to express those as well. Because the ideal of consensus is to reach a decision that is not only acceptable to everyone, but is best for everyone, there must be a “bottom line” of shared beliefs about what is best for all concerned. These are the *principles of unity*. These basic agreements will undoubtedly not encompass all the beliefs of each individual in the group, but rather, will help define the working relationship of the members. This may vary from the specific goals of a coalition formed around a single action, to an in-depth, ongoing process of self-definition in a small collective. Whatever their scope, without these basic agreements, and a willingness to work within them, consensus will never succeed. (IntlDay)

Unlike voting, consensus is not an adversary, win/lose method. With consensus, we do not have to choose between two alternatives. Those who hold views different from ours do not become opponents; instead, their views are seen

as giving us a fresh and valuable perspective. As we work to meet their concerns, our proposals are strengthened.

Consensus is not the same as a unanimous vote. It does not necessarily mean total agreement. Rather, it means that a proposal has gone through a synthesis process in which everyone has a chance to express feelings and concerns.

Roles in a Consensus Meeting

Facilitator: Helps move the group through the decision-making stages. Takes suggestions for the agenda. Makes sure all necessary roles are filled. Calls on people to speak in turn. By calling on quiet people, soliciting opinions from those who hang back, and limiting those who tend to dominate, a skillful facilitator makes sure every person has a chance to participate fully. Helps the group resolve conflict and make decisions by summarizing, repeating, or rephrasing proposals as necessary. The facilitator should remain neutral on topics being discussed. When an issue arises about which the facilitator feels strongly, he or she should step aside and let someone else facilitate.

Vibeswatcher: Pays attention to the group's process. Stays aware of the feelings people are not expressing. Reminds the group to relax and take breaks as needed. This role is especially important in large meetings.

Other roles: Child care, notetaker, time-keeper.

How Consensus Works

An issue comes up for discussion. For example, an affinity group is trying to decide what its focus will be. After general discussion, someone suggests a *go-round* during which each member has several minutes to speak. One person takes notes and suggestions on a large

The facilitator then asks for *concerns and objections*. A proposal is modified as concerns are expressed. For example, a group member might say, "I'm concerned that a focus on Livermore is too narrow." After discussion, perhaps even another go-round on the

subject, the proposal will be modified and modified again. In its final form, it might be something like this: "This group will develop a public education campaign around the impact of U.S. nuclear weapons development on the Third World. The work of Livermore Lab will be a major focus, and we will support those who take part in the



sheet of butcher paper, so they can be seen by all.

When everyone has spoken, someone attempts to synthesize the ideas into a *proposal*— a suggestion for what the group will do. "I propose we concentrate on the Livermore action." The facilitator then calls for clarifying questions: "Do you mean blockading, or public education, or what?" When the proposal is clearly understood, *additions* may be offered: "I propose we concentrate on Livermore, doing education before the action and support for those who want to be part of the blockade."

blockade." If there are no further objections, the facilitator can call for consensus. If there are still no objections, then you have your decision. If consensus is blocked and no new consensus can be reached, the group stays with whatever the previous decision was on the subject, or does nothing if that is applicable.

Blocking: Any individual in the group may also *block* consensus, but a block should be used very cautiously. A *block*

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Consensus

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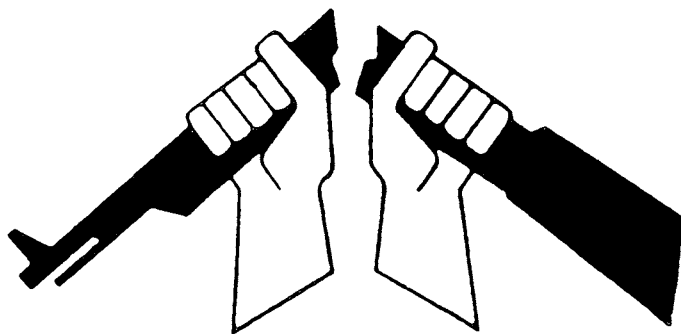
is not just a “no” vote, or an expression of disfavor. A block says, “I believe what the group wants to do is wrong. I cannot allow the group to do it—and I am willing to impose this view on other group members because I feel it so deeply.” One person may prefer action to education. Another may be afraid to talk to strangers. But they would not block the group’s consensus on this proposal unless they believed that the public education program was harmful or unethical. When blocking is used for less serious reasons, it frustrates the consensus process, because it ends discussion and cuts off the possibility of synthesizing new options.

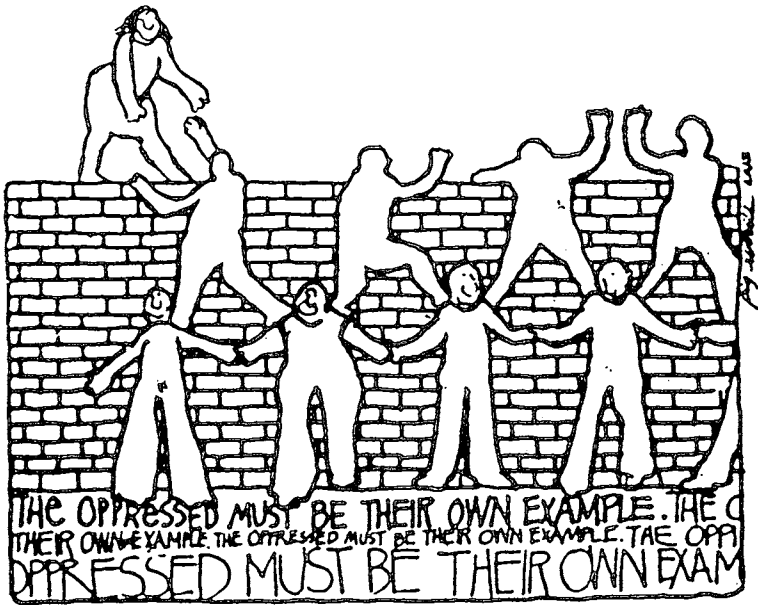
Consensus and Action: The goal of every decision-making process is not just to decide on a solution, but also to carry out that plan of action. It seems that a person’s commitment to any decision is in proportion to their sense of participation in that decision. Consensus attempts to involve all members of a group, not just the “leaders”.

People sometimes complain that consensus is too time-consuming. Especially when a group is learning to use the process, it may seem cumbersome. But discussion time is compensated by the increased energy and enthusiasm

with which people carry out a decision. There is no dissatisfied minority to undermine a decision. Because group members feel part of the decision-making process, they often take on responsibility in new areas.

Spokescouncils: When operating in a large group, each affinity group selects one person to act as their spokesperson. These “spokes” carry affinity groups’ opinions and proposals to spokescouncils of all the affinity groups. Spokes try to consolidate, synthesize, and iron out differences between proposals so as to create a proposal agreeable to all. The new proposal is then relayed back to the affinity groups by their spokes, the issues at hand reconsidered by each AG, and a new position (or perhaps the old one) is reached. These new positions are once again brought to the spokescouncil. If consensus can be reached, great. If not, the process may be repeated, or the group may decide to return to the previously consented upon position. The role of spoke should rotate frequently so that power remains decentralized.





Process Guidelines

One major contribution of the feminist movement to current social change movements is the awareness that effective group process and meaningful personal interactions are crucial factors in developing a successful movement. Nonviolence begins at home, in the ways we treat each other.

Such an awareness stresses that relationships within the group cannot be separated from the accomplishment of political goals. Effective group process, in fact, means valuing co-operation over competition, recognizing the contributions of each individual, and decentralizing power through a non-hierarchical organizational structure.

Process Suggestions

1. *Use go-rounds.* Equalize participation by going around the circle speaking for a specified time.
2. *Value feelings.* Include time in meetings for expressing emotions and for personal interactions.
3. *Meet separately.* Allow time for women to meet with women and for men to meet with men in order to facilitate self-awareness and strengthen each person's participation. This applies to other groups as well, such as Blacks and Whites, etc.
4. *Meet in small groups.* Allow time for meeting in small groups during larger meetings so that people who feel uncomfortable speaking in large groups can speak more freely. Small groups will give each person more speaking time as well. A spoke from each small group can report back to the larger group, particularly if proposals have been discussed.
5. *Share skills, rotate responsibilities.*

Affinity Groups

An affinity group is usually composed of 5 to 15 people who have been brought together either at a nonviolence prep, by being in an anti-nuke or other type of group, or just because they're friends. In addition, many affinity groups focus around a specific interest, issue or philosophy, such as opposing sexism or racism in the anti-nuke movement, peace-keeping, being lesbians, Dead Heads or single mothers. An affinity group may exist only for the duration of one action or may continue functioning as an ongoing group.

Affinity groups serve as basic planning and decision-making bodies for an action, including the preparations and aftermath. Each affinity group provides for its own physical needs and makes all the basic decisions about the action, using consensus process. Spokespeople

representing each affinity group meet in **spokescouncils** to communicate, co-ordinate and consolidate the different groups' decisions and then bring the coordinated information back to their respective groups for their final discussion and approval.

Affinity groups serve as a source of support and solidarity for their members. Feelings of being isolated or alienated from the movement, the crowd, or the world in general can be alleviated through the love and trust which develops when an affinity group works, plays, relates together over a period of time. By generating familiarity and trust, the AG structure reduces the possibility of infiltration by outside provocateurs.

The concept of affinity groups is not a new one; the name goes back to the "grupos de afinidad" of the anarchist



movement in Spain in the early part of this century. But actually affinity groups are the oldest and most ubiquitous form of organization by people seeking to make a better world: what makes more sense than small groups of friends who share an "affinity" working together?

We hope that in organizing for Livermore, many affinity groups will continue on as political/support groups doing anti-nuclear and other things together (for example, anti-war, poetry, gardens, parties, alternative tech, tofu factories, etc). All over the country this is starting to happen.

We feel that affinity groups should meet regularly, or at least several times, before the action to build community in the group, work on their process, plan a blockade strategy, and have a good time together. Group names and even identification such as T-shirts or armbands can help bring a group together. At least one meeting, preferably right after the non-violence prep, should be devoted to legal and jail preparation, in which everyone's questions, fears, reactions, emotions and attitudes are explored in depth.

Affinity Group Support People

Support people are considered part of the AGs they are doing support for. Among other things they can:

- collect a list of people that members of the AG want to be contacted in case of injury or arrest.
- take care of blockaders' cars, personal belongings, IDs, etc.
- keep in touch with the protesters for as long as possible, keep track of where each member of the AG is jailed, greet them when they are freed.
- support on the home front: plants, animals, kids, jobs, etc.



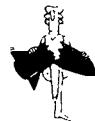
Work Groups

Work groups are set up to take care of particular functions for an action. For a mass civil disobedience action, the list of work groups usually includes:

- logistics
- communications
- fundraising
- media
- legal
- outreach & publicity
- nonviolence preps
- jail support
- monitors
- medical

Ongoing communication with affinity groups and other work groups is important. This may be facilitated by representatives of the work groups meeting together as a coordinating council and/or meeting with AG spokes at a spokescouncil.

Work groups must also make budget estimates and work with each other to prioritize distribution of resources.



Discrimination Introduction

In the disarmament movement, it is important not only to struggle against bombs and missiles, but also to struggle against other forms of violence that confront us. Specifically, other violence comes in two forms:

1. Daily physical and/or psychic violence against all people, such as rape or murder, and specifically against oppressed people.
2. Psychic and attitudinal violence within our movement reflected in ways we treat each other and ourselves.

These two forms of violence are strongly interconnected with the creation of weapons of destruction. After all, it is the same system that is responsible: a system based on domination, on the belief that some people have more value than others, and therefore have the right to control others. Because we believe it is the system and all of its forms of violence that we are fighting, we must make a commitment to fight the violence that occurs around us and between us. The Discrimination Section of this handbook specifically addresses these concerns, both within a societal context and within the context of interpersonal relationships.



Racism

Racism, the systematic mistreatment experienced by people of color, is a result of institutionalized inequities in the social structure. Racism stems from a self-perpetuating imbalance in economic, political and social power. The consequences of this imbalance pervade all aspects of the social system and affect all facets of people's lives.

Racism sets groups of people against each other. It distorts our perceptions of the possibilities for change; it makes us abandon our visions of solidarity; it robs us of our dreams of community.

No human being is born with racist attitudes. Racist attitudes are a result of misinformation which has to be imposed upon young people.

Racism continues in part because people feel powerless to do anything about it. But the situation is not hopeless. People can grow and change. Racism can be examined and unlearned.

Before any real change of racist attitudes can happen:

- White people need to realize that it is possible to unlearn racist attitudes, that we do have that power.
- White people need to learn how to get accurate information from and about people of color, to be willing to listen.
- White people must become aware of the ways that our lives have been limited by racism. This will increase the interest of white people in ending racism.
- White people must develop working relationships with all groups working for change, including black, latino and indigenous groups. Don't force your agenda on other groups.

Confronting Homophobia

Many people assume that everyone in the movement is heterosexual, despite the fact that gay people comprise 10 percent of the population and have been a significant force in every major left political movement in the past twenty years.

Historically, gays have been forced to live secretly out of fear of psychological or physical attacks or reprisals. This invisibility hurts us all: it perpetuates stereotypes about gays; it divides us; and it serves to minimize the accomplishments and contributions of gay people.

Unexamined prejudices result from historical condemnation of homosexuality. Gays have been attacked on all fronts: by psychiatry, organized religion, the Right, and the Left (which has viewed gayness as evidence of capitalist decadence). The list is extensive and horrifying, yet repression towards gays is often trivialized and our concerns dismissed as inconsequential.

In the anti-nuclear movement, which encompasses people from a wide variety of political and religious backgrounds, prejudices and stereotypes that lead to negative attitudes toward lesbians and gay men remain unchallenged as long as we remain invisible.

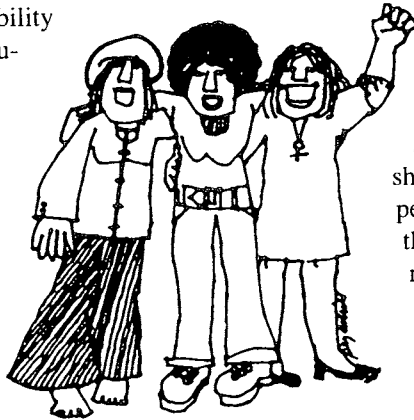
Are lesbians men-haters? This stereotype originated from men feeling

threatened by women choosing women as lovers over men, feelings that reflect a cornerstone tenet of a sexist society: women are the property of men and under their control. In recent years, the advent of the lesbian rights movement has allowed for the emergence of a lesbian separatist philosophy, held by a small part of the lesbian population. For

many lesbian separatists, the basic premise of this philosophy is the building of a culture, institutions, and relationships with women independent of men, rather than in opposition to men. This is based on the desire not to have to expend energy constantly dealing with sexism and general societal hatred of women.

This concept of separatism is not unique to lesbians and has, in fact, had parallel voices in almost every major liberation movement. Misunderstanding of this philosophy, however, has resulted in the broadening of the man-hating stereotype so that, frequently, it is used to discount women's criticisms of sexism or the desire of women to meet separately from men. It is crucial that this stereotype be confronted and not used as a cover for dismissing strong women.

The treatment of lesbians and gays by the police and jail authorities is another concern. Gays are often verbally abused



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Feminism

It is important to include a discussion of feminism in an anti-nuclear/anti-war handbook for several reasons. We can't stop the arms race simply by opposing nuclear weapons; we must also oppose traditional notions of power. Feminism has evolved from women's experiences: being supportive and nurturant; being victims of violence and oppression; being spiritual and emotional beings. And it offers an alternative concept of power.

Feminist philosophy recognizes the need to not only redistribute power, but to redefine it—power as inner strength, a

attempting to live our goals instead of just working for them.

Patriarchy

The split which in our society divides women and men is one of the most basic ways in which human beings are devalued. Under patriarchy, which means literally "rule of the fathers," men assume power over women. Women are relegated to limited roles and valued primarily for their sexual and reproductive functions, while men are seen as the central makers of culture, the primary actors in history.

The feminist movement attempts to change this deep-rooted pattern, to assure equality of women under the law, to challenge on every level of society the limitations that deny

women—and men—the chance to live our fully-human possibilities.

Patriarchy is reinforced by the language we use, by the images in our textbooks and on our TV screens, by the fairy tales we hear as children and the popular songs we sing. It is enforced economically: women are clustered in the lowest-paying, lowest status jobs. For every dollar earned by men, women



sense of self not dependent on control or domination of another. Feminist philosophy envisions a society based on support and cooperation, not on fear, intimidation and violence. The recognition that these societal goals and priorities must also exist in *our* process makes feminist analysis an integral part of anti-nuclear protests. We recognize that our means will influence our ends. We are

make only sixty cents. Women of color bear the burden of double discrimination.

