

THE MOORISH SCIENCE MONITOR

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ



An Ocean of Remembrance in Every Drop



surging liquid ballet  
a drop of seawater alone is  
no longer the sea

is the sea  
this life is

surging liquid ballet  
in undefined colors  
we are beautiful  
sensory organs extending  
on in  
finding our way home



The Order of Appearance  
Cover  
Moorish League statement  
Heritage twists and sheds its broken skin  
Jabir's Formula, Fastidious Physicists,  
Elements of Tantra  
Scholarships Available, Flowers for Love  
Viscera/God  
Anon. Letter to the Tourist Board  
Escape from Noble County  
Red Light District  
Historical Scetch  
This Old World pt. II  
Hundred Year Sleep  
Collage  
Stain youy Prayer Carpet... > Jihad  
Position Flyer  
Ad  
Seattle Festival of Resistance  
accosiated illo's gathered in Seattle  
Laws are Lies

Concerned about pepper spary?  
Editing and the rest

~ squirrel

Prince Selim Bey  
Sheik Rafi Yahya Sharif Bey  
Christian Olson

Dr. Jabir 'abd al-Khaliq  
Abraham Abdul Abulaffia  
Osman Malik Khan  
A.I.G.H.  
Muhammad Abdulah Ahari El  
Guy Fromage  
Nazarine Grand Temple Archives  
Micheal Gilbert  
Thom Metzger  
Osman Malik Khan  
Hakim Bey  
A.I.G.H.  
P.A.N.  
Omar El Flam Bey  
Ground Score  
Anon./Found Collage Conscioceness  
Collective  
Anon.  
Omar El Flam Bey

The Moorish Science Monitor Vol.9 #2  
by the Moorish Orthodox Fire Shrine

330 N. 4th Ave #23 Tueson Az next issue mid April NATURE CALLS! SUBMIT!





## THE MOORISH LEAGUE

A STATEMENT

BY SHEIK RAFI YAHYA SHARIF BEY

OUR Moorish Science is derived from an understanding of the *Circle Seven Koran*, and is UNIVERSAL, spiritual, and esoteric, bringing together Esoteric Islam as manifested in the Noble Order of Moorish Sufis, Esoteric Christianity and Buddhism, as manifested in the Order of the Resurrection, and these and other hermetic traditions as synthesized and given literary and artistic expression in the Moorish Orthodox Church.

The Order of the Resurrection is the Silent Brotherhood and the 4<sup>th</sup> Paradise of the Moorish Universe, the accounts of which are central to the *Circle Seven* which reveals the "missing years" of the life of the Nazarine, during which time he traveled to the centers of esoteric knowledge for initiation by fellows of the Silent Brotherhood. Here the above mentioned esoteric traditions are found within a powerful Yogic tradition.

To all of the above, Noble Drew Ali *added* a few paragraphs specifically for Moorish-Americans upon founding the Moorish Science Temple of America. The Moors in North America have remained fixed upon their own National Salvation by maintaining focus on the need for land reclamation and various legalistic concerns, and have not fully dived into the *Circle Seven* to seek the pearls of Divine Wisdom. While the special purpose of the Noble Order, upon its founding on July 7, 1957, was to broaden the Moorish movement beyond ghetto borders through the Uniting of Asia (by bringing together all Asian nationalities in the Order), the new MOORISH LEAGUE must go further, and unite humanity under the collective higher wisdom. OUR Moorish Current gathers the worthy ones and carries them by Holy Initiation through all of the world's esoteric paths to the single ocean of Divine Unity.

We remind all Moordom to "Learn to LOVE INSTEAD OF HATE" and to base themselves solely upon Love, Truth, Peace, Freedom, and Justice.

## Heritage Twists and Sheds its Broken Skin



The face was undeniably American,  
pale as the pages of an empty diary  
you began etching in the evening glow  
cast off by black and white T.V..  
The Bubs Daddy bubblegum jaw line  
was hard to earn  
chewing fruit flavors into tough strands  
of cheek bone muscle,  
skin scabbed from local asphalt accidents,  
bicycle breaks and cross bar bruises  
that taught you not to take your tears  
so seriously.

You still cried when your room caught fire  
from playing with matches.  
A childhood diary engraved with the lines  
of cartoon caped men  
was blackened with the melted plastic of  
the football-man lamp  
as your father snatched you beneath your  
boney shoulders  
to swing you round and shout  
about a boy who was shrunk and crisped  
to a piece of coal no bigger than his army  
boot.

But the language of fire was too alluring  
to forget  
and you followed little trails to vacant  
lots  
with smoke bombs and fire crackers  
until adolescence came exhuming its own  
hidden divination:

the mouth of a girl from India who kissed you  
in the crackling light of her parent's  
fireplace

while you became Purusha,  
sacrificed and quartered,  
Agni pushing his hot tongue from your mouth  
to burn out the words you could not say;  
unspeakable words forming pictures in the flames  
as you felt animals emerge  
wet from your trembling waste;  
horse,  
goat,  
sheep:  
oblation to the moon,  
a thought that left your mind  
tied umbilical to an open forehead.

Your father tried to sever it  
when he called her "nigger"  
and he never told you when the phone rang  
that it was f or you.  
But he didn't know how you tucked it  
invisibly in your pockets,  
That when he said Yahweh  
Your sweat whispered Brahma  
And when he made you go to church  
You coaxed  
her into meeting you there,  
slipped Sutras into her small brown hand,  
passing the moon chord for her to tie  
to a lattice of roses you would climb  
in the middle of the night.

But father's shadow stretched long in the  
summer evening,  
and he bound you to its grey snaky  
slumber  
all the way across Kansas  
where you searched for Indra in the eyes  
of highway workmen  
to kill the snake and set you free.

You called him Vritra.,  
the one who stood between you and your  
water,  
and you drank coffee like soma  
to gain the power of jabbing him with little  
morning thunderbolts,  
breaking the tears from his tired reptile  
eyes.

You failed though, to remember  
that the snake was also Wisdom  
and noticing your father's silence in the  
gaze of distant mountains  
you lost the desire to kill  
something in the way he lit fires  
without paper  
reminded you of the soreness in your  
underarms  
the roughness in which he carried you  
or sent back your food when they forgot to  
put mushrooms In your omelet.

You must see it in all the rest-stop  
bathroom mirrors since then,  
the face,  
undeniably American like your father's  
with Western rings around the eyes  
from watching stars for too long  
slipping into another dream of questing  
hemispheres.

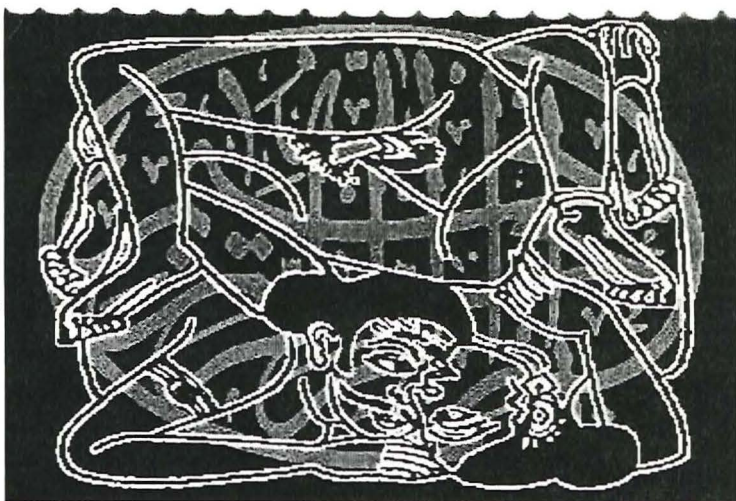
The metal sway of a locomotive wakes you  
reeling past a midwest campground.  
You rise to the scaly feeling of travel,  
emerging from your sleeping bag, reptilian  
and sore.  
But stumbling into a souvenir drugstore  
you know you are not imprisoned by your  
father's slinky gait.

It is In the way you admire the cashier's  
breath  
jumping to the sound of an early morning  
firecracker.  
A brown skinned boy runs in behind you  
crying from a fall on his bike.  
You walk to the comic stand remembering  
superheroes:

Purusha,  
Indra,  
Agni .  
inked onto the pages of your mind

©  
Christian Olson  
1991  
Zolton House





\*\*\*\*\*

## SOME MEDITATIONS ON QUANTUM TANTRA

"The Universe wants to play"--Hakim Bey

"Science is thinking about the world  
in the Greek way."

---John Barnet

### JABIR'S FORMULA

I want to woo Her, not view Her  
pet Reality until She purrs  
yearning to merge with Dame Nature bodily  
longing to mingle my substance with Hers:  
and them content with merely observing  
are nothing but Nature's voyeurs.

\*\*\*\*\*The quantum facts suggest that  
more flexible, ambiguous tools are needed  
to effectively touch reality.  
For this purpose human language  
may be much too stiff an instrument.

### FASTIDIOUS PHYSICISTS

Nature's hinting there's new ways to meet Her  
More intense, more engaging--and sweeter  
But like shy maiden aunts  
We say "O dear me, no!" to Her Dance  
"We'd rather be reading our meters."

\*\*\*\*\*Every woman knows  
that no universe runs itself:  
they all need to be fed, clothed, kept warm,  
bathed, taken for walks, listened to,  
fucked nicely and have their diapers changed.

### ELEMENTS OF TANTRA

Love every one of My Elements  
Caress My Paradox  
Embrace each phase-entangled photon  
Hug My Molecules; kiss My Quarks.

The universe is My Body  
From every eye, the glance is Mine  
Down every river flow My Fluids  
In every thing resides My Mind.

I loved you inside your mother's womb  
Your every atom have I kissed  
I've made you everything you are:  
You treat Me like I don't exist.

When you open your eyes you gaze on My Body  
You taste My Flesh with your lips  
Every smell is My Sexual Attractant  
Every touch is My Kiss.



Come open your sensors to Nature's flirtations  
Come lend your step to My Dance  
I'm only fourteen (billion) years old  
But I'm eager and ripe for romance.

Love every one of My Elements  
Caress My Paradox  
Embrace each phase-entangled photon  
Hug My Molecules; kiss My Quarks.