Patriarchy is also reinforced by violence. Fifty percent of all women are battered at some time in their lives. Fear of rape keeps most women penned in their homes at night and makes hiking trails and lonely beaches places of terror for many women when they are alone. Magazines and movies portray women as objects to be violated. In war, the victors often rape the women of the conquered people.

The feminist movement has actively struggled against patriarchy and for women's self-determination in many areas—economic equality, access to jobs and education, control over our bodies and our sexuality, the right to control our own reproduction.

Feminism and Militarism

Many women see a feminist analysis as crucial to effectively challenge militarism. Patriarchy supports and thrives on war. The split which turns women, or any oppressed group, into *the other* is the same split which allows us to see our enemies as non-human, fair game for any means of destruction or cruelty. Our country's foreign policy often seems directed by teenage boys desperately trying to live up to stereotypes of male toughness. Men are socialized to repress emotions, not to cry, to ignore their needs to nurture and cherish the next generation. Emotions, tender feelings, care for the living and those to come are not seen as appropriate concerns of public policy.

Feminism says that the system which enforces male domination harms both



women and men. That system is part of the system which perpetuates racism, classism, heterosexism, and all forms of oppression. In its broadest sense, feminism seeks not only to shake the world, but to remake it.

Feminist Process

We learn sexism at such an early age and in such intimate surroundings—our own families—that the attitudes it fosters are often unconscious. To help each other confront this conditioning, women in the late 60s and early 70s met together in small groups called *consciousness-raising groups*. As stories and experiences were shared, women began to discover that what we thought were personal frustrations or failures often stemmed from our common situation as women. The personal, we found, is political.

The process that developed in these small groups has strongly influenced our process in the peace movement: in fact, we call our process *feminist*. Feminist

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Feminism

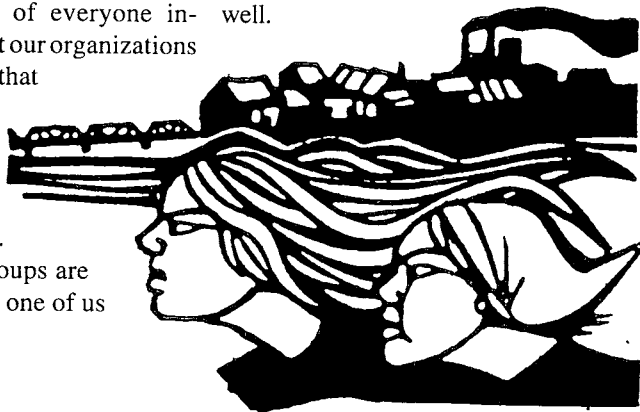
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process does not mean that women dominate or exclude men—on the contrary, it challenges all systems of domination, matriarchy as well as patriarchy. The term recognizes the historical importance of the feminist movement in insisting that nonviolence begins at home—in the very ways we treat each other.

When we say that we use feminist process, we mean that the relationships within our groups cannot be separated from the accomplishment of our goals. We mean that we value synthesis and co-operation rather than competition, that we value each individual's contributions to the group and encourage the active participation of everyone involved. We mean that our organizations are non-hierarchical; that power flows from the united will of the group, not from the authority of any individuals. Nevertheless, our groups are not leaderless—each one of us is a leader.

Men's Issues

Although the major changes in women's lives are a result of the work that women have done for ourselves, coalitioning with men to fight sexism is an important ingredient of massive and enduring change. Some men have joined women in this struggle, and from this has emerged a small men's anti-sexist movement that challenges the social order that depends on sexism to control both men and women. Such a movement is helping men become conscious of their own pains and needs, recognize how they dominate others, and give support to each other. As with women struggling to overcome limitations that are conditioned, men can overcome the barriers which prevent them from being full human beings as well.



Homophobia

continued from page 19

by police and as a result feel especially vulnerable to police and jail. It is important that heterosexual and gay blockaders join together to guarantee safety during arrest and/or placement in the general jail population. Our unity can prevent the prison authorities from using homopho-

bia as a "divide and conquer" tool.

Concern for issues beyond nuclear holocaust strengthens our movement by building vital coalitions. Gaining an awareness of lesbians and gay men and other minorities whose experiences have been overlooked will improve our process by encouraging a diversity of people to participate.

by the Non-Nuclear Family AG

Overcoming Masculine Oppression in Mixed Groups

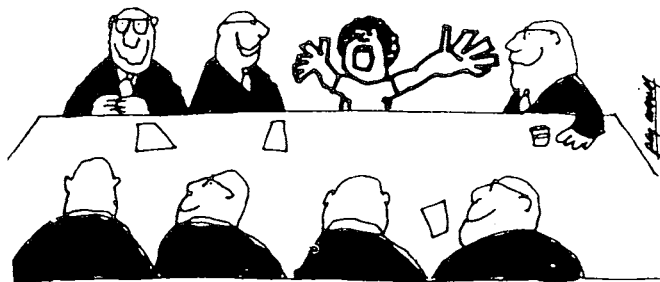
This guide is addressed to men, and to how we can overcome our own oppressive behavior in mixed (male and female) groups. More often than not, men are the ones dominating group activity. Our goals are to rid the society—and our own organizations—of these forms of domination.

The following are some problems for men to become aware of:

- **Hogging the show:** talking too much, too long, too loud.
- **Problem solver:** continually giving the answer or solution before others have had much chance to contribute.
- **Restating:** saying in another way what someone else, especially a woman, has just said.
- **Putdowns and one-upmanship:** “I used to believe that, but now...” or “How can you possibly say that?”
- **Self-listening:** formulating a response after the first few sentences, not listening to anything from that point on, and leaping in at the first pause.
- **Avoiding feelings:** intellectualizing, withdrawing into passivity, or making jokes when it’s time to share personal feelings.
- **Seeking attention and support from women while competing with men.**

- **Speaking for others:** “What so and so really meant was...”

The full wealth of knowledge and skills available to the group is severely limited by such behavior. Women and men who feel less assertive than others



or who don’t feel comfortable participating in a competitive atmosphere are cut off from the interchange of experience and ideas.

As men, we can be responsible to others and ourselves in groups by taking only our fair share of talking time, listening attentively and not interrupting other speakers, giving our ideas in an equal rather than an arrogant manner, minimizing our critical tendencies, and interrupting the oppressive behavior of other men.

If sexism isn’t ended within social change groups, there can’t be a movement for real social change. Any change of society which does not include the freeing of men and women from oppressive sex role conditioning, from subtle as well as blatant forms of male supremacy, is incomplete.

(adapted from an article by Bill Moyer)

BLOCKADE

Scenario

We plan to disrupt business as usual at the labs for as long as possible. Blockaders will attempt to cut off access gates and roads to the lab by engaging in a nonviolent blockade. Blockaders should plan on being arrested.

All blockaders must take nonviolence training and form affinity groups. AGs are encouraged to develop creative nonviolent tactics which prolong the blockade and dramatize our opposition to nuclear weapons. Theatre, props and other nonviolent tactics will maximize the effectiveness of the blockade.

To coordinate affinity group participation for the blockade, there will be regular spokescouncil meetings, consisting of a spoke from each AG. Spokes may express concerns of the AG, exchange information, and discuss proposals for the action. Spokes will then go back to their AGs to discuss proposals in depth, and return to the next council with their AG's concerns and decisions.

The blockade scenario collective is developing the framework for the blockade. This collective will provide for communication, transportation, medics, and other requirements.

AGs will be as autonomous as possible, within the guidelines of the action.

If you are considering blockading June 21st, please contact the LAG office with your name and AG name (if you already have one).

Site Description

Livermore Weapons Lab is located 33 miles southeast of Oakland. The lab is about one mile east of the town of Livermore. It is a large (several square miles) complex of buildings and open fields surrounded by a chain link fence. There are four main vehicle gates, and several pedestrian gates.

Going Limp

An important decision you will have to make is whether or not you will cooperate with police at the time of your arrest. If you decide to "go limp," you should be aware that there is a greater chance of being hurt. Here is some advice from people who have done it before:

- Try to make eye contact and communicate with the person arresting you.
- Try and situate yourself in a way that if you are dragged, you are dragged on your back and heels, instead of on your stomach and knees.
- While linking arms with AG members feels good to you, police have a tendency to view this as defiance, and are more likely to respond with force.

Mace, Dogs and Teargas

We don't expect authorities to use any of these, all of which are dispersal tactics to disrupt the blockade without arrests. However, they are a possibility.

Mace: Mace is an aerosol designed for use against an individual. It causes a burning sensation, particularly to the

eyes. Mace victims should wash skin and eyes with a 5% Boric Acid solution, if possible.

Tear Gas: Tear gas is dispensed by helicopter, grenades, cannisters, or pistols. It causes intense tearing and irritation to the eyes. Effects usually disappear a few minutes after an individual is removed from the area. Treatment includes exposure to clean air, washing with plain water, or with mild salt water. Tear gas will affect a whole area, so authorities won't want to expose lab workers. Therefore, blockaders should be sure they are blockading workers.

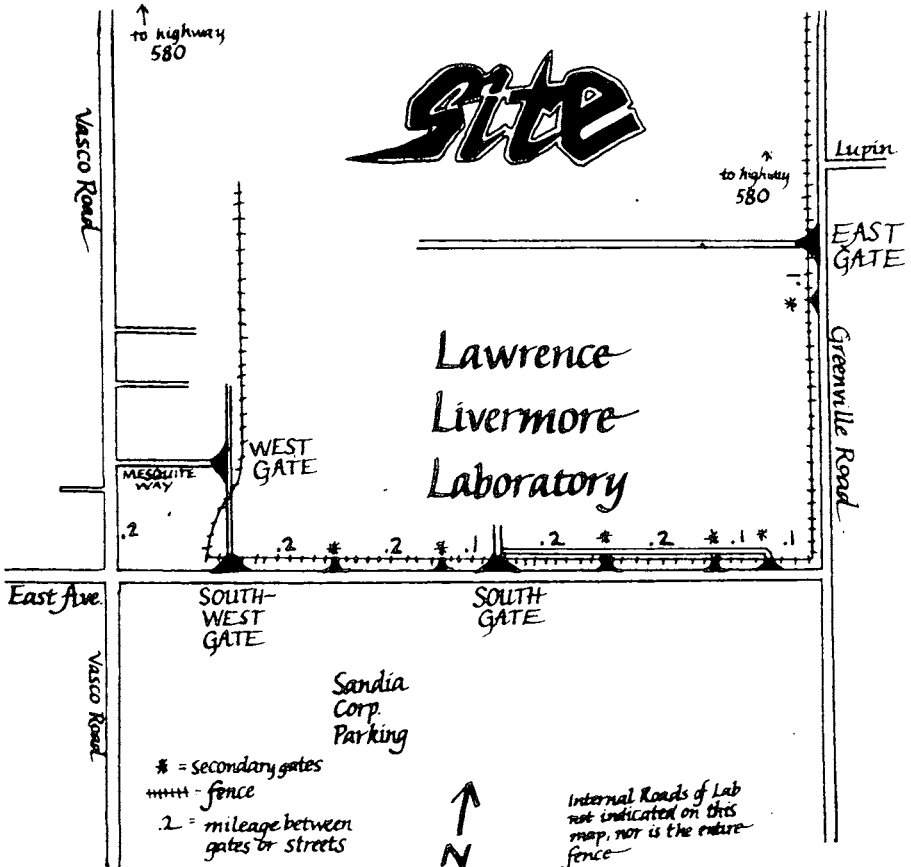
Dogs: Extreme caution must be used.

Remain calm and do not move. Dogs are trained to respond to motion. Make verbal contact with the officer commanding the dog.

The Livermore Community

The Livermore Liaison Collective formed because of our desire to communicate our purpose, concerns and goals to a community supported largely by Livermore Lab salaries. After much discussion with several members of the local community involved in the Nuclear Freeze, we did have supporters from Livermore at our February 1st blockade.

continued on next page



Kids

Juveniles: Join Us

We as juveniles have grown up under the threat of nuclear war. We have a right to a nuclear-free future. Through blockading the lab, we can show people in power that what they are doing is not all right with us, and that we will not sit passively and let them ruin our world.

We encourage juveniles to join us in the upcoming blockade. The major difference for juveniles are legalities. People under 18 will need a printed permission slip, signed by parent or guardian. This assures authorities you are not runaways, and authorizes someone to pick you up at juvenile hall. Forms can be obtained from the LAG office.

In past actions, punishment of mi-



nors has been light. At the February 1st blockade, the eight juveniles were immediately released to a designated adult.

By Life Squad, an all-kids affinity group.

Blockade Scenario

continued from preceding page

Unfortunately, those in the valley who support our strategy are not numerous. They are working in a community that thrives because of the lab, and therefore feels threatened by our activities.

Constructive dialogue with people

in the community and with lab employees is a critical component of nonviolent civil disobedience. We must convey that we don't wish to destroy the lab and rob employees of jobs. Rather, we want the lab to pursue peaceful projects.

We encourage others to join us in opening the barriers and fears that the lab has created against us.

LEGAL

Our approach to the legal system is up to us. We retain as much power as we refuse to relinquish to the government.

The criminal “justice” system functions to alienate and isolate the accused individual, to destroy one’s power and purposefulness, and to weave a web of confusion and mystification around any legal proceedings. Jail solidarity, non-



cooperation, and other forms of resistance can be used to reaffirm our position that we are not criminals and that we are taking positive steps toward freeing the world of nuclear terror.

The police may separate us from each other, breaking up affinity groups and possibly isolating individuals. We must develop an ability to deal with the legal system, while trusting in the solidarity of other demonstrators.

Possible Charges

647 — Blocking a public right-of-way. Misdemeanor punishable by up to 6 months in jails and/or \$500 fine.

602 K & L — Trespass. Peaceable but wrongful entry on land of another, a

misdemeanor punishable by up to 6 months in jail and/or \$500 fine.

626.6 — Entry by non-student or non-employee on facility controlled by the U.C. Board of Regents which appears likely to interfere with activities carried on by the facility. First offense, up to 6 months in jail and/or \$500 fine. Subsequent offenses carry mandatory jail sentences with no probation.

148 — Resisting arrest. Persons who “go limp” may risk this additional charge. Misdemeanor punishable by up to one year in jail and/or \$1000 fine.

182 — Conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor. Felony punishable by up to five years in jail.

243 — Battery. Any physical contact with an officer. Felony punishable by 2-5 years in jail.

Infractions (traffic tickets) may also be used against some or all blockaders.

In addition, the court may choose to impose harsher sentences on repeat offenders. However, it is unusual for anyone to receive the maximum sentence.

The Legal Process

Police are not required to read you your rights unless you are being questioned. You have the right to remain silent. You are also entitled to confer with a lawyer before you say anything or agree to anything. LAG is organizing a volunteer legal collective for the blockade. Don’t be afraid to ask for someone from the legal team if you are confused or need

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Legal

continued from preceding page

clarification.

Booking: You will probably go through booking procedure. How much information you give is up to you. Some activists carry no ID and refuse to answer questions. Refusal to comply slows the process down considerably, which may or may not be desirable for the group as a whole.

Citing Out: Authorities may offer to let you go if you sign a citation release form promising that you will appear in court for arraignment. This is called being release O.R. ("Own Recognizance"). Failure to appear will result in a bench warrant being issued against you. Because citing out tends to split up group solidarity, the individual decision to cite out should be carefully considered. Further, protesters who cite out may have their arraignments separate from those who remain in jail.

Arraignment: This is an appearance before a judge in which your charges will be read to you, and you will be asked

to enter a plea. You will not be alone. Other protesters may be there with you, and lawyers for the action will be present. You are entitled to legal counsel before you plead. If protesters as a group disagree with the way the court wants to arraign you, there are ways of noncooperation (for example, muteness, refusal to enter a plea, to stand, or to speak to the judge). These measures may result in a contempt of court charge. It can be effective, but it is a gamble. You have the right to be arraigned within 48 hours of arrest, not counting weekends or holidays. However, in an "emergency," this right can be ignored.

Pleas: Defendants have the option of pleading not-guilty, guilty, or nolo contendere (no-contest). A not-guilty plea to a misdemeanor or felony leads to a jury trial (juries are not used for infractions).

Never plead guilty. A no-contest plea has the same consequence as a guilty plea as far as sentencing. However, this plea cannot be used as proof of guilt in case of a civil suit against blockaders, while a guilty plea can.