--Doctor Jabir 'abd al-Khaliq  
Imam of Radio Beach  
Protector of Vegetation

### Scholarships Available

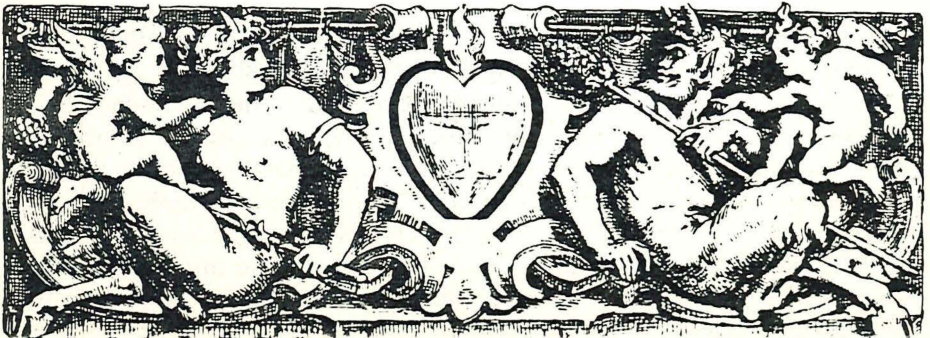
Being as children in a field of body  
With no loss of self interchangeable  
Nothing is prohibited or naughty  
The fearless mind isn't derangable  
Bliss is a by-product in the real world  
Where time can go fast slow back or forward  
At will every dick who wants is girded  
And one need never be nervous or bored  
But eventually thus freed the being  
Though it can spend forever in orgasm  
Practicing the purest sense of freeing  
Will live through everyone to feel as them  
This field at Essene's University  
Recieves less applicants than subsidy

### Flowers for Love

Afloat in the ocean of emotion  
The body a drop of salacious drool  
The heart open to divine devotion  
The mirror mind is a flawless jewel  
The roar of pulsed aboriginal beat  
Is felt in the air on the distant shore  
And smelt in spring blossoms the waves are  
sweet

They permeate the barrier "no door"  
The globes firm in hand of love's derriere  
Each lobe's twin gland secreting ambrosia  
A spherical bolt comes out of nowhere  
The bliss of knowledge swells as aphasia  
In communion a cosmic composite  
Flowers as oneself in endless clear light

Abraham Abdul Abulaffia  
Shiek of Scruz



## MEET THE MOORS Presents:

Omar and Khan  
At the Burnby Lane Farm 1939



Viscera/God  
by Osman Malik Khan

The basic misunderstanding of the concept of "the Individual" in Western, capitalist culture is the seed of why the Revolution cannot succeed in the West as it exists today. The Individual is associated with and essentially postulated upon a position of dominance (atheism is one common result). While the most humans in this mindset believes that "freedom" (do to *what* is often vague or disturbing) and "independence" derive from the exercise of one's individuality, as associated above, the opposite is actually true.

The human body is an exquisite creation, crammed with alternating mushy and stubborn bits, operating primarily as a shit factory. "The Mind," and let's divorce it from its particular mushy-bit-container between the ears, is generally dull, prone, and on a course of devolution into helplessness, if not from birth than beginning at age three or so, when the hyper-learning process begins to wind down. What is left of a person, beyond these first two mundane elements, is the Higher Self, the inviolate, the so-called "Spirit," the immaculate, the Droplet of the Sacred. This element, unfortunately, is generally overlooked or even scorned by most persons.

If the Individual is equated with dominance, then the Individual necessarily is the object of our disdain. If the Individual is dominance, then it is something to be eliminated, purged, scrubbed from the countertop. If the Individual is dominance, then we must be anti-Individualist.

It appears a paradox, granted, to exist ultimately as a Droplet of the Sacred. How can one be a part and yet a Whole, a portion and a complete unit? But even apparent, physical Nature operates on this principle, however. Atomic/Cosmic structures, seeds, Medusa Jellyfish - hell, chop up a starfish and you end up with a bunch more starfish. We exist as a simultaneity. The paradox is only a matter of the palsied Mind.

But of course, we are not anti-Individualist. (Though we don't necessarily hold it Paramount. Do we want the Enlightenment bullshit or not? Not really. ) The fact being that the Individual as theorized in the West today actually is an anti-Individualist force. Because dominance, of course, despises the individual, even to the individual who exercises it. Dominance is primarily derived from purile urges toward vengeance, striking out by its nature retroactively and ineffectively (but it's still damn ugly) against the ghosts of those it once saw as sufficiently individual as to be beyond it, maybe cruel, maybe not. This is a founding principle of the modern Western psyche (and that of other cultures of violence, too). Dominance isn't capable of being individualistic, then, because it is by nature a blinded, bandwagon tendency that is unfortunately pervasive.

The Higher Self being the best of us, the only stable element in us, it is also then the only basis for individuality. One cannot be one's self unless one is what one's self is. (Feel free to devote oneself to being a putrid sack, or a vessel of senility-in-the-making, but those things only become quite and fully pleasurable once they are confronted and accepted for what they are and realized in context to the Self.) Higher Self is the simultaneity, though-- forget thee not. But in the same line as the simultaneity, this does not negate the individual. Realization of the Higher Self as single yet part-- not a matter of a splintered chunk but rather a Chinese finger puzzle (pull harder and...) The individual is born of his one within the One.

Oppose dominance. Don't be fooled. The hype is thick and constant. What else can be expected of a culture that is so thoroughly pathetic that it consciously and purposely exists as its own satire, joyfully wallowing in the feces of its own pitiable icons?

Recognize the Self. The individual knows his place, at once above and below.

MANGY DOGS of WAR UNDER a  
SAD CRESCENT SEVEN BLACK  
BONNETS FLAPPING GREEN BODY

PAINT FLASHING LIKE WORDS of  
GLOWING ELECTRIC HOUNDS LEATHER

SILVER GRINDING SPIKES TEARING

acROSS the BOARDWALKS SLASHING UP the

TOWER of MANTAYUppIE HELL FLEE

BEFORE the PUNK ASS FREAK CRYPTo

MuSLIM TIDE WASH THROUGH

WASH OUT

# Escape from Noble County

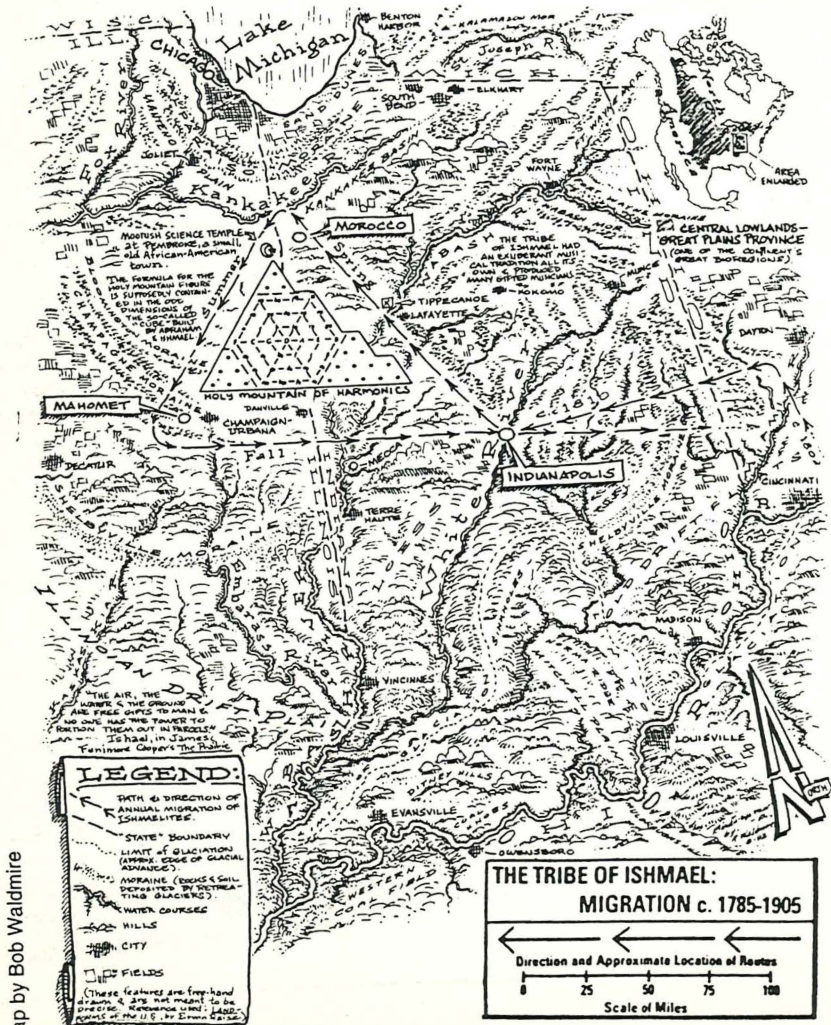
## The Ben Ishmael Tribe

Around 1785 a number of freed and runaway slaves, along with poor, white indentured servants fled Noble County (now Bourbon County) Kentucky and settled near the future site of Indianapolis. They intermingled with Pawnee Indians and set up a nomadic tribal existence.

Their leaders were Ben and Jennie Ishmael. This fine artisan, musical pair taught polygamy, nomadic existence, and racial mixing. By 1810 they had three temporary villages: Mahomet, Illinois and Morocco and Mecca, Indiana. In 1827 James Fenimore Cooper wrote his book the *Prairie* about them. The leaders went West and became legendary occulted leaders (similar to Master Fard and many Shia' leaders).

By 1880 they had so many run-ins with the law over Polygamy, vagrancy, and similar "crimes" that a Minister O.C. Mc Culloch wrote *The Tribe of Ishmael: A Study in Social Degradation* in favor of castrating the men and separating children from their Mothers. In 1907 Indiana passed a draconian eugenics law and the tribe fled Indianapolis for Chicago, Detroit and other cities and would have vanished from history if not for Hugo P. Leaming's "the Ben Ishmael Tribe" in *The Ethnic Frontier* (Grand Raids: Eerdmans, 1977).

Prophet Noble Drew Ali gathered many of his early followers from this group and this is one possible unexplored area for his teachings.



Map by Bob Waldmire

## The Ishmaelite

I have little doubt that the monthly magazine "The Ishmaelite" was a publication somehow related to the Ben Ishmael tribe members in Cincinnati, Ohio. Newberry Library in Chicago has monthly volumes for 1897-1898. There are poems for Cuba, Africa, and Egypt in many volumes. Also some of the contributors have Arabic sounding names that were common among members of the Tribe of Ishmael, such as: Farr, Rabb, and Latta.

In Vol. 1, No. 2 (Jan., 1897) there is a poem "Cuba" by Meredith Nicholson which has the lines: "Let vulture Spain hide in her nest the fair pearl of the Southern seas...", "But while we prate of love of man, may not the Spaniard match the Turk?" and "I know not whether black or white they be who strive to make her free...". There is also a poem by Albert Weston in this issue called "Out of Egypt."

On the cover of each issue are the words: "His hand shall be against every man and every man's hand against him and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren" and also the promise, from Mount Nebo Press (the publisher), "Written by men and women who are not employed to boom anyone's Book Bindery Shop, who hate snobbery in life or literature, and who, expecting little shall be disappointed...".

In Vol. 2, No. 6 (Nov., 1897) the Editor writes a brief note to the readers. He writes, "with this number "The Ishmaelite" completes its second volume and celebrates its first birthday. Twelve months ago the young Ishmael was sent into the desert- the desert of local encouragement- to struggle for his life... He has not been all that he wished to be, he has not taken on all the flesh he hoped for, yet to have lived is much. Right here does he pitch his tent...".

On the back cover of the Sept. 1897 issue is the poem "Fate's Arrears" by Emma Carleton. "Great Omar says that today is life/ Oh, blessed bard, you are far astray;/ Each day we die, in an endless strife/ Paying the bills of Yesterday." In Volume 3, No. 1, 1897, we find the poem "To a Friend" by F.K. Farr from Lebanon, Tennessee. "With a copy of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam/ Tho' dark mistrust hath part in Omar's strain,/ Tho' youth is stealing from us, not again/ To open for us two his manuscript,/ Not this nor that, old friend, shall yield us pain./ For this alchemic rhyme makes blossom new/ That rose by Ivan's garden-side that blew;/ And certain memories our hearts keep well/ Shall yield our lives' delight, till life be through."

Finally on the back cover of the Nov., 1898 (Vol. 4, No. 6) we read, "Ishmael was no prophet, neither was he a prophets' son. Yet the 57th verse of the 14th chapter of the Gospel According to St. Matthew was as applicable to Ishmael as it is today to his humble and unworthy descendant- The Ishmaelite. 'Tis the same old story of honor coming from afar. Oh, ye unenthusiastic Indianapolitans! Know ye not that the stamp of approval has been set upon our brow by Boston, by New York, and by Ottumwa, Iowa? Can it be that you are not yet convinced that it is the proper thing, not only to approve, but to subscribe? What will you? Must we follow in the foot-steps of Mr. Beecham or Mr. Bok and print the seductive testimonial? No, no! Arise yourselves, ye conservative citizens, and show them that dwell beyond the borders of the Wabash that you know a good thing when you have been told about it."





"I have come...into these districts because I found the law sitting too tight upon me and am not overfond of neighbors who can't settle a dispute without troubling a justice and twelve men....I am as rightful an owner of the land I stand on as any governor of the States! Can you tell me, stranger, where the law or the reason is to be found which says that one man shall have a section, or a town, or perhaps a county to his use and another have to beg for earth to make his grave in? This is not nature, and I deny that it is law...."

"The air, the water and the ground are free gifts to man, and no one has the power to portion them out in parcels. Man must drink, and breathe, and walk, and therefore each has a right to his share of 'arth. Why do not the surveyors of the States set their compasses and run their lines over our heads as well as beneath our feet? Why do they not cover their shining sheepskins with big words, giving to the landholder, or perhaps he should be called airholder so many rods of heaven, with the use of such a star for a boundary mark...?"

It may do for you people, who live in settlements, to hasten on to their houses; but thank heaven, my farm is too big for its owner ever to want a resting-place.

—Ishmael, in James Fenimore Cooper's *The Prairie*



Christian, Jew, and Muslim  
 united in one confession of faith.  
 From Jacob Emden's *Hashimmush*.





# HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE NOBLE MOORS

## NATIONAL STRUCTURE

Each local NOMS Temple was given considerable autonomy to develop according to the interests of its members within the Governing Articles of the Order and under the By-Laws of the Moorish Science Temple of America. Nazarene Grand Temple No. 1 remained the National Headquarters, with the Sultan as its Grand Emir and its officers (Emins) as the Grand or National officers.

The District Governors also had special national-level responsibilities. As the Sultan traveled widely, in and out of the form, from the inception of the Order, he remained the head of the Grand Temple, but The Deputy was acting-head of the Grand Temple in his absence.

## NOMS LISTA

1. The Sultan has a very special place in the history of the Moorish Divine and National Movement. The young man was praying at a mosque in Baltimore. His name was Yahya Sharif, or Noble John the Baptist. Visitors to the mosque from the Moorish Science Temple were attracted to the youth of 17, and invited him to their homes to learn about Noble Drew Ali and his movement. They asked Sharif to work with them for the Uniting of Asia, by acquainting the various Americans of Asiatic descent, especially those who were Moslems, with the works of Noble Drew Ali.

Sharif began sharing the knowledge of the True Identity of Moorish-Americans with a select circle of other "Asiatic" students, whom he took with him to the Moorish Temple on Laurens Street above a barber shop. There he met Mother Ann, who came down from Philadelphia. She was the wife of George, s/o Ira Johnson Bey, The Nazarene. He also met Grand Sheik Richardson Dingle-El on Lafayette square, where the wise elders of the community met to discuss their philosophies, and was a frequent visitor of Grand Governor Rufus German Bey at his Moorish Goodwill Store. The Sultan took on a Moorish-American name at the Temple by anglicizing his Arabic name to J. J. Noble Bey.



2. On July 7, 1957, Noble Bey and his three closest associates, namely: L Diamond El, C Silver Bey, and R Porter El, founded the Noble Order of Moorish Science. Noble Bey was to have the title Sultan, and Diamond El, Deputy. A special gold card was produced for members and the word was spread. Several members were signed up in Temple No. 1 at Baltimore, the Charter Members in addition to the above named Founders being W Mislser Bey, Connie W El, Barbara V El, Karen G El, D Jacobs El, Diane Mc Bey, and Sandra K Bey. Subsequently, the Sultan reported for active duty with the US Marine Corps at Parris Island, South Carolina where he signed up twelve Moorish-American Marines, as a part of Temple 1. (They later became NOMS Vidyapati Temple No. 4).

3. The special mission of the new Order was "The Uniting of Asia" proclaimed by Noble Drew Ali, but yet unrealized. The Order was to attract a variety of "Asiatics" from many houses, residing in America. The rest of Asia had not recognized the "Negro" because he knew not himself, and had not proclaimed his nationality. The Order would direct the lost and fallen Moors to the Moorish Science Temple, while joining with the Moors as united and free nationals and equal American citizens.

4. The Order, basing itself on the "Cicle 7" Holy Koran of the MSTA, set out to undergo the travels of The Nazarene to India, Persia, Egypt, etc. and to explore the mystery schools with which he no doubt was affiliated in his pursuit of Knowledge. This was accomplished to a high degree by the Sultan and his various representatives. Further, in the realization that Truth is One, though paths many, the Order undertook to go deeply within various major faiths to their respective mystic inner core. An experiential methodology was undertaken, so that Order members became in fact, Yogis, Catholic priests, Buddhists, and Sufis, bringing their discoveries back to the inner circle of the NOMS.

5. By 1964, the Order was officially re-styled the NOBLE ORDER OF MYSTIC SUFIS, MST OF A., and remained so through the Third Epoch. The Sultan had the confidence and support of many famous Moorish leaders - R Dingle El and R German Bey of Baltimore Temple No. 13 have been mentioned. Also, the Sultan traveled to Chicago and met with Muhammad Ali El, son of Givens El, the first reincarnation of the Prophet and to Newark where he participated in the Moorish Teachers College while staying with Hommett Anderson El. He spend considerable time at New York City Temples under Grand Sheiks Jeffries El and Persall Bey. In addition to being recognized as head of the Noble Order, the Sultan was appointed a Teacher in the MSTA, and taught from the Holy Quran of Mecca. He was also made a Sheik in the Adept Chamber, along with his constant companion and private secretary in New York, C Silver Bey, an NOMS Founder.

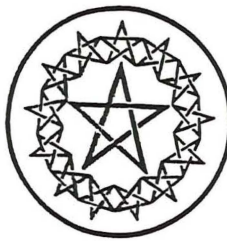
A meeting with Jarad Faruk Bey, Head of the Moorish-American Religious League (who embroidered "Moorish-American" in green on their fezzes and wore a large red and gold version of the MA button) resulted in recognition of the Noble Order. L Diamond El engaged in correspondance with the "Calumet St Sheiks" of the Moorish Divine and National Movement of North America, Chicago, which resulted in their visiting him at his Queensberry street residence. The Sultan also met Nelson Bey, National Grand Shiek succeeding Kirkman Bey.

6. The Sultan sojourned across the States accompanied by Sister Barbara V (Aisha) El, National Secretary, to reside in California, where there were no established Moorish Science Temples. The Sultan and Sister Barbara El were married at a mosque in Sacramento, and were subsequently blessed with two sons and two daughters. While in California, the Noble Order was expanded there and down into Mexico, and the Sultan was acknowledged as the MSTA Grand Governor for that State. He promoted the MSTA under the Charter of Temple 13 but did not set up any new MSTA Temples at that time, working with the Noble Order and the Resurrection as well. The Sultan met with many leading Masons, Rosicrucians, Theosophists, Nation of Islam leaders, Occultists, and others that flourished on the West Coast.

7. The scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor the lawgiver from between his feet until Shiloh come, and unto him the people shall gather. At a Moorish national convention, Timothy Dingle El, younger brother of the afore mention Richardson, raised a simple question. Does a child go from the 1st grade to the 3rd grade? No. There has to be a Second Grade. He referred to the structure of the MSTA by which the general membership was said to be in the First Heaven, and the Sheiks in the Third Heaven. T Dingle El was to set up Baltimore the Second Heaven under the name and title - Supreme Grand Resurrection. Timothy had become a special friend of the Sultan and was sincerely upheld the vitality and usefulness of the Noble Order. He was a great innovator. It was Timothy, who became a Grand Sheik of his own Branch Temple No.13, who got the Sultan and Noble Order on the official meeting program of the Moorish Convention held in Baltimore. The Sultan was in California, but was duly represented by his wife, Sister Aisha Sharif Bey. It was Timothy who caused the Sultan to be appointed a National Grand Inspector of the MSTA. Later, when the Black Fez was placed on the Sultan's brow, Timothy repeated that "if a house don't look right to a building inspector, he can say it has to come down. The Forerunner" can do the same about a man."

8. When the Resurrection was announced, the Sultan invited Grand Sheik Timothy, and four of the SGR Founders to a Special Joint Meeting with the NOMS, an historic meeting indeed. This was held at NOMS Matheno Temple No. 17 in the 500 block of St. Paul Street, hosted by Barry B Bey, local Emir. The Sultan, the Deputy L Diamond El, Barbara (Aisha Sharif) Bey, National Secretary, and several NOMS Delegates participated. The Sultan opened by leading the traditional Moslem prayers. It was a Holy Contest. The Sultan threw; the Supreme Resurrector threw. Calls from NOMS Temples, near and far, came into the Secretary. It was an atmosphere of excitement. Finally, Timothy spoke of the missing Seal of John, and drew it forth - complete with Resurrection symbols, and was satisfied that he carried the day.

9. Terms of the Accord between the NOMS and the Resurrection:



a. The Sultan received the status of a Founder of the SGR with the rank of 4-Star Hierophant the the 4<sup>th</sup> or highest degree of God-Man. The NOMS was officially recognized as a special body of the MSTA, by Timothy Dingle El as Grand Sheik of Temple 13 (Branch), and by the SGR. The SGR was recognized as essential to the MSTA and Noble Order Moors would promote and aid in its establishment at all MSTA Temples.

b. The NOMS and SGR would deal with the Houses of the Church and Masonry in accord.

c. As Grand Sheik, Timothy would issue for and through the NOMS, a new MSTA Nationality Card with a blank space to insert the nationality before "\_\_\_\_\_ -American," as to serve to bring into the MSTA as full members, all Americans of Asiatic ancestry (as determined by the Noble Order).

d. The Noble Order would utilize the 4 Resurrection degrees in its Second Heaven work, and sign up Noble Order Moors in the Resurrection. The Sultan would also utilize his resources to develop and write the actual scripts for the performance of the SGR degrees.

e. NOMS and SGR members could travel freely within each others gatherings, and work work in unison within the MSTA across the country.

f. The Accord was to remain in effect until such time as both the Supreme Grand Resurrector and the Sultan decide to amend, suspend, or otherwise make additions or corrections, or when one of the same shall pass out of the form.

#### 10. Manifestations of the above stated Accord:

a. The Sultan, C Silver Bey, and G Foster El met Archbishop Augustus Franz of the Old Catholic Church, who's deputy, Bishop Peter Crowley (El), exchanged degrees with the NOMS. Sharif Bey and Foster El were ordained Deacon and Priest after attending seminary evenings and on Saturdays, St. Michael's Old Catholic Seminary in Brooklyn. Soon the Archbishop sanctioned the ORDER OF THE RESURRECTION and Sharif Bey was consecrated as its Bishop-Abbott, Dom Johannes Baptista. Foster El became an Arch-Priest and the Chancellor of the Order as Gregorius Eulogius. Liturgy followed that of the Syrian (Antiochian) Orthodox Church headquartered in Brooklyn under Archbishop-Metropolitan Antony Bashir. In this work, NOMS members were best known as "Moorish Orthodox".

b. With members of the SGR, the Sultan and Barry B Bey, were initiated into the degrees of Masonry through Eureka Lodge at Good Hope Hall. Subsequently, the Sultan received all of the Masonic degrees, both rites, East and West. The Sultan investigated the AANOMS (Shrine) from within and thus became a "Noble" as did Noble Drew Ali. Grand Resurrector Henry Young Bey

also presented to Sultan to the Masonic head of the "National Compact" jurisdiction, and the SGR and NOMS worked in said circles in harmony,

c. The SGR degrees were available to NOMS members, and the new Nationality Cards were produced and offered under Temple 13 through the NOMS.