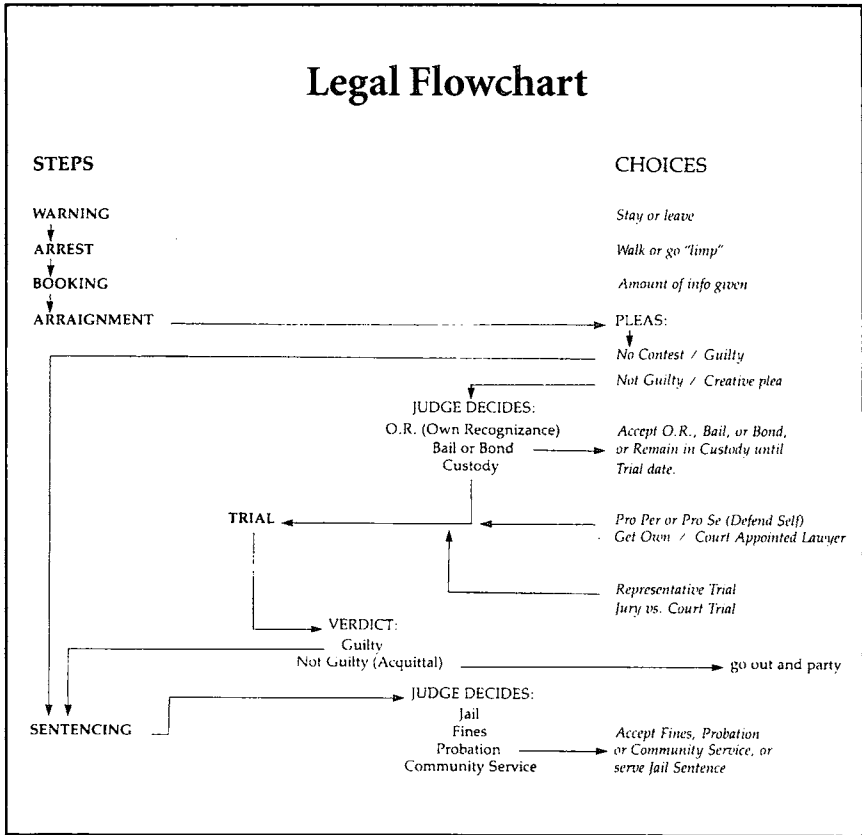
After a guilty or no-contest plea,

you will be sentenced, either immediately or at a subsequent hearing. Immediate sentencing helps avoid unequal treatment.

Bail: At arraignment or before, the judge will either set bail or offer to release you on your own



Legal Flowchart



recognizance (O.R.). Bail guarantees your later appearance in court.

If you decline to post required bail, you will be returned to jail to await your next court date. Refusal of bail has been a general commitment of Livermore blockaders. Bail solidarity is a way of ensuring equal treatment to everyone, and ensuring that those who cannot pay are not left in jail.

Trials: The decision to follow through with a not guilty plea is a political one. A trial involves a major commitment of your time, energy and money. It could tie you up for months. For those who wish to plead not guilty, LAG legal workers will offer workshops. Some

lawyers may be interested in representing groups of defendants in such cases.

Sentencing: Sentencing is discretionary with the judge, up to the statutory maximum. In lieu of jail or fines, the judge may offer probation, suspended sentence, or community service. LAG blockaders have refused to accept fines, probation or suspended sentences. Opposition to fines arises out of recognition that low-income defendants have no choice but to serve time in jail. Probation and suspended sentences are usually rejected for tactical reasons: they carry a condition that you not be arrested again during the prescribed period, or you risk a much more severe sentence.

JAIL

Jail is a lonely place. It aims to weaken solidarity, to try to isolate people from each other and reduce one's concentration to dealing with the demands of authority and of one's survival.

You can expect overcrowding, which means frustrating and irritating levels of noise and distraction, little personal space or privacy, and scant regard for cleanliness.

Food will be starchy and dull (don't expect vegetarian menus).

You can expect a complete strip search, possibly including rectal and vaginal examination, which will be the first of many casual assaults on your dignity.

You will be constantly jerked around.

You will finally appreciate the play "Waiting for Godot."

Conflict Among Blockaders

People's motivations for participating in CD will affect their attitudes toward the police and jail guards. Some people blockade as a protest against the multiple structures in society which work together to create a weapons industry. The prison/judicial system is seen as one of these structures. Such people may refuse to cooperate with the authorities at all. Some of these acts serve as personal moral goals; others are initiated as levers to make the legal system mete out equal and fair sentences to all.

For others, blockading stems from fear and outrage over nuclear weapons. Often these people will stress the need to



communicate with the human beings behind the helmets, uniforms and roles. They will talk to police, perhaps befriend the prison guards, and try to use dialogue and persuasion to raise questions about these roles.

The differences between these two approaches will frequently lead to conflicts among blockaders. The stress of the jail situation tends to intensify conflict. Conflicts must be acknowledged and dealt with at the time, or they may become divisive. Conflict is an expression of opposing viewpoints and should not be confused with violence.

Guards

Guards have a great deal of power, and they are aware of this. Because they are human beings, this knowledge tends to have a bad effect on them. They expect the worst out of people. Their principle concern is to preserve order, which demands an atmosphere of unquestioning respect (fear) for authority, supplanting

personal responsibility with obedience and submission.

You should not indulge them in their exalted self-image. Expect that they should act with respect and compassion and you may be surprised by the results. But don't forget, in the end, you and they have different jobs to perform. Let them be responsible for keeping order. You are responsible for keeping your conscience. It was your commitment to make decisions for yourself that landed you in jail in the first place, and it remains a good principle to live by, even in jail.

In Jail

- If you want something to happen, make it happen. Don't wait for someone else to think of it.
 - Remain aware of how others are being treated, especially those who are "different" or assertive.
 - Never point out someone to the guards.
 - At all times, know the whereabouts of your AG members.
 - Jail fosters dependence. Rely on your own and the group's thinking, and avoid automatically turning to the guards for help, permission, or information.
 - Guards often create false crises. Don't be panicked. Take the time you need to meet and reach consensus.

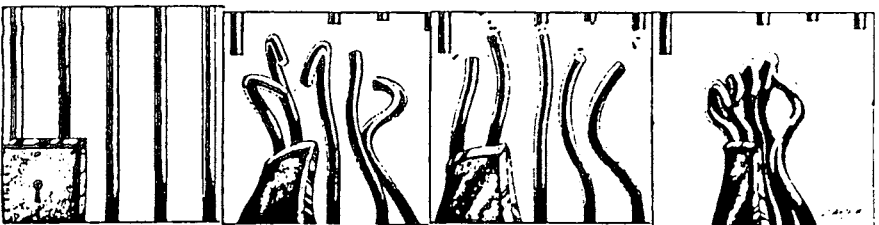


General Population

Some blockaders have been placed in the general jail population and have witnessed the extremely poor conditions under which most inmates live. One primary goal of CD is to make incarceration of blockaders stressful for the government. However, we need to hamper the system as much as possible without negatively affecting the other inmates.

Some ways to minimize our effects on other inmates are:

- Respect that other inmates did not "choose" jail. This may mean avoiding playing around, and recognizing that other inmates don't have the same legal and political support that protesters have.
- Talk with other inmates as much as possible. Communication will increase their support for CD as well as our support for reform of jail conditions.
- Limit our phone calls, and agree to forego personal visits.



SOLIDARITY

The power of jail solidarity lies in two facts. (1) In a mass arrest situation, the authorities need our cooperation to process us. (2) It is expensive for the county to keep us in jail; thus we have great collective bargaining power.



At Livermore in February 1982, blockaders insisted on mass arraignment, equal sentencing for all, and no fines. Judge Lewis said that he wanted to impose a fine, but since blockaders had said they would stay in jail rather than pay a fine, he had no choice but to offer community service as a sentence.

Jail solidarity should not be coercive. If you must get out of jail to keep your job or to take care of your family, you are not breaking solidarity. However, if you cite out you are not assured that your sentence will be the same as for those who exercise collective bargaining.

Solidarity Demands

The following are issues around which solidarity has been exercised in the past:

No bail, no citing out. This keeps us together and in communication, at great expense to the County. As many people as possible should be prepared to stay in jail for as long as necessary to ensure equal and light treatment.

Equal treatment for all. The authorities know the power of our unity and may try to divide us. No one should be singled out for harsher treatment or isolation from the group. Everyone should receive the same sentence for similar actions, and inflated or unfair charges should be dropped.

Mass arraignment. This is the only way we can know for sure that our demands for equal treatment are being met.

We have not maintained jail solidarity with people who have outstanding warrants (pay your traffic tickets before blockading!)

Exercising Solidarity

Around jail conditions: Tactics can include not responding when names are called; all sitting or lying down; milling about; chanting. We can calmly surround a threatened brother or sister, physically protecting them from being taken away. In more extreme cases we can refuse food, or refuse to get dressed.

Regarding sentence demands: The most powerful tactic is to communicate



fter It's Over

A large CD demonstration is a very powerful emotional experience. We are likely to be excited, tense, bored and exhausted at the same time.

After the 1981 Diablo demonstration, many of us returned home elated. But we were also very tired and lost. Although we felt very different, our friends, housemates and co-workers seemed to go on as if nothing had changed. We wanted to start work on new actions, but we were mentally and physically exhausted.

Things that may be useful in relieving post-action burnout:

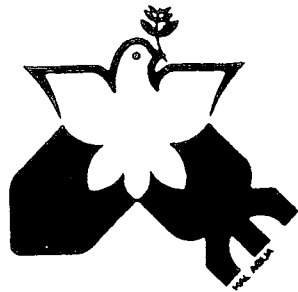
- Plan your response to burnout with your AG before the action. Set a specific date to get together afterward.
- Get your AG together just to talk about the action. The story may need to be told numerous times—like oral history or ancient rituals.
- Make sure everyone gets lots of

hugs and emotional support, including non-blockaders who worked hard on support tasks without reaping much of the glory.

- Give everyone (including yourself) the benefit of the doubt. Bickering and irrational behavior may just be temporary.

- After a few weeks or so, plan to work together on a small, easily accomplished task so people will feel useful, but not overwhelmed.

It may take as long to come down off an action as it took to prepare for it!



Solidarity

continued from preceding page

to the judge and DA that if our demands are not met, we will all plead not guilty, ask for individual jury trials, and not waive our right to a speedy trial. We can also refuse to go to arraignment

Be creative: Invent new tactics.

Don't abuse solidarity: Save it for when it really matters.

For solidarity to be effective, it must be addressed before reaching jail. Jail authorities won't wait patiently for us to reach consensus on solidarity before they start employing divide and conquer tactics to weaken our bargaining power.

Some issues that cause controversy include whether to keep solidarity with blockaders who have previous records, are on probation, or have not followed the nonviolence guidelines.

Fact and Fiction

This story is history. Every action is true. Every discussion has its basis in actual dialogs. Every love affair — well, we won't go into that here...

With a single exception (the Bush demo in Chapter Five), every major protest happened on the date ascribed. Some details have been moved to different dates to suit narrative needs. Discussions and interpersonal scenes are fictional, but the actions and topics discussed are true unless otherwise indicated here.

With two exceptions (the RPF and RWP, fictional composites of various Marxist parties, see Glossary), the affinity groups, clusters, and organizations named in the book are authentic. However, attributions of an action to a specific affinity group or cluster are often fictional.

This book is not biography. It is a history of a movement, not the story of specific individuals or affinity groups. Even more so, individuals in the photographs bear no consistent relation to the fictional characters.

The images, except for scenic shots and murals, are from the LAG archives or were loaned specially for this book. Many were not labeled, and some may be matched with the wrong action. No action or words should be linked to any specific individual based on the text, the photographs, or this appendix.

An updated list of changes can be found at www.directaction.org

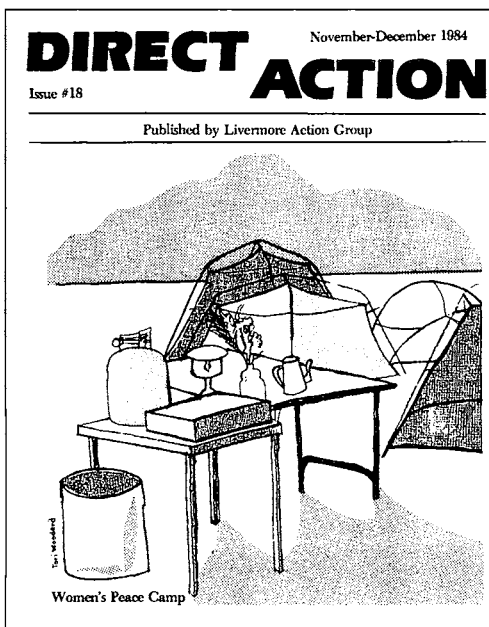
In General

This history is based on memory, interviews, hundreds of stories in *Direct Action*

newspaper, archival notes and materials, other news accounts, and interviews. Facts are true to the best memory and judgment of the author and others involved. Minor details may be mistaken, but the text can be taken as accurate in most respects, and can be used as the basis of future historical work — with the preceding caveat concerning its not being the biography of individuals or affinity groups.

Some 1980s jargon has been retained. The expressions “Blacks” and “Whites” were usual from the late 1960s through the early 1980s. “Gay” was sometimes used as an umbrella term for gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender people.

See Glossary for more on specific groups, actions, etc. See website for more details, links etc.



Direct Action #18, November-December 1984

Prologue / 1984

January 29 Consulate action as described, except all three consulates were co-ed actions, and there was not a separate faith-based action.

February 3 Fictional re-creation, topics true. DA articles true, some from different issues.

March 7 Fictional re-creation. Bank of America stencil true, c. 1984. "Who's illegal" graffiti true. Consulate wrap-up true, "no respect" interchange is from 1986.

April 3 Fictional re-creation, topics true, except A's did not open against Detroit that year.

April 16 Kissinger Demo is factual in all detail, as best as could be done with sometimes-conflicting accounts and memories. The flyer-quote at the top is a re-creation, but the facts in it are true. Not sure whether speech was for Commonwealth Club or some other group.

Chapter 1 / 1982

May 25 Tougher Targets demo and LAG office true.

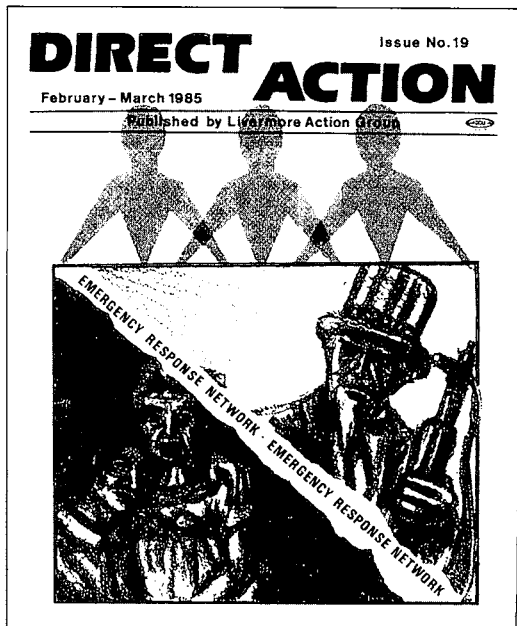
June 20 Provo Park meeting true. The film called "Change of Heart," produced by Peter Adair and Associates, played on public TV under the title "Stopping History," but the cluster kept the original name, Change of Heart.

June 21 Action true, but not sure who other clusters at that gate were. Over 1300 arrests on June 21, and about 80 more on June 22, total arrests over 1400. Order of AGs is fictional. "Circle Chant," ©1982 Linda Hirschhorn, from *Roots and Wings*, Oyster Productions, Box 3929, Berkeley, CA 94703.

June 21-22 Jail, court true. For background info on Seabrook and Diablo Canyon, see *Political Protest & Cultural Revolution*, by Barbara Epstein. Deadheads for Peace not in Change of Heart at this point. Serially-torn novel true, probably not Vonnegut, although it should have been. Civil Rights story is a true incident, as is Wavy's story.

July 10 Fictional scene, all details true. Bible incident— narrative based on several conflicting interviews. Freight & Salvage now located in downtown Berkeley. Urban Ecology, see Glossary.

August 17 Fictional scene, topics true. La Peña description is the old mural, re-painted c. 1990. Old mural was by Anna DeLeon, Osha Neumann, Ray Patlan and O'Brien Thiele of Commonarts. New mural is very similar. La Peña, 3105 Shattuck, Berkeley CA 94705.



Direct Action #19, February-March 1985

October 9 Livermore funeral march true, except flower sign actually read, “Bombs KiLLL” (“LLL” is a common abbreviation for Lawrence Livermore Lab). The St. Louis Cardinals did well in the playoffs that year, but ultimately lost the 1982 World Series to the Milwaukee Brewers.

October 28 Castro Street as described. Vandenberg and International Day planning probably accurate for this date, although specific meeting-date is invented. Berrigan visit true. Stop-sign action true, the signs were all over Berkeley for a while.

November 9 Patriotic Sing-In true, based on a Direct Action story. Not organized by Commie Dupes. Election results from memory, BCA probably got a majority on all bodies.

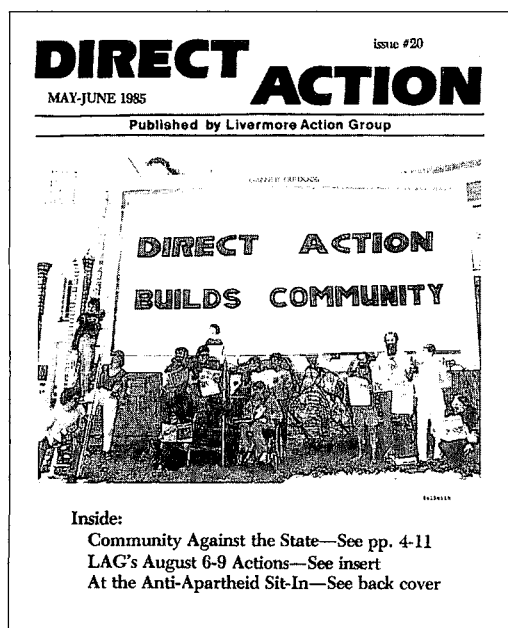
November 15 Livermore leafleting true, based on a Direct Action story. Direct Action discussions reflect actual stories. Pinball scene is an idealized re-creation.

Thanksgiving Day Ocean Beach as described. However, the windmill arms probably didn't turn at that time, and don't as of 2003. The Cliff House is being remodeled, and the Camera Oscura is threatened.

December 20 Fictional re-creation of Coordinating Council, which met every Monday night. Topics true, typical for this period. Not certain exactly when we learned of the MX test delay, but probably by this date. International Day Call, see full text in Appendix. Mobilization for Survival true. December 1982 religious actions — a wide variety of faith-based actions took place each December during the early 1980s (and on a smaller scale since). However, the 1982 specifics here are fictional.

January 2 La Peña meeting and Direct Action production true.

January 16 Fictional re-creation.



Direct Action #20, May-June 1985

Chapter II / 1983

January 23-24 Vandenberg action true. Chumash Indian ceremony true. Camp kitchen was coordinated by Turning Tide AG from Bolinas. Poll of affinity groups and clusters true, but details are fictional (although most or all AGs/clusters named were present). The numbers here are invented (except Change of Heart's). Meeting is stylized, but basically true. Action true.

January 28 Fictional scene, topics true.

January 29-30 Concord action true. Description of jail layout from memory. Marines attacking a protester based on hearsay, but probably true.

February 9 Direct Action production description true. Production was done by hand,

with electric typewriters, scissors, and gluesticks, on folding tables in people's living rooms. Commie Dupes BART action occurred February 1, 1983.

March 5 Santa Cruz roller coaster true.

March 13 Fictional re-creation, topics true. Love and Rage reference fictional. People's History mural, located at Haste and Telegraph, by Osha Neumann and O'Brien Thiele, repainted in the 1990s. People's Park is around the corner from the mural.

March 31 Vandenberg March action true, although exact dates and numbers are fuzzy for this action.

April 12 Fictional re-creation, topics true.

April 30 Fictional re-creation, all pinball references and discussion topics true.

May 22 Fictional re-creation, all details true, except Acorn and Sonomore Atomics references are fictional.

June 8 Vandenberg meeting true, not sure of exact date.

June 19 Vandenberg action true.

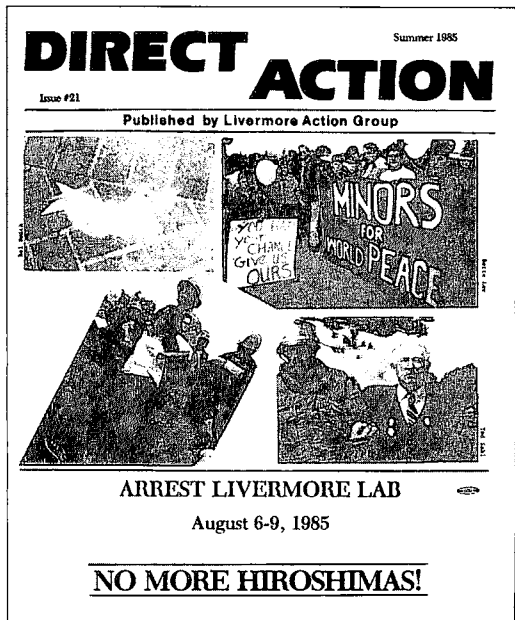
June 20 Livermore action true. Truck scene mostly fictional.

June 22-July 1 Livermore action, all incidents and details true unless noted here. Some events may be on incorrect dates, and some sequences are hazily remembered or based on conflicting accounts. More than 1100 arrests on June 20 (early media reports of 800 were incorrect). About 50 more June 22, total about 1200 arrests. Tents, portajohns, chow as described. Dimensions from memory. "Swords to Plowshares" passage from Isaiah 2:4. "We are the Power" chant by Starhawk. Gay Pride parade true, but details are hazy. Baseball radio story true, but specific game fictional. Escape plan true, but not executed. However, one man allegedly did escape from the tents, according to a story remembered years later by someone in his affinity group. Peace Flag true, unsure which day. Many attributions of actions to specific AGs are fictional, although the events and the AG names are both true. Example: "Thousand Cranes by Acorn Cluster." The event happened as described, and Acorn Cluster was present — but attribution of the action to Acorn Cluster is fictional.

Chapter III / 1983

July 4 Jail exit is a reconstruction.

July 8 Fictional scene, topics true. "Strategy Proposal" was actually named the "Campaign Proposal," but otherwise as described.



July 24 Fictional scene, topics true.

July 25-28 Santa Rita events true, not sure of exact dates. Some memories, especially visuals, are hazy. Santa Rita barracks have been torn down, replaced with a Big Brother high-tech jail similar to the one described in the January 1983 Concord action. Lightbulb incident conflates jail incident with a similar set of interactions on Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley. Gabe's story true, from January 1983 Concord action. Kafka is fictional, actual book was Heidegger, which was even drearier. McDonald's is true. "The Minimum Wage" is by the Funky Nixons, to the tune of Hank Williams' "Move It On Over." From the CD, *Still Not Crooks*. Available for \$12 postpaid, visit www.groundworknews.org/funkynixons or write GroundWork, PO Box 141414, San Francisco, CA 94114.

August 5 Fictional scene, topics true. BARF 1983, organized by BCA, was rained out. Line-up is fictional, but typical of the period, except Funky Nixons formed in 1990 (see July 25 listing above).

August 22 LAG Congress is a fictional re-creation, topics true.

August 27 Russian River is a fictional re-creation, based on Summer 1985 expedition. Visual memories hazy. For Sonoma outdoors, visit www.sonomacounty.org

September 17 Fictional re-creations, topics true.

September 30 Fictional scene, topics true. Labyrinths at Sibley Park, Oakland.

October 21 Fictional re-creation, topics and details true. Spanish NATO action from c. 1988, when Spain joined NATO. Pinball references, nukecycle true. "Cubeland" c. 1989.

October 24 Euromissiles protest true. Route and specific affinity group actions are fictional re-creations and borrowings from other protests. Direct Action reported 72 arrests. "40 men" is

approximate. Embarcadero Plaza described as post-1989 earthquake, without the old bi-level freeway. Nukecycle, Peace Dragon true. Tax resister skit from 1984.

Uncle Sam and Betsy Ross from c. 1991. Punks true, but punk AG names might be from a bit later.

Gandhi from June 1983

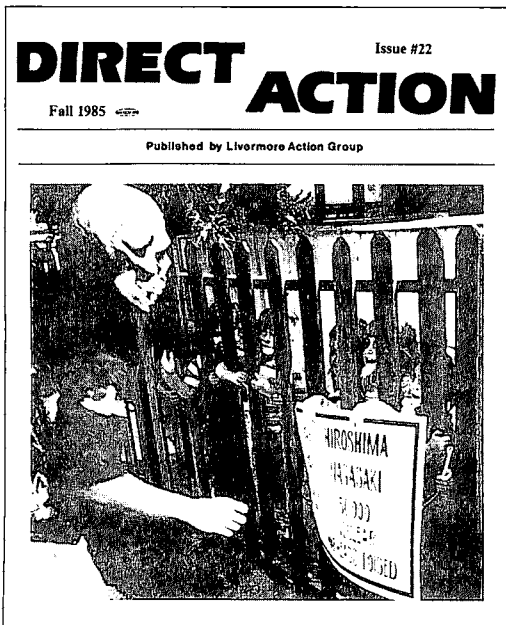
Livermore blockade. "No route map" was typical of later City protests, not sure on this one.

"Nukes are a Drag" from c. 1985.

Drummers, at least as an organized corps, more typical after 1985. Dancing in the streets true. Die-ins true, tactic

borrowed from London "Stop the City" protests of c. 1982-83.

Youth Wells Fargo action true, not sure of AG names. BARF, see August 5 above. World Series, no game on Saturday, as Baltimore had defeated Phillies in five games. Iwo Jima action from Spring 1984.



Direct Action #22, Fall 1985

October 25 Grenada invasion and protest true, crowd numbers are estimates. Country Joe, "Screw this!" incident from 1991 Gulf War. Country Joe's classic song, "Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die Rag," is featured on the on the *Woodstock* album and film.

November 4 Fictional re-creation, topics true. Graffiti action from c. 1987.

November 21 Fictional re-creation, topics true. ERN/Enola Gay true.

Thanksgiving Day Fictional scene, topics true. Mobilization for Survival true.

December 6 Fictional scene, topics true. Garden graffiti from 1998. Beetle Bailey graffiti from Spring 1984, by Apollinaire.

December 11 Fictional re-creation, topics and decisions true. People's Convention true, but RWP is fictional composite of several groups. Actual initiating group for PC was Communist Workers' Party, which dissolved around 1985.

December 22 Fictional scene, topics true.

Chapter IV / 1984

January 7 Fictional re-creation, topics true. Consulate, see Prologue, first scene. Diablo, see glossary. Emergency Response Network was initiated, and many AGs signed up. But Reagan backed off his Central America adventurism, and the ERN was never activated. Later that year, faith-based groups started a national Pledge of Resistance campaign, see Glossary. Balmy Alley true, first painted around this time. Some murals are from later. Romero mural, "Una Ley Inmoral," ©1996 by Juana Alicia, acrylic on wood, nine by twelve feet. Balmy Alley and many other San Francisco murals coordinated by Precita Eyes Mural Arts Center, (415) 285-2311, pem@precitaeyes.org

January 13 Fictional scene, topics true.

January 14 Fictional scene.

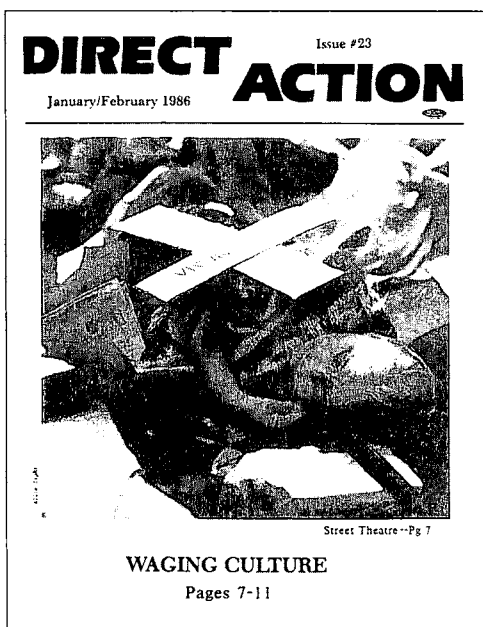
January 28 Livermore Peace Lab true. First camp closed in late February. Camp re-opened for two months in Fall 1984, and spawned the Livermore-based Tri-Valley CAREs group (see Glossary).

February 10 Fictional scene, topics true. All sites true. Oregon weapons train action true, around this time (called "White Trains"). Siena Cathedral true.

February 18 Diablo wedding true. Banner action true, different date, not all Deadheads.

February 29 Fictional scene, topics true. Blast Pass, war tax rally, Direct Action layouts, Bit o' Honey all true, dates approximate.

March 4 Fictional scene, topics true. Cal campus true.



March 16 USA Today action true, around this time. Stencil from different action. B of A graffiti, see Prologue, third scene. Burned box around this time. "Disarmament Dividends" was a popular phrase of the time. Logging-road protests true. Nukecycle true. Infiltrator fears true, Alliance for Survival story based on hearsay but likely true.

March 23 Fictional scene, topics true. Ashkenaz is located at San Pablo at Gilman. BARF true, see glossary.

April 2 Fictional re-construction, topics true. Bumper stickers true. Kissinger true, see Prologue, final scene. April Fool's true, broken arm may have been a different demo.

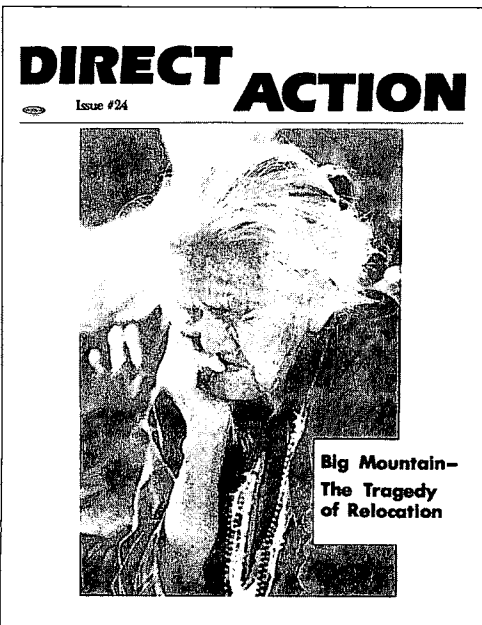
April 13 Fictional scene, topics true.

April 18 Fictional scene, topics true. Windows true. Kissinger, see Prologue, final scene.

April 20 Good Friday is a composite of various Good Friday and Christian actions at Livermore. Nailing the cross true. Summaries of actions true, numbers approximate. Kissinger cop-tire story true. For May 22, see Chapter V.

Chapter V / 1984

May 22 Financial District demo is a composite re-creation of true demo, with details from various protests 1984-1986. Many details based on a Spring 1986 protest. B of A from 1986. Well Fargo from 1986, office at 464 California, stagecoach true (stagecoach still there, please do not climb on it). McDonald's from August 1985 "Happening," based on hearsay. Spiral Dance ending not typical of this period, but possible. More usual from about 1990, and quite common c. 2000. Shopping chant c. 1991.



Direct Action #24, Spring 1986

June 8 Fictional re-creation, topics true. Nicaragua true, but campfire songs are from an activist's trip to a rebel camp in El Salvador about the same time.

June 10 Fictional re-creation, topics true. Action round-up all true, good summary in June 1984 *Direct Action*. *Nuclear Resister*, www.nonviolence.org/nukeresister, (520) 323-8697.

June 12 Fictional scene, topics true. Bound Together, 1369 Haight Street near Masonic. Mural from mid-1990s, "Remembering American Anarchism," by Susan Greene, quote by San Francisco writer Peter Plate. All demos true, as accurately as possible. Motor-cycle burning is a composite of several incidents 1978-1992. "Back to zero" from Fall 1984. "Free speech" quote from Utah Phillips.

June 15 Bush demo from 1988, when Bush the Elder won the

presidency. A similar demo against Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger happened in Spring 1984, from which some details are taken. Noses from 1988. Barricades typical 1984-1991. Cable cars true. Cops grabbing punks c. 1987. Nukeycycle steering true. Union Square has been remodeled.

June 18 Fictional scene, topics true.

June 25 Fictional re-creation, topics true. Graffiti true, around this time. Concord back-country true, around this time.

July 1 Fictional re-creation, topics true. Vacuum true. Jesse Jackson campaign connection true, see Glossary.

July 4 Fictional re-construction. Mime Troupe opens their season on July 4 in Dolores Park every year. Visit www.sfmt.org. Shopping cart calisthenics from a later show. Modern Times is at 888 Valencia near 20th Street, not far from Dolores Park.

July 9 Fictional re-construction, topics true. ERN and Pledge true, see Glossary. Monitors debate true, around this time. Shakespeare speech from *Hamlet* III.i.

July 10 Fictional scene.

July 12 Moral Majority demo re-construction based on interviews and Direct Action story. Mainstream press reports of this action are inconsistent, inaccurate. Kissing Feminists true, probably on this date, story in Direct Action. Reactionary slogan "family values" from slightly later. March to Union Square may be from a different protest. Undercovers true of this period. Limo-hop will happen someday (it is the only incident in the entire book that is taken from the future). Limo-flipoff from mid-1980s, in Berkeley.

July 14 People's Convention is a fictional re-construction, all People's Convention details true. See Glossary for more on People's Convention.

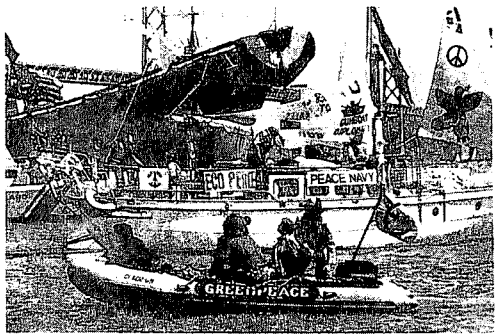
July 15 Fictional scene, topics true.