11. In due course, it must be noted, The Sultan returned "the Church and Christianity" to the Archbishop, and invited him to accept Islam, whereupon the former did attempt to dissolve the Order of the Resurrection and excommunicate its Noble clergy from his particular line of authority (Catholic Evangelical Communion). However, when one is ordained a Priest and consecrated a Bishop according to the Church liturgy, the offices are bestowed "forever", so the ranks and degrees of Christianity were not lost to the Noble Order. The Order of the Resurrection continued as an independent Moorish Orthodox religious order.



12. Subsequent to the above events, and while the Sultan was away from the Atlantic Coast, traveling in India, some members of the Noble Order did establish the Moorish Orthodox Church. These members included S Zill El (T22, T14), M Maggid (Majid) Bey (Emin T2), G Foster (Fatah) El (T14) Chancellor of the Order of the Resurrection, S Scully El (T2), and P Wilson (Hakim) Bey, (T22), who became Metropolitan-Bishop of said Church, which operated independently of the Noble Order. Both Sultan Sharif Bey and P Wilson (Hakim) Bey subsequently procured Bishop's status and license through the Universal Divine Life Church.

S Zill El was the first Editor of the *Moorish Science Monitor* while he was in Baltimore at Temple 14, Johns Hopkins University. Zill El was in fact reared in the Orthodox Church. Additional information on The MOC will be provided in a separate profile. Said body has established ten local "lodges", operating under its own version of the Adept Chamber "Third Paradise." A great Accord between the MOC and Noble Order is ordained to manifest at the commencement of the Fourth Epoch. Hakim Bey was

given the title "al-Dabir". "The Scribe" as he authored The Sacred Drift" with an informative historic narrative of the MSTA.

13. WHO is THE SULTAN? You have heard of a Consultant? Namely, an expert to guide you in where you want to go. The Sultan does the same, but without the "con". It is noted that Kirkman Bey, the legitimate successor the Noble Drew Ali through the Moorish legal corporation, also used the title "Sultan". The Sultan was best known among the Moors as "The Forerunner". The significance of this station was very vital to Moorish leaders. An oral explanation is offered to NOMS members and sincere inquirers.

14. The HIGH COUNCIL of the NOMS for the 1st Epoch was the highest executive body under the Sultan and consisted of the Founders - L Diamond El, C Silver Bey, and R Porter El, the District Governors - Warren T El, G Foster El, and S Rochlin El, and D Auclair El, an Emir on the West Coast who made the 7th member. The High Council was disbanded after the 2nd Epoch.

15. Regarding the ethnicity of the Noble Order Moors, much fascinating material can be provided. Some were of the true and royal House of Israel, being Karaites from the line of the Persian Exilarch Benjamin Nehawendi (830-850 AD). Others trace to the shipwrecked Arabs on Sicily. Others came from Egyptian Copts, Tatars, or Mongols. Representatives of the many Nations of native Americans and Mexicans joined the Order, including a Temple in Mexico. Malayas, Indonesians, and other Orientals were welcome. Yemani Arabs and Hebrews were joined by a variety of "Asiatics" that have co-mingled, wandering the globe for centuries, and ending up in America being simply called "white", "black", "yellow", "red," or "mixed". Youthful adherents to the Noble Order often had parents who did not know themselves any more than most Moorish-American's families. All of these Noble Moors came to appreciate the plight of the Americans of color without a nationality and helped them to learn of the ancient Divine Creed of their forefathers through the MSTA.



This is merely a sketch taken from a withered and deteriorating parchment, and was Produced hastily for the impatient.

Restoration work proceeds diligently and may produce a more extensive document in the future.



Vast middle eastern market sprawl  
crawl is slowing aging  
corrupt your with  
"Surge of bright life  
thriving in the desert"

The Franky  
ProoNabissers  
Sleep on the Plain

Every decision reforms  
my religion

ETERNITY.

ALL FACES ARE FAMILY

DIVIDED  
Time Is Not Our Mother

OAKEN SHIPS  
PAINT THE SKY.

LEARN TO APPRECIATE  
THE ANONYMITY OF  
NIGHT

MASTER SLEEPING.  
MASTER WAKING.

I ALWAYS TRY TO  
KEEP THE  
MOUTH  
OPEN AS.

I NEVER REALIZED  
I DIDN'T HAVE TO ASK

0023

AND IT SAID:  
YOU CAN  
REGISTER  
TO WIN

IRELAND...

...BUT SOMETIMES IT SLOWS  
DOWN OR SHORT-STOPPED  
STOPS ENTIRELY...

THIS OLD WORLD PARTTIME  
PREVAILANCE



### HUNDRED YEAR SLEEP

At the turn of every century,  
the U.S. goes to war with Islam.  
As the digits flip over  
like the odometer on an old car,  
99 to 00  
we aim our hatred outward.

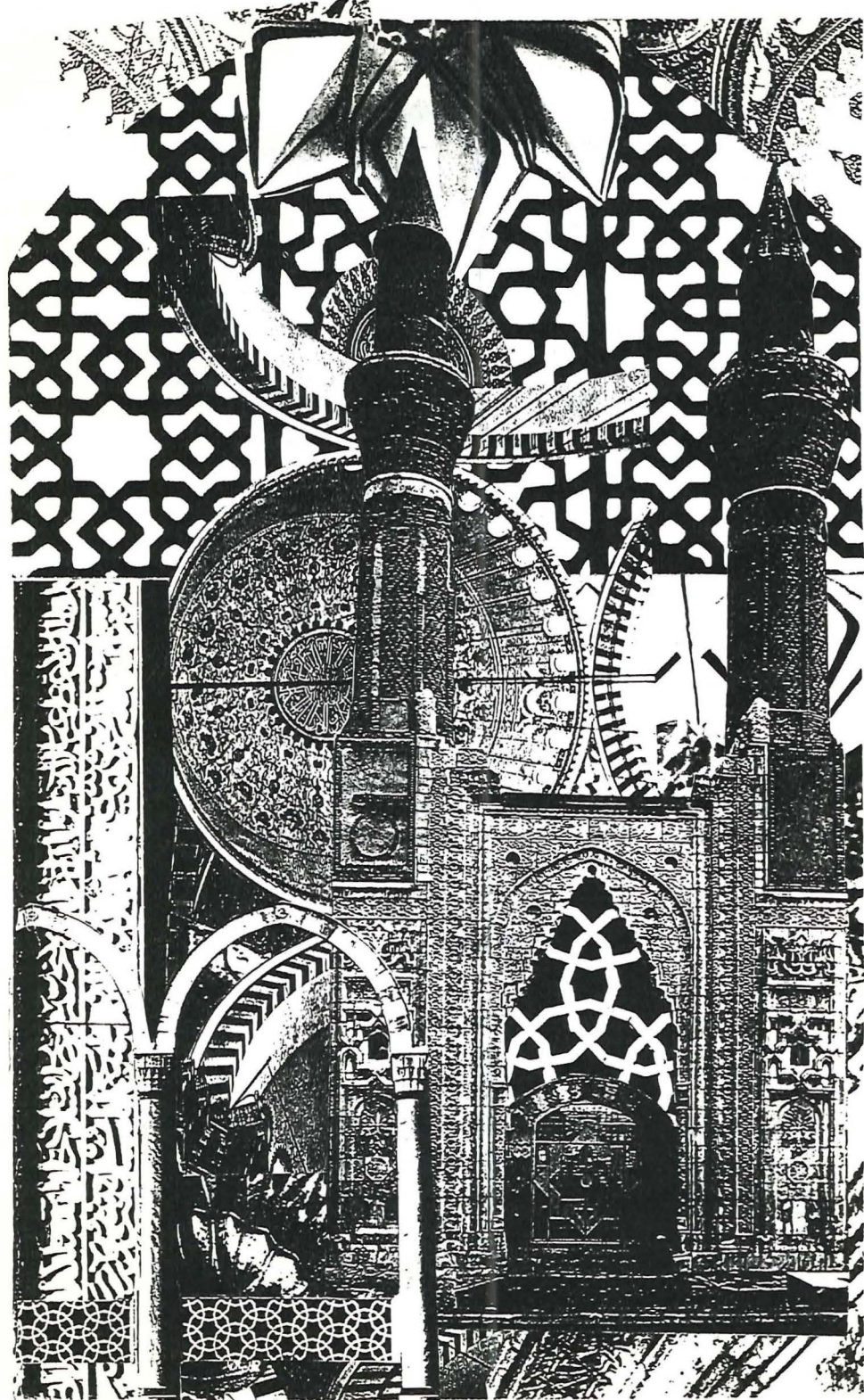
Jefferson sent the Navy and Marines to the shores of Tripoli  
to break the back of the Barbary pirates.  
They kicked some Pasha butt all right,  
but he still had better hygiene, houris and headgear.

McKinley's crusade against the Gugus wasn't much different.  
200,000 little brown brothers killed by the U.S. Army  
to make the Philippines safe for commerce and Christendom.  
It is said that an anarchist killed the president.  
Mr. Anarchy, Mr. Raw Chaos, Mr. Bad Boy himself  
came up to McK as if to shake hands  
and blew his brains all over the Pan American Exposition  
in Buffalo.

Malcolm X. Little said that chickens come home to roost  
and Magic Bullets too.

Now we have smart bombs, video death arcade,  
maximum collateral damage,  
bulldozers plowing screaming muslim boys into trenches,  
porno-driven fighter pilots, surgical strikes.  
We're not even counting the dead this time.

Maybe in 2,100 it'll be a particle beam  
to scrape Mecca and Medina flat.  
Commies come and go. Dictators too.  
But the children of Allah will always be there for us.  
Don't it feel good?  
Don't it feel real good  
to know we'll always have an enemy  
waiting patiently half way round the world?





"Stain your prayer carpet with wine"  
-Hafez

In Persian Alchemy the two highest stages of transmutation are called Black Light (nur-i siyah) and Green/Gold. Some place one higher, some the other, but the two can also be seen as manifestations of each other. Black light is the nothingness that is also total luminescence, the dark side of god, Chaos & Old Night, the Sun at Midnight, presence of absence as light. Green/Gold (colors of the Prophet, and of the Philosopher's Stone as "emerald in Egyptian Hermeticism) represent the other half of Hesiod's first theogony, Eros and Gaia - Desire, and the greenness of the living world. "And the three things of this world are worthy of the gaze = water, green things and a beautiful face" (hadith). According to the Sufi, the Black Light is a beauty spot (mole or freckle) on that very face. Black & beautiful. The banners of revolutionary & esoteric Islam are black and green - although another possibility is black & red, as the Prophet said enigmatically, "I come for the black & red". Oddly enough black and red are the colors of the goddess - reminding us that the Byzantines accused the Moslems of worshipping "a head of Aphrodite". Also the colors of anarcho-syndicalism. A coincidence, no doubt.