July 16 People's Convention is a fictional re-creation of the day, all events true, numbers approximate, participating groups typical of the 1980s. Hunter S. Thompson quote from the June 1972 chapter of "Fear & Loathing 1972." People's Convention plenary true. John Deere hat true, or something like it. March true, not sure about dynamics of "take the street." Nukeycycle, tractors true. Earth First! probably anachronistic at this date. March fizzle-out true. Confrontation not so definite as shown here. War Chest Tours summary true.

July 17 Fictional reconstruction of the day, all events true.

DIRECT ACTION

Issue # 25



Fleet Week Actions

AFTER
CHERNOBYL

Pages 8-17

August Witness '86
Summer at Big Mountain
"Art: Action and Participation"

Press release true, computer may be anachronistic. Central America march and theater true. Crosses with names of dead from 1985. At LAG demo, right-wingers actually were carrying an effigy of Jesse Jackson. News cameras true, not sure of stations. "Minimum Wage" and "Screw the Rich" by the Funky Nixons, on their CD, *Still Not Crooks*. Available for \$12 postpaid, visit www.groundworknews.org/funkynixon or write GroundWork.

July 18 War Chest Tour true, route is reconstructed. Get Out of Jail Free from c. 1991. "News whores" c. 1988. Some details from other demos 1984-1988.

July 19 All events true, based on interviews, news accounts, with details from other demos of this era. War Chest Tour true. Rock Against Reagan true, specific songs fictional but likely. RAR also performed at the Republican Convention that year. March to Hall of Justice true. Approximate numbers of marchers and arrestees correct, arrests roughly as described. Almost everyone arrested at the Democratic Convention had their charges dropped after the first people put on trial were acquitted by San Francisco juries. Car incident c. 1985. Initiation stories true, colors c. 1998, rappelling c. 1985. Unarrest action from October 1987 protest at Oakland Airport, including MVP. "I'm ready to get arrested" from 1987. Paddywagon from 1997, including "Always Look On the Bright Side of Life," song from Monty Python's film *Life of Brian*.

Chapter VI / 1984

July 26 Fictional scene, topics true. Screens true.

August 2 Fictional scene, topics true. Cal campus true, but brick building is next door to the Philosophy Building.

August 8 Fictional scene, topics true. Bohemian Grove action true. Bohemian Grove Action Network still organizes protests of the annual gathering — for more information visit www.sonomacountyfreepress.com. Contempt story true, but only one person in this case. Five other men received five-day sentences for contempt at a 1984 Livermore court hearing. Thirty-day sentences approximate. Republican Convention actions true, about 130 arrests, according to Direct Action. Karina arrest, see next scene.

August 29 Action is true in detail, based on interviews. Eventual sentence was two years in federal prison.

September 22 BARF true overall. Smash Nancy's China, the piñata, water balloons, volleyball, lots of dancing, Starry Plough selling beer, Mayor Gus Newport speaking, Wavy Gravy as MC, all true. Many other details from LAG and related rallies of this period, especially from BARC in the Park, 1985. Nukeycycle true, but happened at a Mime Troupe show, not quite so dramatic. Ron-Off from 1985. Zulu Spear played at Ashkenaz regularly in later 1980s. Anarchist Coffeehouse true, happened almost monthly from late 1984 through about 1989, then sporadically for a couple of more years. PG&E reactor from 1990 Earth Day march. Funky Nixons formed 1990, included several former LAGers, see July 17 listing just above for contact info. Nevada Test Site true, huge protests in later 1980s, with many LAGers in the organizing groups. Nevada Desert Experience still active as of 2003, (702) 646-4814, www.nevadadesertexperience.org (in the 1980s, the group was known as Lenten Desert Experience). Food Not Bombs' participation in BARF is fictional and anachronistic. FNB started in Boston/Cambridge in 1981. The San Francisco chapter started in the later 1980s, and hundreds of people (including many from Abalone, LAG, and VAC) were arrested in the ensuing years of harassment. The Berkeley/Oakland chapter formed during the Gulf War in early 1991 and was at the center of the defense of People's Park in 1991-92. These and many other FNB groups are active as of this writing, visit www.foodnotbombs.net

September 24 Livermore/Sandia true, 94 total arrests, according to later LAG timeline. Sandia action true. “We’re only fighting” from c. 1983.

October 16 Fictional scene. Café Med, Moe Moskowitz, and Julia Vinograd as described. Moe’s Books is across the street. Julia’s poems are available on Telegraph Avenue. Coming-out story based on 1987 events.

October 27 Spiral Dance generally true. Valencia Street between 16th and 17th as described, description includes spots on both sides of street, but don’t worry, there’s plenty more. Women’s Building, 18th Street near Valencia, as described. Contact www.womensbuilding.org, (415) 431-1180. “Maestrapeace” mural repainted c. 1990 by the Maestrapeace Art Works collective, www.maestrapeace.com. Karina wrap-up true, two-year sentence. Ritual description based on various Reclaiming rituals 1984-2002. The Spiral Dance ritual has taken place in San Francisco nearly every year since 1979 (continuously since the mid-1980s). For more on rituals and magical work, see *The Spiral Dance* by Starhawk. Dancing comes after the God invocation, not the Ancestors (so be ready). “Goddess Song/No End to the Circle” by Starhawk. “Cycles of the Moon” by George Franklin. “Let It Begin” by Starhawk, Lauren Gale, and Amber-Khan-Engel. “Set Sail” by Starhawk and Mara June Quicklightening. All lyrics previously copyrighted and used with permission. Reclaiming, contact www.reclaiming.org, PO Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114. Reclaiming publishes a magazine, *Reclaiming Quarterly*, which has featured the works of numerous former LAGers. Same address, or quarterly@reclaiming.org. Siena Cathedral true. For more information and photos of Siena, visit www.terresiena.it

Moon phases — all moon phases in the book are correct.

That’s all, folks!



The Direct Action collective pulled off a daring daylight billboard alteration.

400 Brian Crowley
 401 Rachel Gertrude Johnson
 402 Rachel Gertrude Johnson
 403 Ted Sahl
 404 Keith Michael Holmes
 405 Ted Sahl
 406 Bob Thawley
 407 Rachel Gertrude Johnson
 410 Ted Sahl
 411 Brian Crowley
 413 Keith Michael Holmes
 419 Unknown*
 420 Bette Lee
 424 Bette Lee
 425 Unknown*
 426 Jack Davis
 426 Jack Davis
 429 Keith Michael Holmes
 429 Bob Thawley
 438 Tom Frideg*
 441 Keith Michael Holmes
 442 Unknown*
 449 George Franklin

Chapter IV

451-454 — see those pages
 458 George Franklin
 459 George Franklin
 464 Unknown*
 465 Unknown*
 468 Ted Sahl
 468 Ted Sahl
 469 Ted Sahl
 470-473 George Franklin
 476 Azienda di Turismo, Siena
 479 Ted Sahl
 480 Unknown*
 484 Commie Dupes AG
 486 Unknown*
 488 George Franklin
 491 Francis Arouet*
 495 Brian Crowley
 495 Brian Crowley
 500 George Franklin
 505 George Franklin
 507 Commie Dupes AG
 510 Martha Fox*
 519 Unknown*
 520 Ted Sahl
 520 Ted Sahl
 520 Ted Sahl
 521 Bette Lee
 521 Bette Lee

Chapter V

525-528 — see those pages
 531 America Narcoleptic
 533 Keith Michael Holmes
 534 Bob Thawley
 534 Bob Thawley
 536 Keith Michael Holmes
 537 Ted Sahl
 538 Keith Michael Holmes
 540 Keith Michael Holmes
 551 George Franklin
 552 M. Collins+
 557 Unknown*
 561 Unknown*
 565 Keith Michael Holmes
 566 Unknown*
 573 Keith Michael Holmes
 574 Unknown*
 577 Martha Fox*
 583 Darren Ching
 593 Unknown*
 600 Bob Thawley
 602 Bob Thawley
 603 Unknown*
 608 Keith Michael Holmes
 608 Keith Michael Holmes
 609 Keith Michael Holmes
 609 Keith Michael Holmes
 611 Unknown*
 612 Unknown*
 615 Bob Thawley
 616 Unknown*
 617 Rachel Gertrude Johnson
 618 Bob Thawley
 619 Keith Michael Holmes
 621 Bob Thawley
 622 Ted Sahl
 625 Bette Lee
 627 Bette Lee
 628 Unknown*
 631 Keith Michael Holmes
 632 Bette Lee
 634 Unknown*
 634 Bette Lee
 637 Unknown*
 638 Unknown*

Epilog

646 BGAN
 647 BGAN
 648 Chris Rossi
 649 Chris Rossi

656 Darren Ching (poster)
 656 Paul Bloom (graffiti)
 657 City Of Berkeley
 658 Mark McDonald
 660 Rachel Gertrude Johnson
 661 Unknown*
 662 courtesy Mark McDonald
 663 Michael E. Bry/SFMT
 663 Michael E. Bry/SFMT
 665 Unknown*
 666 courtesy Mark McDonald
 668 Urban Stonehenge
 669 Steve Nadel
 672 Darren Ching
 674 Ted Sahl
 675 Ted Sahl (2)
 678 Tori Woodard
 679 George Franklin
 680 George Franklin
 691 Azienda di Turismo, Siena
 699 Unknown*
 699 Ilka Hartmann

Handbook

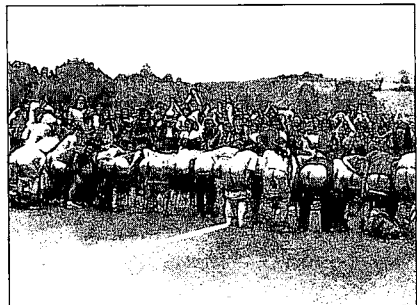
Handbook graphics are from the handbooks. Artists unknown unless noted here*

H-1 Darren Ching
 H-2 Darren Ching
 H-5 Darren Ching
 H-10 Osha Neumann (top)
 H-11 Osha Neumann
 H-13 Peg Averill*
 H-15 Peg Averill*
 H-16 Peg Averill*
 H-18 Peg Averill*

H-19 Peg Averill*
 H-20 Bulbul
 H-21 Jan Mazur
 H-22 Rini Templeton
 H-23 Peg Averill*
 H-26 Darren Ching (pic)
 H-28 Osha Neumann
 H-33 Hal Asua*

Appendices

736 Tori Woodard
 737 Chris Rossi*
 738 belsmith
 739 belsmith
 739 Bette Lee (2)
 739 Ted Sahl
 740 Unknown*
 741 Allie Light*
 742 Big Mountain Support*
 743 Janet Delaney
 745 belsmith
 747 Unknown*
 750-751 Various Artists
 752 Rafael Jesús González
 753 Unknown*
 754 Rafael Jesús González
 758 Leslie McIntyre*
 759 Ted Sahl
 760 Unknown*
 762 Unknown*
 763 Unknown*
 764 Darren Ching
 765 Unknown*
 766 Darren Ching
 767 Chris Rossi*
 768 Brian Crowley
 Back Cover Ted Sahl



German anti-nuclear activists deliver their message to police on a blockade line.

Appendices at www.directaction.org

Even with 768 pages, we couldn't begin to fit everything into this book. So we had to fall back on the internet. Here's a quick guide to the resources you'll find online. If one of these intrigues you and you have absolutely no internet access, send a carrier pigeon to GroundWork, PO Box 14141, San Francisco, CA 94114.

- **Handbook** in printable PDFs — download and print the pages you want
- **Study guide** in printable PDFs — free downloads
- **Direct Action newspaper** — PDF versions of selected pages
- **Photos** — additional photos, color versions of murals, more posters and flyers
- **Stories** — additional actions and narratives posted by readers
- **Discussions and actions** — out-takes, bloopers, alternate scenes, unedited versions
- **Get-involved resources** — books, websites, music, publications, events
- **Bulk discounts** — ordering information and discount schedule

Other Books About LAG

- Barbara Epstein, *Political Protest and Cultural Revolution*
- Starhawk, *Dreaming the Dark, Walking to Mercury, Webs of Power*
- Jim Martin, *1984: The Summer of Hate* (from Flatlands Books, see Resources, next page)
- Susan Moon & Jackie Cabasso, *Risking Peace: Why We Sat in the Road* (from Western States Legal Foundation, see Glossary)

If we missed any books, please let us know for future reprints. Contact info@directaction.org, PO Box 14141, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Bay Area Resources

- *Bay Guardian* — free at news boxes, or www.sfbg.com
- *Street Spirit* — \$1 on East Bay streets
- San Francisco Mime Troupe shows — visit www.sfmt.org
- **Radio** — KPFA (94.1 FM), Berkeley Liberation Radio (104.1 FM), KPOO (89.5 FM)
- **The Long Haul** info shop, 3124 Shattuck Ave (near Woolsey), Berkeley, CA 94705
- **Bound Together** anarchist bookstore, 1369 Haight (at Masonic), San Francisco, CA 94117
- **Modern Times** bookstore, 888 Valencia (near 20th), San Francisco, CA 94110
- **Livermore organizing** — see Glossary for Tri-Valley CAREs and Western States Legal

Study and Action Guide

Whether you are an affinity group, a class, a study group, an activist organization, or a circle of friends, this guide moves from reading to discussion to action.

- Chapter-by-chapter guide for developing and applying the issues raised in the book. Whether you're organizing a revolution or a Solstice ritual (or both), these discussions will shed new light on your work.
- Less talk, more action — local organizing, right where you live, is built into the sessions.
- Ways to share leadership and equalize power within the group.
- Activist, cultural, and legal resources.

Download free printable PDFs from the website. \$3 each in print (order one and make copies). Free with five or more books to the same address. Visit www.directaction.org/guide, or contact GroundWork, PO Box 14141, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Resources

Here's a brief guide. A longer list is posted online at www.directaction.org

- **Indy Media**, outstanding user-posted source of grassroots news and photos. Visit www.indymedia.org for links to local sites.
- **Food Not Bombs**, serving free food and building community since 1981. For local groups contact www.foodnotbombs.net, (520) 770-0575.
- **Earth First!** No compromise in defense of Mother Earth, from educational work to tree-sits. Contact www.earthfirst.org, and check out their magazine, *Earth First! Journal*, www.earthfirstjournal.org, PO Box 3023, Tucson, AZ 85702.
- **Precita Eyes Mural Arts Center** is an artists' consortium which coordinates murals and other artwork in San Francisco, particularly in its home neighborhood, the Mission. Contact (415) 285-2311, pem@precitaeyes.org
- **Reclaiming**, an international community of women and men committed to Witchcraft and magical activism. *Reclaiming Quarterly* features reporting on grassroots activism. Contact www.reclaiming.org, PO Box 14404, San Francisco, CA 94114, (415) 339-8150.
- **The Nuclear Resister** supports imprisoned anti-nuclear and anti-war activists, and has offered great activist news since 1980. Contact www.nonviolence.org/nukeresister, (520) 323-8697.
- **Art & Revolution** is a collective of artists and activists who revitalize political protest by bridging creative culture with struggles for social justice. A&R brings dance, music, theater, and giant puppets to the streets to bring attention to the critical issues of our times. Contact www.artandrevolution.org
- **Flatlands Books** provides a unique range of nonfiction titles by mail order. Many are unavailable elsewhere, on topics such as suppressed science, the global corporate state, Wilhelm Reich and orgone, mind control, conspiracy, UFOs, lodge brothers, and secret societies. Contact www.flatlandbooks.com, (707) 964-8326 (9-5 Pacific Time).
- **"Free Speech Radio"** and **"Democracy Now"** shows appear on many community radio stations across North America.

LAG Discography

LAG never reached consensus on its authorized soundtrack, but here are some essential works that will provide a suitable backdrop for reading this book.