Religion of the Sword

The Huntington/CIA "Clash of Cultures" model of Islam proposes it as a kind of disease that has to be kept isolated & confined. The neo-liberal "Global Market" model of the "Orient" views it as a source of raw material (such as black gold) and cheap labor that must be exploited. The resources are to be taken away, the labor is to be kept in place. Obviously Moslem immigration to the "North" does not fit well with either of these models. If Islam is a "disease, then "refugees" are a virus, penetrating borders like immune systems. But then disruptions are also inevitable, given the "logic of the Market". The old liberal response to the problem of immigration was to turn the migrants into Europeans or Americans, to erase their difference into sameness. The new liberal response however, relies more heavily on overt repression - isolation in "zones of depletion" - incredible proliferation of border patrols, immigration police, surveillance.

Instead of bleating a few liberal NGO-style humanitarian platitudes about the plight of the refugees (perhaps we should give them all PC's so they can join the WWW!), I think it would be more interesting to admit that immigration really is a problem; and that Islam really does pose a threat to "Global Culture".

Immigration at the forced/repressed pace of globalism puts unfair pressure on the hospitality of the hosts, who have their own local crisis of downsizing and privatization to deal with. Meanwhile the migrant, weather lured to El Norte by the gleam of Macdisneyfication, or simply in flight from the economic and political ruin at home (caused directly by predatory Global Capital), will be bitterly disappointed by the "freedom" of the "free" world. Any memories of the organic *communitas* in their homeland, however eroded by poverty & corruption, will soon seem utopian compared with the new poverty of the North, its racism & alienation.

On a crude level, this nostalgia gives a seductive quality to the rhetoric of fundamentalism. However, its worth considering that Islam possesses a far deeper & more sophisticated critique of "the modern world" than that proposed by the "Islamists". In fact, more than one critique. To mention a few (without judgement or evaluation): -The militant anti-colonialist sufism of Emir Abel Kader, or the Sanussi Order of Libya - The strange "anarcho-sufism" of Col. Qaddafi's Green Book (Qaddafi rebelled against a Sufi king, but was himself raised as a Sufi) - the Shiite socialism of the martyred Ali Shariati - the idea of the Mahdi or Redeemer as a collectivity - the ideal of Social Justice - the ban 'usury (which makes Global Capital impossible, of course) -the heroic Naqshbandi Order in Chechnya, resisting Russian imperialism for centuries -going back in time, the Persian \$ Syrian Nizaris or "Assassins", who went so far as to proclaim the Day of Resurrection, and to liberate a network of castles in the cause of esoteric enlightenment -etc. etc. - or even further back in time, the Prophet himself: professional revolutionary, guerilla leader, returned from his exile to establish egalitarian iconoclastic mystical/militant regime in Mecca... and so on.



A Green Thought in a Green Shade

Khezr, the Green Man, the Hidden Prophet, the trickster, the dream-master of all those seekers who need no other master. He drank the Waters of Life in Hyperborea and became immortal. He appears to lost travelers in the desert with water. He wears green. He might be the unknown face in any gathering. According to one version he is a water spirit, like one of the "Believing Djinn", and wherever he walks flowers & herbs spring up in his footsteps. He should be considered the patron saint of Sufi eco-warriors - an Order should be founded in his name the Khezriyya; more militant than Greenpeace or Earth First!, but in defense of ecological agriculture as well as sacred wilderness.



The Moorish Orthodox Church is a recognized offshoot of the Moorish Science Temple, which was founded in 1913 in Newark New Jersey by Noble Timothy Drew Ali, a black man adopted into the Cherokee Tribe, who traveled as a circus magician to Egypt and was initiated in the Great Pyramid. His Circle Seven Koran is based on theosophical Christianity and genuine folk tradition about Islam in America handed down from times of slavery. Moorish Science was very successful, especially in Chicago, where Noble Drew Ali was martyred by police in 1929.

Noble Drew had racial theories but he was anti-racist. The MST believes that the Celts are an "Asiatic race" (which is certainly true in a sense), and that Persians are Moslems who are also Indo-European (which is true); therefore the MST issued passports to white people as Celts or Persians. This gave rise to various subgroups, including (in 1964) the Moorish Orthodox Church.

The M.O.C. in the 60's was inter-racial, inter-faith, and interested in drugs. Hashish was declared a sacrament, & a branch of the church existed at Millbrook, on the millionaire's estate inhabited by Tim Leary, the Sri Ram Ashram, the Neo-American church & other groups. We believe in "ceremonial entheogenism".



The M.O.C. was dormant for a while but revived in 1986 on the centenary of Noble Drew Ali's birth. The Church today is largely a communication web among widespread friends and allies. Issues of the Moorish Science Monitor are occasionally published, and there is -of course- a web site ([www.geocities.com/Heartland/Woods/4623](http://www.geocities.com/Heartland/Woods/4623))The Moorish Science Reading Room, and related sights

One view is that difference is a good thing -it allows for the practice of tolerance, communication, presence, and exchange of gifts. "Love, Truth, Peace, Freedom, & Justice".

#### The War on Difference

Among the victims of Eugenics in the 19th - 20th century America were a number of groups with Islamic antecedents. The archetypal explanation of these groups proposed a "mongrelization" of run-away black slaves with Indians and renegade white serfs (usually Irish) - hence they were called "tri-racial isolates". Some of these groups had clearly been "founded" (at least partly) by Moslem maroons (escaped slaves). The Melungeons descend from Moorish "convertados" brought as slave-labor to Florida by Spain and abandoned there. The Delaware Moors, the Louisiana Turks, and the Ben Ishmael Tribe of Ohio, all reveal Islamic connections.

As for the Celtic part of the mixture, it begins not first with Cromwellian slavery but even earlier, according to myths and legends of the NE Coast Indian tribes. Irish monks and settlers reached Turtle Island even before the Vikings, and much more peacefully ("St. Brendan" as the prototype). Africans, too, had no doubt reached this hemisphere before Columbus. The possibility of many "peaceful trading voyages" before the military arrival of European imperialism, and even settlements like Vinland, or the

"Welsh Indians" (a folktale with disturbing material evidence) must be considered in tracing the unwritten story of the "tri-racial isolates".

In the 1970's these groups threw off the Eugenic archetype under the influence of the American Indian Movement (AIM). They realized themselves as tribes, "nations" with identity and history. The M.O.C. respects these groups as pure Americans, in the sense that their cultures unite our real "unwritten history" & excluded heritage - Native American, African, and "white trash"! - on the basis of tribalism, racial tolerance, and "empirical freedoms". It's inspiring for us to think that Islamic ideals play an ancient role in this heritage.

### Tulipomania

All over Eastern Europe one sees traces of the Ottomans, usually in the form of abandoned, closed, and deteriorating hamams, mosques, kiosks, etc. - a neglected heritage. It would be perfectly possible to forget the "old-age hostility" of the "borderland between Christianity & Infidelity" simply by invoking an aesthetic judgement on the beauty of these unseen ruins - why should it disturb us? Why not see and enjoy?

But this romanticism could go on to invoke the whole form of the "good things" of the Ottoman world - into gardens, tulips, calligraphy, Sufi orchestras, poetic refinement, sensuality, hashish. In a way this is mere "orientalism" to be sure - but then, the "Orient" has its own romanticism. What exactly is "wrong" with any of the items listed here?

The dusty remains of the Ottoman world also inspire some thought about Ottoman administration. The Osmanli were a single tribe running a vast empire & trade network from Istanbul. (In fact, come to think of it, this was the Roman Empire.) The last thing they wanted was "age-old hatreds" getting in the way of their gold bezants. Under the Millet system, every religious minority had judicial autonomy (although Islam retained prerogatives). The Byzantine Patriarch remains in Istanbul to this day. The Ottoman Empire was about taxes, not ideology or "race". The "Young Turks" rebelled against the Ottomans in order to vent "ancient hatreds" against Greeks & Armenians, long protected under the Empire. Granted the Ottomans were monsters - but how do they look after a century of communism and a decade of Global Capital?

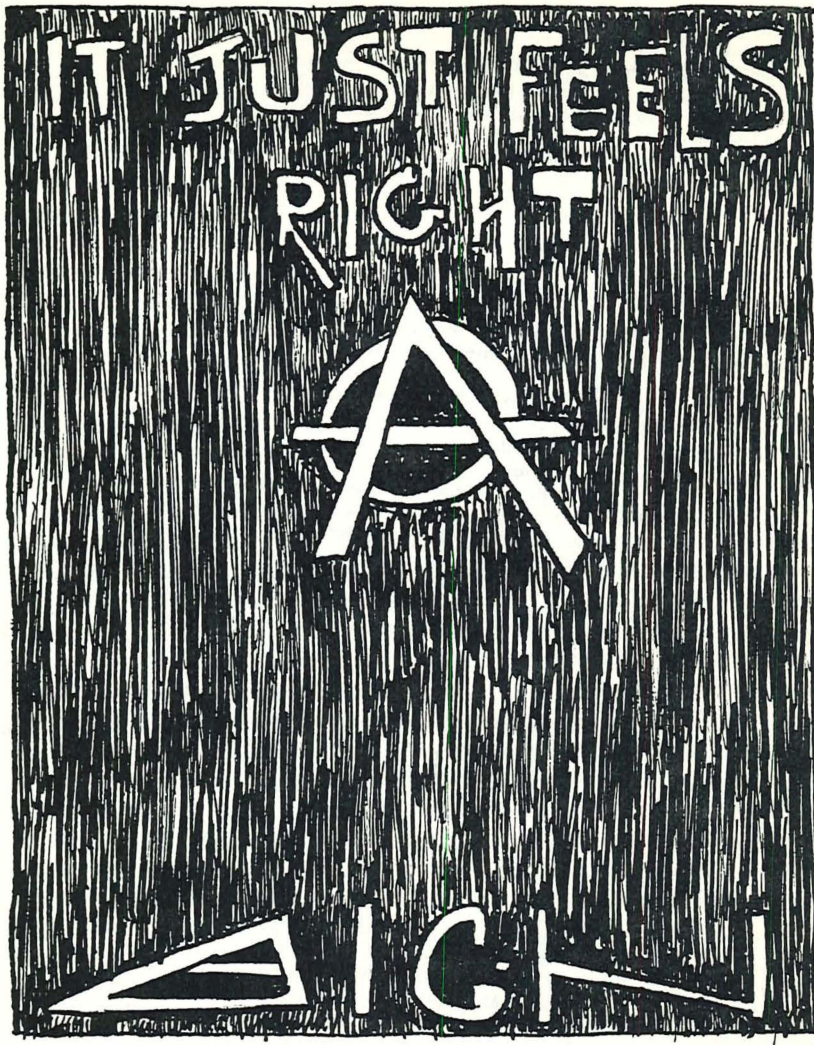
Inshallah, some day Sarajevo will rise again as a unique particularly in which European Moslems and European Christians (I'm speaking loosely here of communities, not professions of faith) will create in mutual tolerance & synergy a city-state of precious value, with an Islamic heritage. That would constitute an imaginal infusion, a flow of energy from the past, which would now be "our" past. This would mean far more than an empty apology for the old Ottomans, Caliphs of Islam and inventors of the fez.