Direct Action Production

Various Artists *Soweto Street Sounds*
 Ferron *Shadows on a Dime*
 Sunny Adé *Juju Music; Live Juju*
 Fela Kuti *Live in Amsterdam, Beasts of No Nation*
 Grateful Dead *American Beauty, Workingman's Dead*
 Bob Marley *Exodus, Uprising*
 Sweet Honey in the Rock
 Various Artists
Zimbabwe Frontline



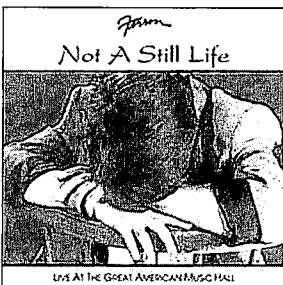
Jeff's Faves

Ferron *Testimony, Not a Still Life*
 Bessie Smith
 John Lee Hooker
Real Folk Blues
 Talking Heads
Songs About Buildings

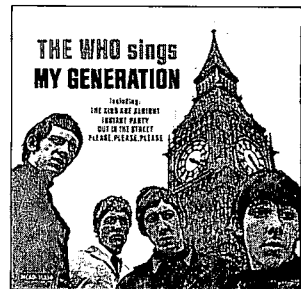


Pinball Classics

The Rolling Stones
 The Who
 Jimi Hendrix
 The Beatles
 Bob Dylan
 Creedence Clearwater Revival
 Grateful Dead
Steal Your Face
 Woodstock Soundtrack



Patti Smith
Horses, Radio Ethiopia
 Woody Guthrie
 Muddy Waters
Chess Hits
 Sex Pistols
 Elvis *Gold Hits*
 Doc Watson



DJ Milhous has threatened to make mixtapes of this music — visit www.directaction.org for info

Raoul's Mix

Grandmaster Flash & Melle Mel *The Message*,
Beat Street

Dead Kennedys *Give Me Convenience or
Give Me Death*

Boogie Down Productions
Criminal Minded

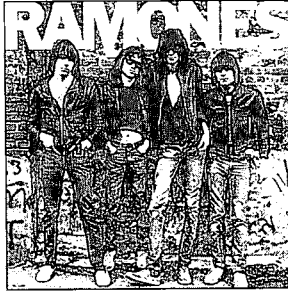
MDC *Millions of Dead Cops*,
Multi-Death Corporations

Run DMC *Run DMC*

The Ramones

Black Uhuru *Brutal Dub*

The Clash *The Clash*,
London Calling



Holly's Music

Sukay *Return of
the Inca*

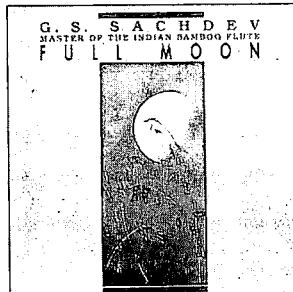
Inti Illimani

Reclaiming
*Let It Begin Now:
Music of the
Spiral Dance*

G. S. Sachdev *Full
Moon*

Miriam Makeba

Lata Mangeshkar *Golden Voices
of Indian Film*



Odds & Ends

John Coltrane

Thelonious Monk

Linda Hirschhorn

Roots & Wings

Dave Lippman *No Sale*

Utah Phillips

Holly Near

John Trudell

Aka Graffiti Man

Funky Nixons

Still Not Crooks



Bedtime

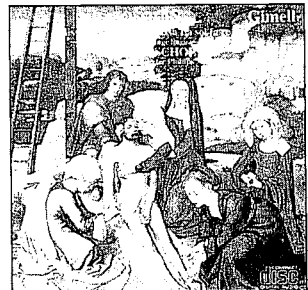
Josquin Des Prez

Guillaume Dufay
Missa Se La Face

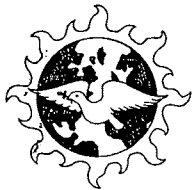
Joseph Haydn
Cello Concertos

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina *Missa Papae Marcelli*,
Missa Hodie Christus Natus Es

J. S. Bach *Cantatas, Cello Suites, Christmas Oratorio*



A CALL FOR INTERNATIONAL DAY OF NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT JUNE 20, 1983



INTRODUCTION

Stand on the moon and look at the earth. In sunlight and solar wind it hangs, a pearl infinitely precious, whole and entire.

Stand on a mountaintop; stand by the sea. Land, air, water—they move round the great arch of earth to meet themselves again. About the globe the mantle of life clings, no less seamless than what it clothes. There are no breaks or barriers, only a million kinds of continuity.

Yet life threatens life with death. Human beings have distorted the variety of life into oppositions and polarities. Many have forgotten that life cannot be divided, only destroyed. In the pursuit of limited and local gains, we risk the loss of everything.

We are killing each other, and killing our planet. Everything we do affects all of us. We need to work together, consciously, for our common good.

The roots of war are deep, and the A-bomb, the H-bomb and the neutron bomb are its most poisonous flowers. They must be eliminated, for they threaten the very existence of life on earth.

At the same time, if we hope to achieve a lasting peace, nuclear disarmament can only be the beginning, the necessary pre-condition, of a profound process of transformation and rebuilding.

The June 1982 U.N. Special Session on Disarmament demonstrated the unwillingness of the world's nuclear powers to disarm. It is clear that we cannot rely on governments to promote peace without serious pressure from their citizens. We as individuals, working with one another all over the earth, must take upon ourselves the responsibility of stopping nuclear destruction.

On the days leading up to the Solstice in June 1983, we call for people all over the world to say NO to nuclear weapons and to the increasing world militarism which squanders precious resources needed for basic human necessities.

We call for, in fact, the celebration of an annual world holiday for peace and justice.

PROPOSAL:

A day of coordinated local actions around the world to resist nuclear arms and power, militarism, intervention, and their social and ecological consequences. People will use whatever non-violent means they think appropriate—civil disobedience, strikes, marches, vigils, demonstrations, individual initiatives, etc.

OBJECTIVES:

To further the causes of 1) global nuclear disarmament, 2) demilitarization and non-intervention, 3) equitable distribution of wealth and resources within and among nations, and 4) a sustainable relationship between the human race and the planet.

To protest, halt, and disrupt the design, production, transport, and deployment of nuclear weapons worldwide for at least one working day.

THE ISSUES

The threat of nuclear war increases each second. An emergency situation confronts us as the world's nuclear powers move closer to deploying first strike weapons, designed not to deter an attack but to launch one. Two of these weapons, the cruise missiles and the Pershing IIs, are slated for deployment in Europe this year, 1983. Plans to test the MX missile in the Pacific also continue for 1983. These dangerous plans must be resisted with all our will.

Funds for human needs are increasingly siphoned off for war preparation while world unemployment, malnutrition, infant mortality, lack of adequate housing, and other societal ills abound. We must work diligently to change the existing social, political, and economic order, nationally and internationally, wherever it fosters suffering and favors war.

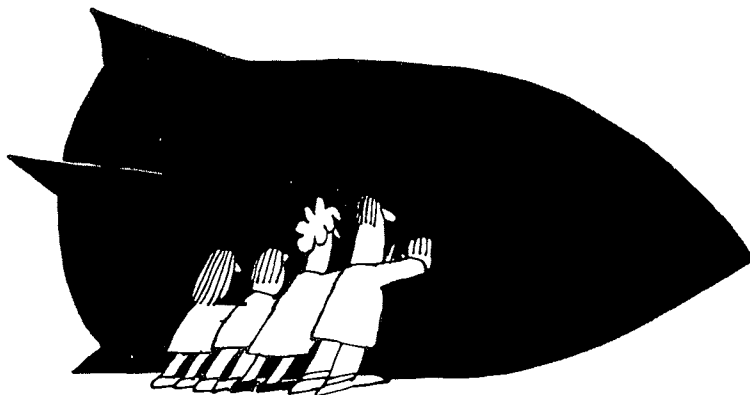
Accelerating militarism increases the likelihood of war, and new "conventional" weapons make war much more violent. Military conscription forces young men, especially poor men, to coerce other people, to kill, and to die. The current military build-up pushes us toward destruction and away from a civilized, peaceable world.

Intervention in the domestic affairs of other countries is bringing death to hundreds of thousands of people each year, and untold misery to others. Wherever intervention exists, it must be opposed, and the right of people to self-determination affirmed.

Discrimination by race, class, sex, age, and religion, is reinforced by a militaristic world. To change that world, we must begin now to live as we would in a more equitable society, and to eliminate these inequities in our daily lives and institutions.

The International Day Call, written by a LAG work group in Fall 1982, spelled out a vision of building a new world, beginning with coordinated direct actions on Summer Solstice 1983. LAG mailed this Call to hundreds of activist groups around the world, with the support of the Mobilization for Survival, the Snake River Alliance, and other networks.

The Call in its final form represented an uneasy compromise between the poetic vision of the Introduction, which spoke for members of the International Day work group, and the list of issues, which was more attuned to Bay Area coalition politics.



THE ISSUES, CONTINUED

Ecological destruction threatens the planet just as surely as does a nuclear holocaust. Immediate steps must be taken to create new ways to live that reward those who work for the enduring health of the land, the air, and the sea, and the health of all who inhabit them. Destructive "development" must be redirected.

Lack of a positive vision of the future hampers us in all we do. Resistance to evil is necessary, but it is not enough. On the International Day let us join one another in imagining and beginning to create a world of peace and justice.

THE DATE—JUNE 20, 1983

Set by the Summer Solstice in the Northern Hemisphere and the Winter Solstice in the Southern Hemisphere, June 20 is a day to affirm life. It is free of ethnic and cultural bias, and emphasizes the integrity of the earth and the universality of the human condition.

We have forgotten our place in nature. Our politics should be rooted in love of the earth. We may gain the vision we desperately need by having our protests and peace festivals coincide with the movements of the earth, the sun, and the moon.

In the emergency brought on by the threatened deployment of the cruise and Pershing II missiles, June 20 gives people time to build international support for European resistance which will culminate in the Autumn of 1983.

1983 is only the start. In 1984, we will continue the dismantling of the machinery of devastation and begin construction of a new world founded on peace. Year by year, we will assemble at or just before the solstice in June, and the balance of our work will tilt gradually from reaction to action, from resistance to creation.

And once peace is achieved—failure is unthinkable; we will succeed—the day will be celebrated in rejoicing for as long as there is an earth to roll around a sun and humans here to perceive it. If this vision seems vast, so much the better, for if we destroy ourselves and the world with us, it will be due not to a failure in technology, strategy or tactics, but to a failure in vision.

THE ACTIONS

Planning for actions on or shortly before the International Day of Nuclear Disarmament is taking place at the local level. All decision-making is decentralized, with the only universal commitments being to non-violent actions and to the date.

Participating organizations are encouraged to form coalitions with other groups in their locale to ensure inclusion of the many important issues relating to nuclear disarmament, and to emphasize to the media the coordinated aspect of the International Day.

Many coalitions are already forming which reach out beyond peace groups to include labor, religious, anti-intervention, anti-conscription, human needs, anti-discrimination, and environmental organizations.

Appropriate actions for June 20 are only as limited in scope as our imaginations.

Non-violent blockades, occupations and other civil disobedience at nuclear weapons facilities and military installations, etc., would occur throughout the world.

Legal marches, vigils, and rallies involving theater, speakers, graphic art, music, dance, poetry, prayers, and meditation, etc., would take place everywhere. Peace camps would be initiated.

Non-violent strikes would halt the design, production, transport and deployment of nuclear weapons for at least one working day. Symbolic work stoppages for shorter lengths of time all over the world would proclaim solidarity with these strikes and other non-violent actions.

Conferences, teach-ins, art festivals, religious services, and mass demonstrations during the week and weekend before June 20th would awaken people to the issues involved.

On June 20th itself, people unable to leave their homes or workplaces would telephone friends, public officials, radio and television stations, newspapers, etc., to voice their objection to the nuclear holocaust being prepared for us.

Nuclear Free Zones would be declared in cities, regions, neighborhoods, and buildings.

Businesses and homes would hang anti-nuclear posters and banners on their windows and doors, and create entire window displays devoted to nuclear disarmament. A prayer in each city and village at sunset on June 20th would completely circle the earth as it spins around the sun.

Like the June 1982 Livermore action, the 1983 action was synchronized with Summer Solstice, connecting the action to the cycles of the Earth. Organizers of International Day aimed to reach beyond specific groups and political cultures and link to a global movement for peace and justice.

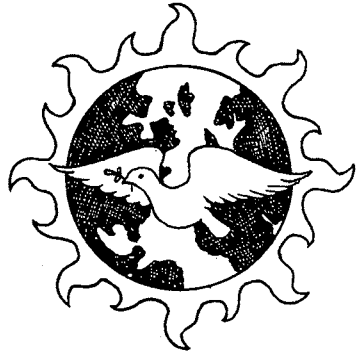
The call for actions, rallies, and educational events at weapons facilities was realized the first year. Other aspects, like strikes shutting down weapons plants, were visionary.

THE SPONSOR

Livermore Action Group (LAG) formed following the failure of conventional appeals and lawsuits to convert Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, one of the United States' two nuclear weapons design labs, to peaceful research. LAG members staged six non-violent blockades of the Lab in 1982, the largest resulting in the arrest of more than 1300 people. LAG remains committed to the tactic of non-violent civil disobedience for the purpose of converting or shutting down the Lab.

Livermore Action Group is currently working in coalition with California groups to organize civil disobedience at Vandenberg Air Force Base near Santa Barbara, California, to protest the first test firing of the MX missile. LAG will also undertake another massive blockade of the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory on the International Day of Nuclear Disarmament, June 20, 1983.

This call for action is issued in cooperation with the Mobilization for Survival in the United States.

**SPONSOR'S ROLE**

Livermore Action Group's role in the International Day of Nuclear Disarmament is that of a clearinghouse for the network of groups organizing actions in their own areas. LAG is offering a handbook, a series of action bulletins, and a common graphic for the International Day.

HANDBOOK

Livermore Action Group will publish a handbook in March 1983 for United States participants in the International Day. The handbook, about 100 pages in length, will include the following sections: a) introduction (nature of the Day); b) process (non-violence, civil disobedience, affinity group structure, consensus); c) planning the action; d) perspectives on the movement; e) information and analysis on nuclear weapons, militarism, intervention, and associated issues; and f) resources (e.g., the location of nuclear facilities). Groups both new and old will find material here to help them in organizing, funding, and carrying out their local actions and in writing their educational literature and publicity. They will also find an extensive presentation of methods and models for working well in groups. The handbook builds upon its predecessors and the experiences and knowledge of more than 50 writers.

HOW TO GET INVOLVED

Organize a non-violent protest in your area on or shortly before June 20, 1983.

Form a coalition with other organizations.

Mail a report of your planned action for inclusion in the action bulletin.

Send in your group's name to be listed as a participant in the International Day.

Distribute this flyer to everyone you know around the world.

Write articles about International Day in your local newspapers.

Return the coupon on this page to:

Livermore Action Group
3126 Shattuck Avenue
Berkeley, California 94705
U.S.A.

Telephone: 415/644-3031

COMMON GRAPHIC

The graphic on this page is offered as a common symbol for the International Day of Nuclear Disarmament. A common graphic would be widely recognized and serve to emphasize the unity of our commitment.

The symbol incorporates three elements: the sun (whose rays are positioned to point to the directions of the compass), the earth super-imposed upon the sun, and the dove (universal symbol of peace) whose wings span the earth.

The symbol could appear on T-shirts, buttons, banners, communiques, and press releases related to the International Day. If you would like to design your own symbol, you might consider incorporating these three elements (the sun, the earth, and the dove) in your design.

ACTION BULLETIN

LAG will also publish a series of action bulletins on a regular basis from March to June 1983. The bulletin will contain news about actions planned on the International Day all over the world. Everyone interested in learning the totality of events on the International Day is encouraged to subscribe to the action bulletin and send articles for it about their planned actions to Livermore Action Group.

| Organization _____

| Contact person _____

| Address _____

| _____

| Telephone _____

| _____

| List our group as a participant

| Send handbook and action bulletins (enclose \$7 individual rate or \$15 group rate)

| Send ordering information for International Day posters, T-shirts, more flyers, buttons, bumper stickers, etc.

| Enclosed is a donation (\$5-\$5000) to help publicize International Day around the world

| _____

| (Checks made payable to Capp Street Foundation/Livermore Action Group are tax deductible in the United States.)

Over 300 groups, mainly in the U.S., Europe, Japan, and Australia, answered the Call, with over twenty organizing civil disobedience actions. A sampling is listed on the following pages.

The work group produced a 104-page handbook, which provided material for the handbook in this Appendix (see page 700). Articles also appear in Handbook for Nonviolent Action, published by the War Resisters League. Contact www.warresisters.org, (212) 228-6193.