### Jihad

"Islam" in Europe & America? Why not? Why not enjoy it? Autonomous enclaves in Berlin, Paris, London - linked by anarcho-federalism with other autonomous zones, squats, social centers, eco-farms & free rural municipalities, & other anti-Capital entities & non-hegemonic particularities. Revolutionary difference against the idols of Moloch & Mammon, & the culture of global sameness. Why not introduce into "western culture" the virus of a critique of the tyranny of the image - an iconoclastic breath from the desert? Reactionary fundamentalism has long since betrayed itself as a revolutionary force. Why not something else, the "spirit of Sarajevo" perhaps - or the castles of the Assassins...

Hakim Bey  
NYC  
Aug 16 1997  
"Ya Hafez"

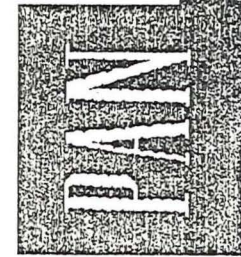




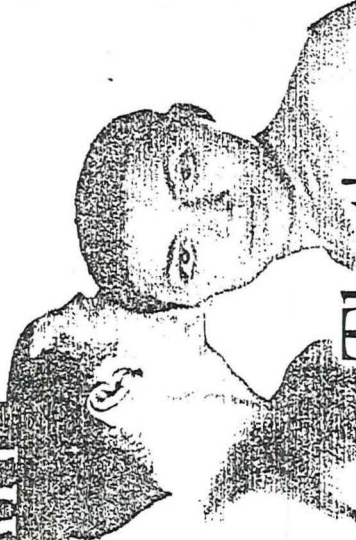
Army of the Illogically Good Humored  
First Temple

**News Update**

In 1988, Iranian Merhan Nasserri, then 46, landed at Charles de Gaulle Airport, near Paris after being denied entry into England because his passport and United Nations refugee certificate, had been stolen. No country would take him without papers, including France, and there he has been ever since, in Terminal One, luggage at his side, reading, writing in his diary, studying economics, receiving food and newspapers from airport employees. News of the Weird reported on Nasserri in '91, '95, and '98. On July 2, 1999, Belgium granted Nasserri refugee status, but at press time, he had not decided whether he wanted to leave the airport or not.



performanceartnetwork



That's sweat-shop, that's  
child labor, that's pollution, that's greed  
rape, that's selfishness, that's irresponsibility,  
capitalism, that's profit-driven, that's exploitation, that  
harmful, that's destructive, that's Holiday: Happy Holiday from Gap...

**"Shhhhhh.**  
***I want to tell you a secret.***  
***I'm not going to work on November 30th, and***  
***neither should you."***



*"I'm going to join workers and students  
in shutting down the city during the  
WTO's meeting of 3,000 unelected  
unnaccountable, corporate backed  
delegates November 29-December 3,  
1999 in downtown Seattle."*

***Here's the skinny:***

*The WTO has the authority to  
overrule any national law and  
community standard any-  
where in the world in the  
name of profit\$, and is  
using it.*

***How dare  
they?***

*If you don't want minimum wage  
laws destroyed, your right to organize  
taken away, child labor to return to this  
nation, or your schools to be completely  
run by corporations, then call-in sick,  
walkout, refuse to show up, or strike!"*

***"Don't tell my  
boss and I won't  
tell yours."***



206.706.6250

<http://walkout.listbot.org>



# **Sonoran Justice Alliance Tucson Arizona**

November 24, 1999 - SW Borderlands Organizations promote fair  
And sustainable economy.

We stand united in support of people, who struggle for the basics  
Of a dignified human existence: education, a clean environment, a  
Fair wage, safe working conditions, healthcare, and political  
freedom.

We celebrate the power of citizen activism and organized labor to  
achieve the basic dignities.

We acknowledge that increasing corporate control of government  
and public institutions often leaves labor and community groups  
as the last defense against exploitation of workers, communities,  
and natural resources.

We are alarmed that through the World Trade Organization  
(WTO) powerful corporations in the new global economy ignore  
borders, laws, and human rights in pursuit of profit, as the  
masters of capitol turn neighbor against neighbor in a global "race  
to the bottom".

We believe that we must organize to transcend political,  
geographic, and cultural barriers in order to challenge corporate  
power and protect our communities, no matter what city, country,  
or continent they inhabit.

We therefore declare an alliance between the forces of labor,  
Environment, community, and religious, in support of the global  
Struggle against the WTO.

We act in order to take responsibility for corporations that are a  
part of our community. We call attention to the WTO's destructive  
policies around the world -- such as unethically pushing  
governments to wave and weaken health, environment, and labor  
laws.

We demand justice for workers and the planet. We demand  
Responsibility from the corporations represented by the WTO that  
Would exploit them.

We demand that the new global economy be shaped to put the  
Needs of people before profit, and sustainable development before  
Exploitation and environmental destruction.

Center for Biological Diversity

National Lawyers Guild, Southern Arizona Chapter

Derechos Humanos

Arizona Earth First!

Prescott & Tucson Food-Not\_Bombs

SWARM- Southwest Alliance to Resist Militarization

Tucsonans for a Clean Environment

Salt of the Earth Labor College

Moorish Orthodox Church

Food Conspiracy Cooperative

Pueblo por la Paz

Border Ecology Project

Labor Party, Arizona Chapter  
Students, Actors and Writers for Social Justice  
Sierra Club, Rincon Chapter  
Defenders of Wildlife, Southwest Office  
Arizona Art & Revolution  
Tucson Arts Brigade  
Southern Arizona People's Law Center  
Students Against Sweatsops -University of Arizona  
Jesus Romo, attorney for Sindicato Nacional de  
Trabajadores Mineros, Wetalurgicos y Similares de la  
Republica Mexicana, Cananea, Sonora, Mexico  
Ian Robertson, President, Southern Arizona Center  
Labor Council, AFL-CIO

**We have come to Seattle in open revolt.**

The Committee for Full  
Enjoyment is a loosely-knit group of radicals who oppose the governance of human life by the  
abstraction known as The Economy. By our very presence we affirm the unquenchable passion  
at the core of human life. We didn't come here to earn, to get, to exchange. We are here to  
express ourselves, to share ourselves freely, to publicly demonstrate our passion for the art of  
living. We have come to give gifts: our ideas, our talents, our products, and our lives. This is the  
opposite of trade, "free" or "fair."

**The object of human life is not an evenly balanced list of  
exchanges, nor is it to gain advantage at others' expense. We  
suggest that the object of life is the \_\_\_\_\_ of our  
humanity, the passionate, ecstatic and even routine  
connection with others, and the creation of a good life for all.**

The WTO faces us with the formal demise of local sovereignty — local and national  
governments must now submit to the decisions of unelected barbarians, guardians of the  
bureaucratic logic of world capitalism. Laws enacted to protect workers from excessive  
exploitation, or the environment from excessive degradation, are now classified as  
impediments to free markets. Tariffs on products from countries who depend on near-slave  
labor or unrestrained pollution are going to be nullified by WTO gnomes representing the  
general interests of capital *against* any other system of values, human or ecological. **The WTO  
is the new enforcer of a logic under which we've all already been largely subsumed:  
The Market Rules. Period. Nothing must infringe on market logic, because according  
to these barbarians, the "health" of markets is the health of human society.**

We are in the streets of Seattle in the spirit of a real alternative — we could call it the Global  
Association of Gift-Givers (GAGG). We believe there is enough to go around. We believe that life  
— all life — is precious, and the passion for life is the same passion that convinces us that  
*together we can make life what we want it to be.* In the streets we have recreated the public  
commons, at least temporarily. We reject trade, for trade reinforces the pecuniary mentality  
that reduces human life to the arbitrary measurement of its products, to the Economy. As free  
people we can live better, work less (and enjoy the *pleasure* of the work we deem worthwhile)  
while providing an unprecedented level of material comfort to *everyone on the planet.* Scarcity  
is the main product of the World Market. A phenomenally rich world full of extraordinarily  
talented, creative people can make a life of abundance for all. The Economy stands in our way,  
physically and mentally.

**When we abolish the Economy,** we will see the world with new eyes, new  
energy, new possibilities. We make the world everyday when we return to work for  
them. Why not make the world we want to live in instead? **Won't you join us?**



Nov. 30th - 5th

## Seattle Festival of Resistance

### Fire Shrine Eye witness report

I was called to Seattle, plain and simple, as were many I'm certain. I didn't even understand why until a period of reflection over the past few weeks. I'm sure I don't understand it all yet. I'm a bit naïve and simple when it boils down to it. For example I was able to hitch hike through Chiapas in 1994 totally ignorant of the rebellion going on. Similarly, the W. T. O. didn't come to my attention until this August, at the Burningman festival in Nevada. I saw a t-shirt a friend of mine had made: Ignite the W.T.O. Upon inquiry I received a summery chatacism and felt the subtle shiftings of my destiny.

The W.T.O. or World Trade Organization is in simple terms the attempt by those controlling, or riding, world capital to shift itself and decisions about itself even further away from the "threat of democracy". This puts the concept of "privatization" into a context that I now understand.

What I've sussed out so far is that privatization moves control of recourses and production out of government hand(which ostensibly are our hands) and into private, corporate control. The W.T.O. is a consortium of these corporations who then decide amongst themselves how raw materials and products will be harvest, refined and moved about the globe. The W.T.O. has its own internal and secret methods to decide these matters. So why would any nation wish to be a part of this? As a member one receives substantial benefit in terms of tariff and duties breaks, investment incentives and investment by foreign (U.S.) investors, and on the negative side avoidance of reparation payments (i.e. Europe's insistence on not buying U.S. bovine growth hormone poisoned beef, which the W.T.O. rules as a "barrier to free trade", and was ordered to purchase U.S. beef or pay 142 million a year in fees ). Its through this type of pressure that the W.T.O. strong arms nations into blocking and or repealing hard won pro labor, pro humanitarian and pro environment laws, again because they are barriers to free trade. ( For a more in-depth and informed look at the W.T.O. and its antecedents see Noam Chomsky's Profit Over People 1999, Seven Stories Press, NY, NY)

This insidious consolidation of power frightened me and in looking about for more info and possibilities I discovered that many, many others were organizing magnificently to counter these inhuman machinations. The Direct Action Network, a coalition of activist and/or arts organizations had been organizing for months giving direct action, non-violent protest, legal rights and tactics workshops. They had been organizing across the globe for a week of protests in Seattle:

In reaching out locally I found a surprising number of people and organizations who were planning on attending. Through the local network I found a charming veteran, self confessed "anarchist wannabe" who had purchased an R.V. to transport protestors free of charge from here to there and back. I must give him special thanks for being such an impeccable host. He provided gas, transport, water, beer, cell phone service and Zapatista literature to 13 people and 3 dogs across the country in the name of humanity and anti-authoritarianism.

I arrived in Seattle Saturday night just in time to catch my ride the show I was performing in that night. This keyed me into a theme that would run through my whole experience in Seattle, that of synchronicity: eerie and resplendent coincidences that confirmed my path for me. The show was great, performing with old/new friends, with a sense of rightness, reunion, and purpose.

Monday there was a protest parade around the University area. I united with a friend and his white van and sound system that became a staple of the protests. His sound system and support crew were marvelous, pumping out bootie shakin' beats and love oriented anti-corporate propaganda. I also had the pleasure to reunite with old associates in and around the Infernal Noise Brigade, the infamous anarchist marching band.