International Day Participants

a partial list of participants, actions, and events on and around June 20, 1983

San Francisco Bay Area

- Berkeley** Cycling for Nuclear Disarmament
- Berkeley** Urban Ecology workshop on cars
- Concord** CISPES march to Concord Naval Weapons Station
- Livermore** Livermore Action Group blockade of Livermore Lab
- Livermore** Hands Around Livermore Lab
- Oakland** Fellowship of Humanity debate on disarmament
- Oakland** Pro-Arts driftwood art installation in the mudflats
- San Francisco** Bay Area Asians for Nuclear Disarmament workshop and film
- San Francisco** Bay Area Artists for Nuclear Disarmament exhibit
- San Francisco** International Indian Treaty Council event
- San Francisco** Buddhist Circle for Peace morning meditation and silent walk
- Silicon Valley** Mid-Peninsula Peace Center peace camp
- Walnut Creek** Contra Costans for a Nuclear-Free Future musical festival

California

- Chico** Chico People for a Nuclear-Free Future demonstration
- Claremont** Peace and Justice Coalition event
- Fort Bragg** People for a Nuclear-Free Future event
- Fresno** Sequoia Alliance civil disobedience action at Lemoore Air Station
- Friant** Mountain People nuclear free zone campaign
- Los Angeles** Alliance for Survival peace celebration
- Occidental** Bohemian Grove Action Network event
- Ojai** World Peace Movement event
- Oxnard/Pt. Mugu** Peace Action at Mugu rally and civil disobedience
- Palo Alto** Community Against Nuclear Extinction (CANE) event
- Petaluma** HOPE event
- Pomona** Alliance for Survival peace walk
- Riverside** Alliance for Survival rally
- San Diego** Community Energy Action Network civil disobedience at Pt. Loma
- San Jose** San Jose Peace Center event
- San Luis Obispo** Vandenberg Action Coalition occupation of Vandenberg AFB
- Santa Barbara** Nuclear Free California nuclear free zone declaration
- Santa Cruz** Sisters Rising Affinity Group civil disobedience action at Lockheed
- Santa Monica** Women's Rand Action rally and tea party at Rand Corporation
- Santa Rosa** SONOMore Atomics event
- Ukiah** Coalition for Peace on Earth civil disobedience at recruiting station
- Venice** Alliance for Survival event
- Visalia** Sequoia Alliance event
- Wilbur Springs** Wilbur Hot Springs Group event

continued on next page

International Day Participants

a partial list, continued from preceding page

Northwestern United States

- Milwaukie OR** People's Test Ban picket at Precision CastParts Corporation
Portland OR People's Test Ban event
Kent WA Puget Sound Women's Peace Camp at Boeing
Kent WA Greenpeace direct action at cruise missile plant
Spokane WA Walk Into the Future to Fairchild AFB
Bangor WA Port Townsend Peace Coalition vigil at Trident Submarine Base
Conrad MT Silence One Silo event
Laramie WY Wyoming Citizens Alliance event
Pocatella ID Peace and Justice Center phone-in to Senator's office
Ketchum ID Groundwater Alliance event
Idaho Falls ID Citizens for Nuclear Weapons Awareness event
Sandpoint, Lewiston, and Blackfoot ID SANE and Ground Zero events
Couer d'Alene ID Pine Cone Alliance event
McCall, Buhl, Boise, Twin Falls, and Nampa ID Snake River Alliance events

Southwestern United States

- Tempe/Scottsdale AZ** Nuclear Resister vigil at Palo Verde Nuclear Station
Tucson AZ Cruise Conversion Alert rally at Davis Monthan AFB
Big Mountain (AZ) Big Mountain Diné Nation peace vigil
Las Vegas NV Greenpeace peace procession
Albuquerque NM Disarmament Coalition civil disobedience at Kirtland AFB
Santa Fe NM Project Lighthawk event
Amarillo TX Texas Clergy and Laity Concerned vigil at Pantex weapons plant
El Paso TX El Pasoans for a Nuclear Free Future rally at Fort Bliss
Salt Lake City UT Utahns for a Nuclear Weapons Freeze vigil

Midwestern United States

- Cedar Rapids IA** Ames Peace Network rally and peace camp
Omaha NE New Covenant Justice and Peace and Omaha Pax Christi events
Emporia KS Emporians for Nuclear Disarmament vigil
Kansas City MO Cowtown Alliance march
West Plains MO Ozarks Area Community Congress leafletting at Southwest Truck Body
Chicago IL Disarm Northrup Action Coalition blockade at Northrup Defense Systems
Corydon IN Corydon Peace Group letter-writing campaign
Detroit MI Mobilization for Survival event
Bay City MI Bay Area Peace Coalition leafletting near Wurtsmith AFB
Ann Arbor MI Michigan Alliance for Peace event
Walled Lake MI Michigan Alliance for Peace protest at Williams International
Minneapolis MN Honeywell Project legal demonstration (leading to later direct action)
Madison WI Disarmament Now and Peacemakers direct action at Math Research Center
Milwaukee WI Mobilization for Survival event

Southeastern United States

- Washington DC** World Federalist Student Division vigil
Baltimore MD Nuclear Free America event
Arlington VA International Disarmament Organization event
Orlando FL People for Disarmament legal protest at Martin Marietta
St. Petersburg FL Immanuel House blockade of General Electric Neutron Devices Plant
New Orleans LA Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament event

Northeastern United States

- Groton CT** June Coalition civil disobedience at Electric Boat and British Trident
Norwich CT War Resisters League event
Vermont Yankee VT Vermont Yankee Decommissioning Alliance event
Central VT Central Vermont Safe Energy Coalition event
Burlington VT Burlington Peace Coalition civil disobedience at General Electric
Cambridge MA Ailanthus Community civil disobedience at Draper Labs
Westborough MA Worcester Coalition for Disarmament direct action at GTE
New Bedford MA New Bedford Freeze Group protest at Federal Building
Albany NY Knolls Action Project direct action at Knolls Atomic Power Labs
Genesee NY Genesee Valley Citizens for Peace event
New York NY Fourth Wall Repertory Company event
New York NY Mobilization for Survival event
Pittsburgh PA Thomas Merton Center event

Other Countries

- Morales, Mexico** World Constitution and Parliament Association event
Quandra Island BC Christian Peace Agitators peace boat
Vancouver Island BC Denman Island Peace Group protest at Canadian Forces Base
Victoria BC Greater Victoria Disarmament Coalition vigil at Legislative Building
Tokyo, Japan Japan Citizens' League rally and march with over 100 peace groups
Brisbane, Australia United Nations Association of Australia anti-nuclear march
Sidney, Australia United Nations Association of Australia anti-nuclear march
Adelaide, Australia Campaign Against Nuclear Energy event
Dunedin, New Zealand Peace Action Dunedin rally and letter deluge
Tel-Aviv-Jaffa, Israel International Movement of Conscientious War Resisters event
Leeds, England Headingley Peace Action blockade at Tarmac
Paris, France L'Alliance Internationale pour le Disarmament peace march to Geneva
Vienna, Austria Arbeitsgemeinschaft für Zivildienst street theater
Berlin, Germany Frauen für den Frieden rally
Bielefeld, Germany Christian and nonviolent groups five-day public fast
Bremmerhaven, Germany Nonviolent blockade at Carl-Schurz Kaserne (U.S. Army base)
Trier, Germany Demonstration at Bittburg (U.S. military base)
Krefeld, Germany Friedensinitiative Neuss protest of Vice President Bush's visit
Filderstadt, Germany Banner-hanging and bicycling for disarmament
Dortmund, Germany Gewaltfreie Aktionsgruppe Dortmund vigil and demonstration
Ohain, Belgium Brabant-Ecologie event
Milano, Italy Centro per la Nonviolenza program for peace
Copenhagen, Sweden Forsvar-Militaerkenntisk Magasin event

Glossary of Groups and Terms

pronunciations in "quotes"

Abalone Alliance Forerunner of LAG, direct action group focused on the nuclear power plant at Diablo Canyon. Organized actions from 1976-1984. *See Diablo Canyon.*

Affinity Group Also AG, small groups for direct action organizing. Everyone participating in actions at Livermore or Vandenberg was expected to be in an affinity group. Some AGs existed for two or three years. Most lasted for one or two actions. Some were intentional groups, such as teachers, anarchists, Catholics, gays, etc. Others were simply a group of people who happened to take their nonviolence prep together. *See Cluster, and also LAG Structure chart, page 766.*

AFSC American Friends Service Committee, "AFSC." Social service wing of the pacifist Society of Friends (Quakers). AFSC played a major role in establishing a series of nonviolence guidelines which many direct actions, including the Livermore and Vandenberg actions, adopted. Also promoted a broader idea of "process," including consensus and feminism.

Anarchist A title loosely used by many organizers of the War Chest Tours, Rock Against Reagan, and the street-protest contingent within LAG. The emphasis was on nonhierarchical, decentralized organizing. Most LAG-affiliated anarchists were committed to nonviolence. Some others who took part in 1984 protests depicted in this book were less so. Bound Together Bookstore on Haight Street was (is) a hub of anarchist organizing in the City, along with a network of collective houses in the Mission and nearby neighborhoods. The collective houses sponsored the Anarchist Coffeehouse, 1984-1989.

Arraignment The first court appearance following arrest. Usually occurs within a couple of working days, or at a later date if you "cited out." At arraignment charges are formally read, and you enter a plea (not-guilty, no-contest, or guilty). Never plead "guilty," or you may face civil liability. Plead "no-contest" only if an attorney you trust assures you of the sentence and it is acceptable. If you have any doubts, plead not-guilty. Blockaders pleading not-guilty are usually released without bail, with a date set for further hearings. If you plead no-contest, you may be immediately sentenced, or a future sentencing date may be set. Arraignment is ordinarily individual, and only solidarity tactics can compel

the court to arraign protesters en masse. *See O.R., and Legal Flowchart in Handbook.*



London anti-nuclear "symbolic dyings" like this May 1983 protest...

BARF Berkeley Anti-Reagan Festival, begun in 1982 by Berkeley Citizen's Action. LAG organized BARF III on September 22, 1984. BCA candidates had speaking spots.

BART Bay Area Rapid Transit, light-rail trains that connect the Central Bay Area.

Berkeley Citizen's Action BCA was a progressive electoral slate allied with Congressman Ron

Dellums. Shared an office with LAG, 1982-1985. BCA held the mayor's seat (Gus Newport) and a City Council majority in these years, with a notable record on both local and international affairs. LAGers volunteered with BCA around election time, but otherwise there was little overlap.

Bohemian Grove — See *Fact and Fiction Appendix for September 22, 1984.*

CD Civil disobedience.

“Doing CD” was the expression for doing nonviolent direct action. Other expressions included “doing the action” or “getting busted.”

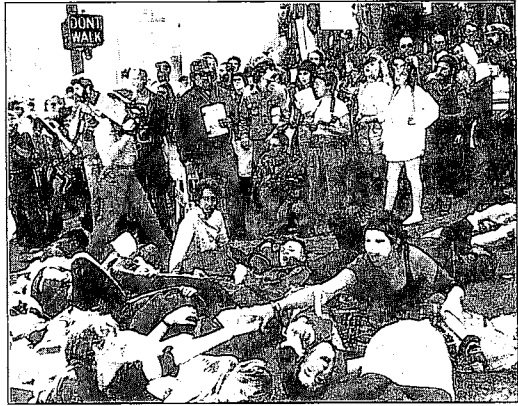
Change of Heart Cluster Jeff, Holly, and Angie's cluster, also included Karina, Sara, Doc and Enola Gay, Moonstone and Deadheads for Peace, Alby, Megan, and initially Daniel, Hank, Caroline, and the Commie Dupes. Formed June 1982, dissolved around June 1984. Change of Heart people helped organize the Anarchist Coffeehouse. See *Anarchist*.

CIA Central Intelligence Agency (also known as the Cocaine Import Agency during the Reagan-Bush era). The U.S.'s covert, extra-legal global intervention network, with a long record of election-fixing, assassination, and destabilization around the globe. Especially active in Central America during the early 1980s. Vice President Bush was a former CIA Director. The CIA was officially barred from domestic operations, where quasi-legal groups like the FBI and Cointelpro picked up the slack.

CISPES Committee In Solidarity with the People of El Salvador. U.S.-based organization supporting leftist rebels in El Salvador. The largest of the Bay Area “solidarity” groups, often organized legal protests against visiting government figures. Non-dogmatic leftist orientation, hierarchical structure, more connected to the Bay Area progressive mainstream than LAG, with whom CISPES worked in coalitions. See *El Salvador*.

Cite Out To sign a police citation acknowledging your arrest (but not your guilt) and promising to appear in court on the specified date. The opportunity to cite out is offered at the police's discretion, and is not a legal right. Protesters might accept it to get out of jail faster, or refuse it as a solidarity tactic — particularly if only part of the group is being offered cite-outs. See *O.R., Arraignment, and Legal Flowchart in the Handbook*. See also *discussions in Chapter II*.

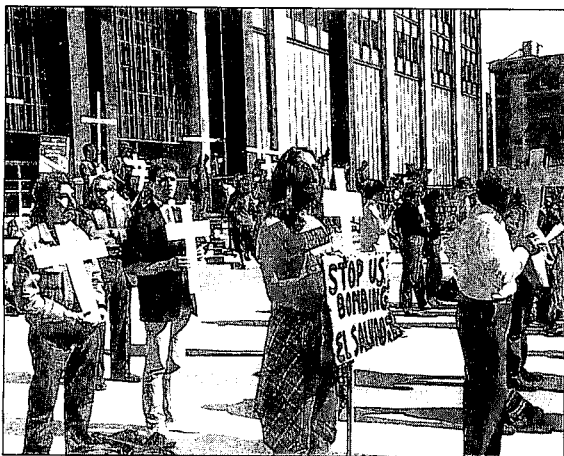
Civil Rights Movement General term for a series of nonviolent direct action protests beginning in the Southern states in the 1950s and gradually spreading across the country. The Civil Rights Movement was probably the most successful and influential nonviolent direct action movement in this country's history. Organized on a mixed model of hierarchical organizations like the NAACP coupled with a decentralized network of churches and community groups, the Civil Rights Movement was a focused, sustained uprising that rewrote laws and social mores. See *discussions in Chapter IV-V*.



...inspired “die-ins” in San Francisco from October 24, 1983 to the present.

Cluster Umbrella group of five to ten AGs. In large actions at Livermore, Vandenberg, and Diablo Canyon, over a hundred affinity groups took part. Most, especially smaller AGs, banded together in clusters. Clusters, not AGs, sent spokes to the jail spokescouncils. A handful of clusters lasted for a couple of years. Most, were ad hoc formations for a specific action. *See Affinity Group, and LAG structure chart, page 766.*

Consensus A complex and much-debated process for bringing a group to a unified decision. Consensus does not mean that everyone agrees with or fully supports the decision. It means that most people support it and none of the others find it morally offensive. LAG, Abalone Alliance, and VAC all used consensus for spokescouncils, affinity group process, and in-jail decision making. To signal consensus (or agreement) in a meeting, hold up both hands and twinkle your fingers. *See Handbook section on Consensus.*



The Pledge of Resistance organized protests at the San Francisco Federal Building in 1984-1985, culminating in a Spring 1985 action with nearly 1000 arrests.

Coordinating Council Weekly meeting of spokes from LAG work groups. Responsible for finances, staff, office, and day-to-day operations. *See Work Group, and LAG structure chart, page 766.*

Cruise Missiles One of the “Euromissiles.” Cruise missiles were small, portable missiles

launched from air, land, or sea. Computer guidance systems allowed the missile to fly below radar level, posing a huge threat to the Soviet Union’s defenses. *See Euromissiles, First Strike.*

Dellums, Ron Congressional representative from Berkeley and parts of Oakland, Ron Dellums was an outspoken opponent of Reaganism in all its forms. One of the two foremost voices of African American politics in the 1980s. Dellums’ successor was Barbara Lee, who opposed the war-making efforts of the second Bush administration.

Democrats The more moderate of the mainstream parties. While the Republicans advocated the immediate and total destruction of the environment and the social infrastructure, the Democrats felt it should be done more slowly.

Diablo Canyon Nuclear power plant begun during the last gasp of the atomic-power boom in the early 1970s, situated along an earthquake fault north of Los Angeles. Protests in 1979 and 1981, resulting in over 2000 arrests, ended with the revelation of flaws in the plant’s safety plans. But a makeover of blueprints and some timely campaign contributions secured the licensing of the plant, which was crucial in allowing PG&E to pass along the project’s massive losses to ratepayers. Abalone Alliance has organized resistance to

Diablo for years, contact (415) 861-0592, www.energy-net.org, abalone@energy-net.org

Direct Action Literally, to take direct action to alter one's environment, whether by creativity, persuasion, or force. As used in the Bay Area for over twenty years, it refers to nonviolent protests in which there is a risk of arrest. The antithesis of direct action is voting, in which we delegate our power. (The name "Direct Action" was also used by at least two small 1980s groups convicted of political bombings, one in Vancouver, BC, and the other in France. A LAG media spoke, asked about one such group, said, "I sympathize with their frustration and anger, but I completely disagree with their response.")

Direct Action Newspaper LAG newspaper published Fall 1982-Fall 1986, 25 issues total. The first two were called the "LAG Rag." By about issue #6, the paper reached 20 tabloid pages (30,000 words). Entire pages of each issue were dedicated to local protests, regional North American events, and European demonstrations and direct actions. Many issues also carried two-page spreads on topics such as the Middle East, the Philippines, the nuclear arms race, Native American news, Central America, and other related matters. *Selected pages of Direct Action may be posted at www.directaction.org*

El Salvador Central American country torn by civil war in which thousands died. Reagan and the CIA supported a right-wing government and its military death squads against a socialist movement called the FMLN. A U.S.-based group called CISPES worked to build opposition to Reagan's policy. *See CISPES.*

Emergency Response Network The ERN was a LAG proposal in Fall 1983 in response to intervention in Central America. The network was never activated. In late 1984 a faith-based group called Pledge of Resistance picked up the idea, leading to a Spring 1985 action at the San Francisco Federal Building in which about 800 people were arrested. Other actions happened around the country at the same time, helping turn the tide against Reagan's policies in the region.