Monday night I attended the IWW rally encircling the Kingdome a few blocks from where I was staying. They sang a lot on the west side of the Kingdome and the feelings were high. Upon returning home we found our friends in the van recruiting people for a march to Key arena on the opposite side of downtown. Overtop of lovely beats the loudspeaker beseeched people to join with them to dance for peace and love through town to the rally at the Key arena (hosted by Micheal Moore of Roger and Me fame not the nefarious corporate creep of the W.T.O. )

I must say that the procession was beautiful! We spent 2 hours traversing the city blocking traffic with a dance party of 500+ strong. The crowd buffer effectively kept the police at bay, and the negotiation savvy of the organizer kept it safe and unmolested. The Autonomous Zone aesthetic and material principal were in full effect. Many of the marches that week were planned and zoned ahead of time. This was underground, spontaneous, festive and undeniable.

Later that night I was treated to yet another reunion and performed with this group of friends in a downtown bar. Delightful circus jazz and fire for everyone!

I didn't sleep that night. There was that sort of Christmas feeling in the air for me. I was up all night putting together costumes (some from clothes given to us by local merchants in support of our protesting activities) and props for use with the marching band w/ one of my dearest friends, drinking smuggled and rare Belizian wine.

And so on Tuesday morning we were "up and at them!!". Contrary to most mainstream media the protests were upbeat, peaceful, well organized and festivar. Puppets(!) everywhere, music, costumes, marching bands (!!), laughter and hope and popular power suffused the air. The plan as put forth by D.A.N. was to lay siege to the convention center, keeping delegates in and out. A number of different processions proceeded from different part of town, all converging on the convention center by around 8:00 am. The cops were not quite everywhere and none were wearing gas masks, mostly they were dressed smartly in riot gear. I played secret service agent clown with the rave van for the first part of the day, goggles, radio complete with ear plug, dancing in front of the van keeping it safe and clear in front. I immediately had another great reunion with one of my most dearest, oldest friends and partner in crime that I'd lost touch with for years. I was overjoyed. It made so much sense that we'd see each other again under these circumstances, in this atmosphere.

Shortly after I joined up with the marching band. Incredibly powerful. 12 drummers, 4 flag wavers, 2 rifle spinners, a majorette, 2 Zapatista cheerleaders and a medic. Black and green dress, goggles, gas masks, face masks, radios, protective gear, flares. Well organized, well prepared. I was personally impressed by the level of organization and preparedness displayed over all by most people that day. I think that the protesters were more prepared, particularly mentally, than the police. I was proud to note that my usual gear for performing had me well prepared for the days events: goggles, chains, flammable liquid, imagination and awareness.

# NOT TRADE!



**Human life is about much more than trade – “free” or “fair”. It's time to overthrow the Dictatorship of the Economy and get on with the task of building a society based on *real* freedom.**

The marching band had a key function in the days siege events. We would receive information over our radio's about goings on around town, where the siege was weak, where people needed support. The band would start rippin' it up, the majorette waving flags, blowing her whistle, the cheerleaders jumpin' around spittin' fire and spinnin' streamers, drawing a crowd of course. We'd then march the crowd to the weaker areas of the blockade filling and strengthening, turning somber tense moods into festivity, the drumming, dancing, chanting (Primero Mundo Ja! Ja! Ja!) converting into noticeable moral strength. People in locked down positions in intersections cheering, revivifying the cold Seattle air. Somehow I recall that marching bands had a military origin, used to terrify the enemy with its infernal noise, energizing screaming blue Picts, high on woad, running up the length of a lance to lop off five roman heads before dying with a powerful gut wrenching howl (not, as the Klingons say, in lamentation but to warn the afterworld that a warrior is about to join them).

Meanwhile our friends in the rave van had occupied an intersection with a dance party, taking over space and time with beats and sweat, reminders of joy and human movement, the reason we were there, to be alive in the face of lifelessness. The convention center was surrounded., the opening ceremonies were stalled and abandoned, the delegates were not able to get inside. I saw one delegate muss his composure, lose it completely, striking out physically at protestors locked down barricading the entrance. Not only was the protest so far a success tactically, but psychically as well. Chords and core were being struck. This man, normally at a safe distance and disassociation from the effects of his tyranny was now forced to make real contact with a world he is so instrumental in creating.

And so it went. The city center of Seattle was ours. Cabbies struck in support, buses unable to move through the streets gave up, the dock workers union closed the western seaboard. Steel workers marched, the I.W.W., A.F.L.-C.I.O., farmers, health advocates, migrant workers, loggers, Earthfirst!, Bread and Puppet and more.

At around 11:00 by my recollection some of the police line began donning gas masks, loading their rubber bullet guns and ordering people to disperse. Yea right. Shortly after they gassed the first crowd of people in an intersection right in front of the convention center, firing their rubber bullets (which are designed to be ricocheted off the ground) directly and at short range into peoples faces and chests. People lost teeth, huge bruises across rib cages, scalding hot tear gas canisters striking people directly, in one case a mans jaw was knocked from its hinges. The police tried pushing forward. The crowds just retrenched with more resolve. Finally the tear gas canisters were being tossed back, medics were washing the pepper spray from sore eyes. The marching band was gassed. My chest hurt. My eyes were less irritated than most, I think because of all the southwest cooking with peppers, onion and garlic, I am partially immunized. Pepper spray is another issue for the food conscious to take up against. What an inhumane and unnatural use for a vegetable.

**WORLD**  
**FIRST**

**THE WORLD TRADE ORGANIZATION**

PROCESSION & MASS NONVIOLENT DIRECT ACTION: TUES. NOV. 30, 7AM  
GATHER: VICTOR STENBRUECK PARK AND  
SEATTLE CENTRAL COMMUNITY COLLEGE

**MAGINE**  
**WORLD**

**DIRECT ACTION / STREET THEATER CONVERGENCE: NOV 20-28 420 E DENNY WA**



**Increasing poverty,** low wages, and cuts in social services while the rich get richer; deforestation, grid-locked cities, global warming, and genetic engineering; meaningless jobs, sweatshops and more prisons, gentrification and war: All this didn't just spring from nowhere, but is the result of an economic and political system that is going global. Resistance to it, if it is to be effective, must also be global.

**On the morning of Nov. 30,** President Clinton plans to welcome the World Trade Organization: thousands of corporate leaders, government officials, and an army of bureaucrats. They are gathering at this summit to further their drive for profits and their control over our economic, political and cultural life. At the same time working families, students, farmers, environmentalists, people of faith, animal rights activists and many others will participate in a mass nonviolent direct action and mass mobilization to **SHUT DOWN the WTO.** Also on November 30 tens of thousands of people around the world will be taking action in support. The WTO Summit offers a historic opportunity to halt corporate globalization and reclaim our lives, our communities, our future and the earth. Don't go to work or school. Invite your friends, classmates, neighbors and coworkers. A new world is possible and we are part of a global movement rising up to make it happen. **Join us.**

**Neighborhood Processions Against the WTO:**

- Join UW students, neighbors, Bread and Puppet Theater, Art and Revolution: Tuesday Nov 23, 12 noon, Red Square, University of Washington
- Capital Hill: 12 noon, Seattle Central Community College, Broadway and Pine. Cosponsored by Capital Hill No to WTO.

**Direct Action Street Theater Convergence to**

**Resist the WTO** (Nov. 20-28, 1999, 9am-9pm) Join us for nine days of street theater making (giant puppets, dance, spoken word, theater, art, radical cheerleading, an more) nonviolent direct action training, WTO teach-ins, skills sharing, and celebration, and fun. To build a culture an community of resistance. Donation requested, no one turned away for lack of funds. Info center: 420 E. Denny (at Olive Way, west Capital Hill) Info website: [www.go.to/directaction](http://www.go.to/directaction) Info line (206) 654-6779.

**Nov. 30 Nonviolent Direct Action cosponsored by (to date):** Direct Action Network, Adbusters, Global Exchange,

And some more ground was lost, clubbings, escalation. We started pulling dumpsters into the intersections, newspaper boxes, anything to blockade. For awhile it seemed to mellow out. The determination of the protest, the lack of fear, retaliatory violence, the lack of panic, and organization of the protestors had the police confused I think. There was even space for the marching band to take a lunch break. But as the afternoon wore on it got uglier, more escalation. The police reloaded their weapons and began to try to clear the streets in earnest. The streets were filling with gas. There were some arrests, not many. Fire spitting. Dumpsters were being burned. Over the media, the city was denying the use of rubber bullets. People were collecting by the hand fulls and showing piles of them to the press. "O.K." says the mayor "we are using rubber bullets." The press was everywhere. Not just local or U.S. but French and from all over. I was stopped by German press, "what re you making? What are you about?" "See our colors?" I said "Black and Green. Black for the absence of control and false authority. Green for the earth and green things everywhere. Wa Kizra!!"

More escalation. Now graffiti was appearing everywhere, "O.T.O not W.T.O.", "NO McGlobalization", "You are not what you own", "The clothes you wear are covered in blood". Breaking glass. Starbucks, McDonalds, Nike Town, Old Navy all being destroyed, not looted, trashed. Bank windows. These destructions were political statements and clearly in response to police escalation of the situation. It felt great and I think it may have been necessary to give a cleaner, clearer edge. I heard that the steelworkers rushed a police line. But, what I heard from numerous sources was even more beautiful. Near the head of the steelworkers march was a group of Native Americans. As they approached a police line, designed to keep the march separated from the main protest, the Natives stopped and conferred amongst themselves. There was a stall and confusion. They then formed their own line and approached the police. They paused and then tapped each cop on his helmet three times. Confused(?), the police parted and the march continued.

By dusk the city was a gas cloud, helicopters dumping gases, asthma attacks, destruction, martial law was declared, the constitution suspended. A curfew was declared. I walked through a visibly gasless area but my throat began to close up. I detoured and went home. On the local news they showed that they had cleared down town, the declared military zone. Only 5% of the delegates were able to meet. It was a success! The police continued on into the late evening, harassing people, driving them into residential neighborhoods, gassing and gassing and gassing. Clouds of the stuff were wafting into peoples homes. On the Internet I read of protests in all the major cities around the world. Now that's the kind of globalization I like to hear about.

On Wednesday morning gas masks were declared illegal. Arrest and a \$500 fine. Downtown was a "no protest zone", arrests began in earnest. City buses were commandeered to haul away protestors 100 or so at a time. The streets were not to be ours that day. The police became indiscriminately brutal. Anyone in groups were brutalized and arrested. Some of the media were "accidentally" arrested. A black city council member was dragged from his car as he was on his way to the meetings. His credentials, when presented, were disregarded. He was cuffed and hauled away. An innocent (non-protester) girl was leaving a restaurant when she was grabbed from behind and had her nose broken as her face was shoved into the pavement. A pregnant woman in her 4th month miscarried when she was attacked and arrested. She also was not involved as a protestor, she just left her office building at the wrong time.

In jail people were tortured for not giving their names, a solidarity tactic agreed upon before hand by most beforehand. When people refused to get off the buses they were carted away in, the buses were gassed. Women's jail cells were gassed. Apolitical protestors, local were now beginning to march in protest of their police, for their open brutality and their home and neighborhoods being gassed.

On Thursday night our scheduled performance (a benefit) was being canceled due to its location within the curfew zone. The promoter hastily found an alternate space for some of us. In reaction to the gas mask ban, bra's were fashioned from them and worn in the show. A police officer who had gassed us (with a co2 extinguisher) was molested and stripped (revealing her hidden and forbidden undergarments) on stage, healed and released by orgone (and a dildo). Happy Birthday Kerosena!

And so by now many of our friends were in jail. The city was illegally keeping their lawyers from seeing them. Bails were 10,000\$. One dear and valiant friend is still there as of this writing, her identity discovered and a warrant. She is in our prayers and her release is being diligently sought.