Euromissiles Popular name for the Cruise and Pershing II missiles, part of the U.S.'s First Strike strategy. Deployment of the Cruise and Pershing II missiles in Europe in the winter of 1983-84 prompted the Soviet Union to put their nuclear forces on alert and created the most dangerous standoff between the superpowers since the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis. *See Cruise, Pershing II, First Strike.*

Feinstein, Diane Mayor of San Francisco c. 1978-1987, California Senator since 1992. A true bi-partisan, Feinstein registered Democrat and voted Republican. Owed her career to millionaire landlord husband, who reaped generous rewards on his political investment.

First Strike The U.S.'s First-Strike strategy called for a sneak attack in which the MX and the submarine-launched Cruise missiles would so devastate the Soviet Union that they would be incapable of mounting a counter-attack. Although never an overt part of U.S. policy, security leaks provided sufficient information for critics to piece together the plan. Critics of First Strike eventually convinced enough policy-makers of the devastation such an attack would wreak on Earth's environment, and the plan was scrapped — after corporations had reaped billions in profits. *See MX, Cruise, Pershing II, Euromissiles.*

Freeze The Nuclear Weapons Freeze campaign was a nonbinding anti-nuclear referendum passed by several dozen cities and states starting about 1979, often winning large majorities. The Freeze was on the California ballot in November 1982. Livermore Lab joined a host of defense corporations in lobbying against it. Faced with that financial onslaught, the Freeze barely passed in California, and the movement faded.

Grenada Caribbean island-state which elected a socialist “New Jewel” government in 1983. In late October 1983, facing a dismal economy and failed policies in the Middle East, Reagan mounted an invasion of Grenada. The elected government was deposed, puppets installed, and Reagan’s ratings soared, initiating a pattern that grew familiar during the Bush administrations.

International Day of Nuclear Disarmament A proposal consensed at the August 1982 LAG Congress calling on peace and disarmament groups around the world to do local, decentralized actions around Summer Solstice 1983. LAG planned its second major blockade of Livermore Lab, networked among participating groups, and coordinated media coverage. Over 300 groups, mainly in the U.S., Europe, Japan, and Australia, took part in some way, with about twenty different CD actions. Planners envisioned International Day as an annual event. But dissension within LAG (particularly opposition to the “new-age” tone of the event) sidetracked it and there was never a follow-up. See *International Day Call*, page 752, and discussions in Chapters I and II.

Jesse Jackson African American social activist from Chicago with roots in the Civil Rights Movement. Jackson stepped into the vacuum of 1984 and helped initiate a “Rainbow Coalition” that articulated a vision of peace and justice. He became a credible liberal contender, with about twenty percent of the vote in some primaries. Once Mondale clinched the nomination to face Reagan, Jackson withdrew, but he and the Rainbow Coalition remained a progressive voice in the Democratic Party for years.

Livermore Action Group LAG was a loose organization/network that organized protests at Livermore Nuclear Weapons Lab and elsewhere from 1982-1985. For ongoing Livermore organizing, see *Tri-Valley CAREs and Western States Legal Foundation*.



NUCLEAR WAR?

PROTEST

The Arms Race

Demand the conversion of Lawrence Livermore Lab to peaceful and constructive purposes.

RALLY January 30
Saturday, 12 noon - Provo Park
Berkeley

Non-violent
Civil Disobedience
at the gates to
Livermore Lab
Monday, Feb. 1

for more information call:
941-7994 or 548-4996

You have the right to a livable world.

February 1, 1982 poster. 170 people were arrested in this first mass action at the Lab.

Livermore Lab Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory is one of two federally-funded weapons labs (along with Los Alamos). In the 1970s and 80s, LLNL was the designer of the Neutron Bomb and nuclear warheads for the Cruise and Pershing II missiles. Seven thousand research and support personnel used the most sophisticated technology tax dollars could buy to devise new and improved ways to destroy the planet. Livermore Lab, the younger of the two national weapons labs, was founded when Edward Teller and others argued that competition would be beneficial for weapons development.

Los Alamos National Laboratory Livermore Lab’s older rival. Los Alamos was the home of the H-bomb. Located in the New Mexico desert, Los Alamos was more insulated from protest than Livermore. However, citizen’s groups have tracked Los Alamos’s work for years, particularly nuclear waste issues. Contact Los Alamos Study Group, www.lasg.org, (505) 982-7747.

Mobilization for Survival Anti-militarist coalition of several hundred grassroots groups across the U.S., with regional offices in New York City and Milwaukee. The Mobe endorsed International Day in 1983, and many Mobe "locals" participated.

Mondale, Walter Democratic Party nominee/sacrificial lamb to Reagan in 1984. The moderate-liberal Senator from Minnesota was never close to Reagan in the polls after the Summer conventions. Abandoned by corporate election funders, he lost in a landslide.

MX Missile The U.S. military's proposed \$70 billion intercontinental ballistic missile whose speed and pinpoint accuracy represented a major escalation of the arms race by the United States. The MX featured multiple nuclear warheads capable of striking Soviet targets with extreme accuracy and force. It was planned as part of a new U.S. first-strike strategy. *See also Vandenberg, First Strike.*

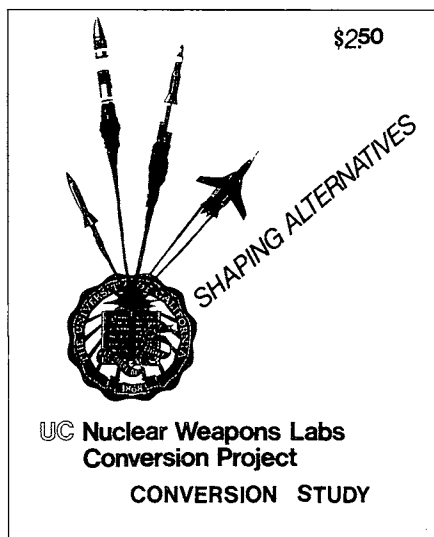
NATO North Atlantic Treaty Organization, one of two alliances (along with the Moscow-centered Warsaw Pact) that divided Europe during the Cold War era, 1945-1989. NATO was dominated by the U.S. and its nuclear arsenal. The U.S. State Department and the CIA routinely intervened in Western European politics to keep the alliance in line.

Nicaragua Central American country where a 1979 revolution by the openly-socialist Sandinistas toppled a longtime U.S. puppet government. Then-President Carter gave support to the Sandinistas, who worked to rebuild the country. After Reagan came to power, the CIA covertly funneled millions of dollars to right-wing "Contra" rebels trying to destabilize the Sandinistas and restore a pro-corporate government.

Nonviolence LAG, VAC, and Abalone actions were committed to nonviolence. Most actions explicitly used Nonviolence Guidelines, which were printed in the handbooks. Property destruction, which later was more of an issue, was not particularly debated in these years. *See Handbook section on Nonviolence.*

O.R., Own Recognizance To be released from jail with no bail, on a promise to return on a specified date. O.R. release typically follows arraignment, in contrast to "cite out," which can happen from jail or at the arrest site. *See Arraignment, and Legal Flowchart in the Handbook.*

Overthrow Cluster Leftist-oriented cluster, a haven for LAGers like Mort and Craig. Overthrow activists emphasized coalition work, tying LAG's anti-nuclear work to a broad range of social and economic issues. Overthrow also provided a spark for theatrical organizing — the grim reaper, nukecycle, and other props sprung from this cluster.



1980-81 study released by the UC Nuclear Weapons Labs Conversion Project, an activist/educational forerunner of LAG.

People's Convention Bay Area Coalition to organize an alternative convention at the time of the 1984 Democratic Convention (other years in other cities). Initiated by the Communist Workers' Party (here "RWP"). LAG took a small part. *See RWP.*

Pershing II One of the "Euromissiles." *See Euromissiles.*

Pledge of Resistance *See Emergency Response Network.*

Plowshares Actions A series of nonviolent direct actions beginning in the late 1960s and continuing to the present, in which activists (often coming from a faith-based perspective) enter a military installation and do symbolic damage to property such as draft files or missile parts. The prophetic image of hammering on a sword to fashion a plowshare (Isaiah 2:4) gives the group its name. Contact Jonah House, (410) 233-6238, disarmnow@erols.com

Process Catch-all term (also "feminist process") for consensus, collectivity, nonhierarchy, etc. AGs were expected to have "good process." *See Handbook on Consensus and Process.*

Reclaiming Anarchist-Pagan group that coalesced during protests at Diablo Canyon, Livermore, and Vandenberg. Today, several dozen local groups around North America and Europe organize rituals and grassroots political actions. Numerous Direct Action writers have written for *Reclaiming Quarterly*, Reclaiming's magazine. Visit www.reclaiming.org, and also www.starhawk.org. *See final scene of Epilog.*

Russia The most powerful of the various states in the USSR. "Russia" was the name by which most Americans knew the entire USSR. From 1945-1989, the word "Russia" called forth the spectre of "Communist Totalitarianism" in all its nuclear terror. *See USSR.*

RPF Revolutionary People's Front. Fictional/archetypal Marxist-Leninist-Maoist party. The RPF has a street-adventurist orientation. There were a couple of dozen alphabet-soup leftist parties in the Bay Area, with 20-100 members each. The RPF and RWP reflect some of the tendencies of these dedicated, dogmatic groups.

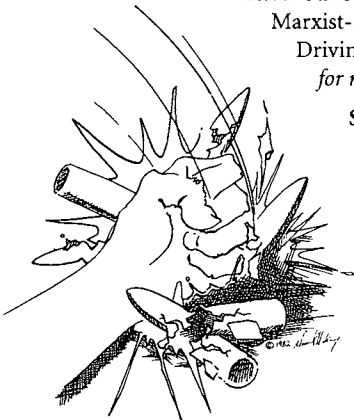
RWP Revolutionary Workers Party. Fictional/archetypal Marxist-Leninist party. More coalition-minded than most. Driving force behind the 1984 People's Convention. *See RPF for more on leftist groups.*

San Francisco Mime Troupe *See Fact and Fiction Appendix, September 22, 1984.*

Spokes Spokespeople, i.e., representatives of AGs or clusters to a spokescouncil, which was the main decisionmaking body for actions. *See LAG Structure chart, page 766.*

Tri-Valley CARES Communities Against a Radioactive Environment, a Livermore Valley-based group which coalesced around the Livermore peace camp in 1984 and has been active ever since in education and organizing around Livermore Lab. Contact www.trivalleycares.org, (925) 443-7148.

UC University of California at Berkeley, also "Berkeley" or "Cal." A beautiful campus marred



Two graphic facets of LAG.
Above, an Overthrow Cluster fist.
Top right, an International Day dove.

by a reactionary Board of Regents. At least through 2003, UC managed Livermore and Los Alamos nuclear weapons labs and Nevada Test Site, providing a cloak of academic credibility for the research and testing of weapons of mass destruction.

UC Nuclear Weapons Labs Conversion Project

Activist/educational forerunner to LAG, focused on research and education about the role of Livermore and Los Alamos Labs in the nuclear weapons complex as well as the University of California's complicity as manager of the weapons labs and the Nevada Nuclear Test Site. The Conversion Project's work gave LAG a factual basis for its critiques, and demonstrated that work through legal channels would not change the policies of these institutions.



Urban Ecology Educational and activist group based in Berkeley working to promote ecological awareness in cities, including urban gardens, planning issues, and transportation. Contact (510) 251-6330, www.urbanecology.org

Urban Stonehenge Anarchist collective household on Potrero Hill in San Francisco, founded c. 1980 and still active in 2003. Core organizing space for the decentralized 1983 Vandenberg actions, the War Chest Tours, and the Anarchist Coffeehouse. *See Anarchist.*

USSR Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, or Soviet Union, commonly called "Russia" in the U.S. The USSR was the second superpower, the only country in the world capable of challenging the U.S. at a nuclear level. The USSR was never remotely the military or economic equal of the U.S., but the Reagan administration manipulated statistics to make it appear that the USSR was "ahead" in the arms race — justifying hundreds of billions of dollars of corporate subsidies for new nuclear weapons. *See Russia.*

Vandenberg Action Coalition VAC was a coalition of peace and anti-nuke groups from around California dedicated to stopping the MX test in 1983. LAG was the largest of the member groups. In practice, LAG tended to pursue its own agenda regarding the MX protests, and VAC became a pole for anarchist/decentralist critics of LAG, leading to a major split among anti-MX organizers. *See Chapter I and II.*

Vandenberg Air Force Base Missile test facility located near Santa Barbara, CA. Tests of the MX missile were planned from Vandenberg in Spring 1983. *See MX.*

War Chest Tours Protests during the 1984 Democratic Convention in San Francisco. Not officially a LAG action, although organizing group included LAGers. Tours targeted military corporations which subsidized both Republicans and Democrats. Several hundred people were arrested. Similar protests were organized at the 1984 Republican Convention in Dallas, and possibly elsewhere in other years. *See Chapters IV and V.*

Western States Legal Foundation Peace and disarmament advocacy group which has kept pressure on Livermore Lab and the national nuclear weapons complex around issues of new weapons programs, toxic waste, and accountability. Contact www.wslfweb.org, (510) 839-5877.

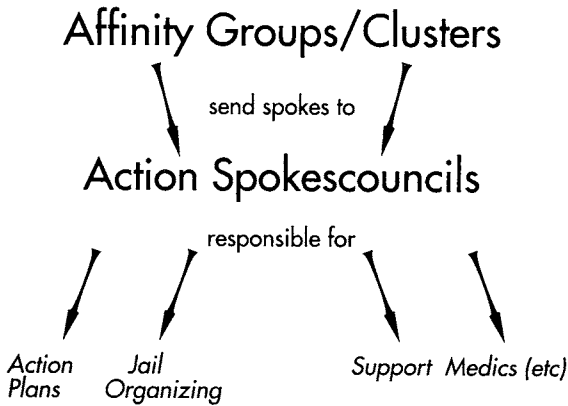
Work Groups Work Groups in LAG were volunteer collectives of five to twenty people organized around specific tasks. Some were stable, others came and went. Around major actions, a hundred or more people would be in work groups, some in several at a time.

Livermore Action Group Structure

LAG developed several elaborate structures on paper. In practice, two kinds of groups met and made decisions concerning LAG: work groups and affinity groups. Each had its own “council,” as diagrammed on these pages.

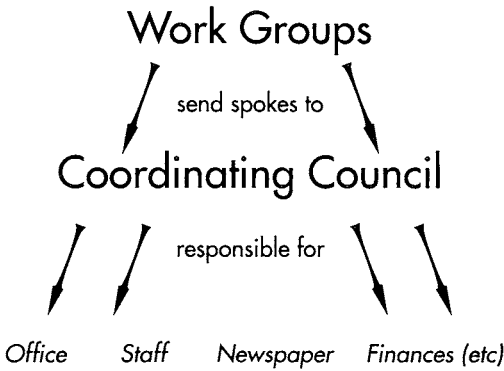
To complicate matters:

- Some people were in both AGs and work groups. Many were in only one or the other.
- The AG Spokescouncils, which met biweekly for several months before an action, formed numerous work groups specific to the given action — encampment, rally, leafletting, medics, scenario, etc. These work groups then sent spokes to Coordinating Council (or if they didn't, that raised more problems).
- Work group members often attended AG spokescouncils. Being some of the most active members of LAG, work group people played key roles in decisions at spokescouncils.



*Affinity Groups,
Work Groups, & Clusters*
See Glossary for information
on AGs, work groups, and
clusters, which were the basic
organizing units of LAG. See
also the Affinity Groups, Work
Groups, and Consensus
section of the handbook.

Livermore Action Group Structure



Ongoing Work Groups

- Newspaper (produced Direct Action from Fall 1982)
- Finances/Fundraising/Canvassing
- Media
- Peace Camp (from Fall 1983)
- Outreach/Coalitions
- Legal
- Office (paid staff + volunteers)
- Nonviolence Preppers (this group also worked with Abalone Alliance, VAC, Pledge of Resistance)

Ad Hoc (specific actions)

- Communications
- Encampment
- Rally
- Scenario/Action Planning
- Leafletting
- Education/Research
- Posters and flyers
- Handbook
- Outside Support
- Medics
- Jail Organizing

Direct Action ran into a financial crisis in mid-1984. The paper bounced back and continued publishing through Fall 1986.

Today, numerous former Direct Action writers contribute to GroundWork and Reclaiming Quarterly magazines and Street Spirit newspaper. See Resources.



Appendices and Miscellaneous Fun Stuff

In the last seventy pages of the book, you'll find various odds and ends arranged in what our Structural Semiotics Department determined was the most useful order. The LAG structure chart and the glossary are first for quick reference. The International Day pages give a richer sense of that pivotal event. The handbook gives a basic orientation to direct action. Lastly, be sure to consult the LAG Discography to avoid playing inappropriate music as you read a scene.

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