At this point my head is heavy and tired with all the images of police and war. I'm sick. Still with a nagging congestion brought on by nefarious gasses. But I am proud of everyone who was there in resistance. Their work and sacrifice was successful. The W.T.O. meeting was thwarted. Their machinations exposed. Consciousness was raised. A number of contras withdrew from the W.T.O. Seattle's police chief resigned (albeit probably to make investigation of atrocities more difficult). The W.T.O. planned another meeting in Geneva, where they have their headquarters, to attempt to finish the work they could barely get started. Geneva now contemplates ousting them from their city.

3000 or so delegates met to network an empire of capitol yet 50,000 and more met to network the resistance. Old friends reunited, new alliances and tactics formed. The people felt their power and now we hope to see us continue to seek even more intense modes of experience.



# CONCERNED ABOUT PEPPER SPRAY ?

The first thing to remember about exposure to pepper spray and tear (CS) gas is that it is not the worst thing that could happen to you. The hype and fear surrounding them is enormous, but in reality, if you are careful and smart (which you must be if you are researching this), you should survive it with little problem. The information presented here is the result of conversation with a doctor who has done extensive research on the subject, an ex-member of the military who has been on the giving and the receiving end of these weapons, and activists who have direct experience with exposure. To our knowledge, this is the best information available.

## IMPORTANT

- asthmatics risk permanent damage or even death if exposed
- reaction to exposure will be greater with the presence of some skin conditions such as acne or severe eczema.
- leave contact lenses at home as they trap the irritating gases and chemical compounds underneath them and can burn through or create blisters on the cornea.
- vulnerable humans such as infants, the elderly, the immune deficient, folks with chronic heart conditions, and women who are or may be pregnant are at a much greater risk as demonstrated

Pepper spray and CS gas are delivered in "inert" chemicals which can cause cancer, birth defects and genetic mutations. According to the US Army, and recent biomedical research the active agents in each of these chemical weapons also have the potential to cause mutations and cancer. In addition, the production of clouds of CS gas is accompanied by the production of carbon monoxide, and smaller amounts of hydrogen and cyanide gases. Lesser amounts of heavily regulated carcinogens are present as well.

## how to prevent & treat

There are many myths about prevention and treatment. Far too many to go into here. Much of this misinformation is potentially dangerous. Some of it, if applied, could greatly increase or prolong a person's reaction to exposure, or at the very least provide a false sense of security.

### protection via hygiene

Avoid using detergents. They provide a link between the oily base of the chemical weapon and your skin, allowing the chemicals to dissolve and their nasty pain-causing qualities to be unleashed. Wash the clothes you will wear several times in washing soap that is detergent-free. Avoid newly purchased clothes which generally have a substantial detergent residue. Wash your scalp (and your dreads...) thoroughly (rinse twice if you use shampoo which contains detergent, or play it safe and use castile soap). Washing your body thoroughly (also with castile soap) is essential on the day of the action to rid your skin of oils, dead skin cells, and microscopic debris, which also provide chemical links for the weapons. Be sure to avoid all vegetable or mineral oils—this means moisturizers and lotions.

### protection via barriers:

There are many barriers that could be used—however, given the likelihood of rain, their coverage would likely be ineffective. Do not use Vaseline or mineral oil as an attempted barrier—this is a commonly spread myth that would cause much more harm than good.

### protection via gear:

Wearing a layer of tight clothing can prevent the irritant from getting to much of your skin. Rain gear will do the same. Gloves are good. Remember that you will want to wash (this time with detergent to dissolve the chemicals) or dispose of contaminated clothing. Gas masks provide the best facial protection, if properly fitted and sealed. Alternatively, goggles, respirators, even a wet cloth over the nose and mouth will buy you some extra time. Be aware that tear gas and pepper spray contain oily solvents that will slowly dissolve rubber and plastic, so don't buy really expensive gear. This means that your goggles will only provide temporary protection. Also remember that the straps of your gear will absorb the chemicals and eventually begin to irritate the skin beneath.

## how it is deployed:

Pepper spray is applied to crowds via spray or pump bottles, or may be directly applied to the eyes and other sensitive membranes of locked down activists as happened in Eugene on June 1, 1997. It can come in small, hand-held dispensers (like mace), but in Vancouver, at the APEC protest in 1997, the police used large tanks of the stuff, giving a 9 second warning beforehand. CS gas is emitted from canisters which are fired into crowds. You should, under no circumstances, attempt to pick-up the canister with unprotected hands. They are extremely hot. So a good pair of gloves is required in order to hurl the thing away from you and your friends. Be extremely careful that you don't throw it into a group of your allies. And be aware that the time it takes you to throw it will allow you to be heavily exposed.

Both chemicals are skin irritants. Pepper spray is more popular with authorities. It is harder to remove from the skin. However, the effects are pretty similar for both. Both forms of chemical warfare have their most powerful effect on the eyes, nose, mouth and breathing passages. In an enclosed space with no ventilation, you have about a minute before your body starts to react severely. Being outside will obviously give us more time. Your eyes will water, causing your vision to blur. You may not be able to keep them open at all. Your nose will run. Breathing will become difficult. Disorientation and confusion is possible. The good news is that this is temporary. After 45 minutes to 2 hours, the symptoms should be gone, and you can return to the action, assuming you take care of yourself in the meantime.

## how to deal:

If you see it coming or get a warning, you can put on protective gear, remove your contacts, and/or try to get away. Moving away from the source, or

moving upwind is key. **DO NOT RUB IT IN.** Try to stay calm. When your body heats up (from running or panicking, for example), the irritation will increase. After exposure, find uncontaminated air, preferably in a space where unexposed folks can help you, or at least ensure that you are safe while you treat yourself. There will be people trained in first aid nearby who will help, as needed. Wash your eyes with a solution made of oil, baking soda and castile soap. The mixture should be more oily than soapy. Follow this with lots of water. Blow your nose. Take slow deep breaths, assuming you've found clean air. Walking around with your arms outstretched, removing contaminated clothing, and taking a COLD shower soon are all excellent treatments, once you've gotten your vision and breathing stabilized and your head clear. Remember, it is temporary, and we are strong.

The following is patched, paraphrased and pieced together from a conversation with an activist who was tortured by the police with pepper spray while engaged in a lock down in Eugene, Oregon.

There were four activists in an office—locked together in pairs. The woman I spoke with, (who was a minor at the time of the action) was the first to be tortured. Let's call her X. The police applied a headlock to X and then forced her eyes open to apply pepper spray directly with a Q-Tip. The first sensation she felt was the wetness, and she had a brief sense of it not being too bad; however, the pain increased very rapidly. The cops used the spray at point blank range on the other activists which resulted in greater pain, and higher risk of injury as the force of the spray can embed dust particles from the air into the eyeball. The effects of the fumes were also much greater with the spray. The Q-Tip application was creepier, more visceral, very cold and clinical, but the spray had worse results overall.

X was unable to open her eyes. She was trying to blot them, but said that the impulse to rub was very great, difficult to resist. Some of the spray dripped onto her leg and went straight through her clothing, burning her skin. She found herself clawing her legs to try and distract herself from the pain. The fumes tasted of chemicals, constricted her lungs—she said it felt like it was sticking to the inside of her lungs. Her face felt burning and raw, like it was bleeding. She had a roaring headache and was hyper-aware of the blood pounding through her body. One thing she mentioned that people may not realize is that there is a huge amount of snot involved. She was blowing her nose a lot, which seemed to help relieve the symptoms. A lot of snot gets swallowed, which she felt may have been a contributing factor to the nausea that some people in her group felt. Evidently it is a frequent response, as is gagging.

X found the impulse to panic and an intense sense of claustrophobia harder to deal with than the pain. Not only was she locked down, but blinded as well, which heightened her other senses. Another response that X experienced, which she later learned is extremely common is intense anger. The police have done reports on this, determining that the use of pepper spray can escalate situations. X found that the anger helped her to keep her focus, but thought that people should be aware of it in advance as a possibility.

She said that she felt as though she had buried some part of herself, as though she was removed from the situation. The importance of continuing to resist was strong, however, there was a great sense of surreality to the experience, time seemed to slow down. They knew while being tortured that there were people on the other side of the door who wanted to know what was going on inside, so they were screaming a lot, using a lot of energy. At times X was able to lie down and allow herself to feel the pain, and that enabled her to calm down. She felt that if it happened again she would try to focus more on remaining calm. Screaming, though an effective communication tool, resulted in increasing her breath rate (and her internal exposure to the fumes) and most likely was a contributing factor in the sore throat she had for days. Also, she said that she would try not to cry as much, as the tears carried the chemicals into her mouth, which constricted her throat. She imagined that rain might exacerbate the effects in this same way, however, if the skin is wet it may provide a bit of a barrier between the oily chemicals and the skin, since the oil won't mix with the water.

X and the others were denied medical treatment for many hours, and were then left to their own devices in jail/juvie. This, combined with the intensity of the application of the pepper spray, contributed to more severe after effects than she may have experienced otherwise. These included intense sensitivity to light, a raw feeling surrounding her eyes, loss of voice, sore throat and a raging headache—all of which lasted several days. She developed a wheezing cough, particularly at night. Some people in her group developed "dry eye disorder" which is just what it sounds, when the eye doesn't produce enough tears. Panic attacks and flashbacks were triggered for a while by a few things—getting soap in her eyes, for example. It took a while before she liked spicy food again.

Because of the special nature of her case, which still has a lawsuit in process, she has done extensive research and discussion of the experience, which has greatly helped her to process the trauma. This processing was an important part of her recovery, and is recommended for others who may be exposed. X will be leading a discussion/information-sharing on Thursday, November 26th from 5-6pm at 420 E. Denny.



# EL PRODUCTO

BLUNT



PROPHECY: an anthology of Love, Truth, Peace, Freedom, Justice and Beauty. Moorish League  
Old School Moorish Science and "New Current" Moorish writings and art 2\$ National-Secretariate  
P.O. Box 40307  
Albuquerque, NM,  
87196



Islam in America, Muhammad Alexandaer Russell Webb 6\$  
Al-Islam the True Faith, The Religion of Humanity by Sheik Daoud Ahmed Faisel Bey 4\$  
Bilal Muhammad: Muslim Jurisprudist in Antebellum Georgia 3\$

Songs of Salvation 3\$ each or  
Koran Questionary all 3 for 8\$  
Humanity Book



from **Magribine Press**  
6348 n. Milwaukee, Suite 302  
Chicago, Ill.

60646-3728

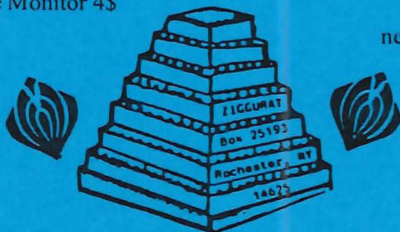


More from Thom Metzger



@

Secret Surrealist Sect Purple Monitor 4\$  
From Prince Selim Bey  
c/o OUOROBOROS  
P.O. Box 4742  
Seattle WA,  
98104-0742



Qiyamat  
newsletter for friends of the Imam  
"Edge" Islam

Qiyamat propaganda

Free by written request  
EKO Publications  
P.O. Box 603  
Springfield, MO  
65801-0603



Moorish Science Monitor, Fire Shrine Press Editions, #1 4\$

330 N. 4th Ave #23  
Tucson AZ  
85705

