

.... Where today are the Pequot? Where are the Narragansett, the Mohican, the Pokanoket, and many other once powerful tribes of our people? They have vanished before the avarice and the oppression of the White Man, a snow before a summer sun.

Will we let ourselves be destroyed in our turn without a struggle, give up our homes, our country bequeathed to us by the Great Spirit, the graves of our dead and everything that is dear and sacred to us? I know you will cry with me,

**'Never! Never!'**

-Techumseh  
of the Shawnees

GREEN ANARCHY  
PO BOX 11331  
Eugene, OR 97440  
collective@greenanarchy.org

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An Anti-Civilization Journal of  
Theory and Action

**Last rush in Babylon  
Voices catching up    Voices catching up  
Watch out child    Watch out child  
Babylon falling down    Falling down**

Society a broken promise    Economy's war    Citizen whores    Political pimps leaving us  
flat on our backs    trading today    waiting for the promised land    Roles playing roles  
covering every day's fear    Going off to work    having the job done on us    In the  
eyes of god building the bomb    Loving thy self    hating thy self in the illusion

Voices catching up    Voices catching up    Watch out child    Watch out child  
Babylon falling down    Falling down

Caligula laughs    loudly through time    Twisting love to get at the sexes  
Classes Material Consumed    Designer worlds    create electric impulses  
Turning down life    The real goodbye    See it in our face    See it everyplace

Last rush in Babylon    Voices catching up    Voices catching up    Watch out child  
Watch out child    Babylon falling down    Falling down

Arms race    Jackboots pounding earth    Military precision    Dissecting elements  
of life    Taking apart instead of healing    Generals and Gods    Fascists and oil wells  
Man images and machines    Petrochemical societies    Trying to hide the sun  
Jackboots pounding earth    Creaking leather boots    Dead cows crying in a  
world turned    to a planetary slaughter house

Wandering amongst the opulence    Wondering what not to touch  
Times not knowing    Times getting bit    Times of temptation    Times of  
seduction    Wandering in the poverty    Touched by everything  
Knowing the bite    No time for temptation    only time for doing  
Babylon in terror    World run over by machines    The economics  
of captured dreams    The rich are the poorer    while the poor are  
waiting    Everyone pretending to live    Calling exploitation  
progress    Calling submission freedom    Calling madness profit  
Calling earth a plan-et    Plaguing her with civilization

Alone    We see you in your loneliness    Sometimes we wonder  
which is lonelier    being alone together    or being lonely alone  
With no protection that you know of    Principles replaced by nothing  
The lies becoming desperation    Outrageous violence    internal  
and external    Forming distractions from life    making the loneliness  
a new type of alone    Alone with your machines    Alone with your  
fear    Alone with your oppressor    Alone with roles played    Alone  
from the past    Alone from the future    Stranded in the universe  
Separated from earth, sun, moon, sky    With only god to comfort  
you    while he sanctions war and greed    Messengers clubbing you  
Heavenly threats and promises    a basis for exploitation of every-  
thing    even yourself    Giving up together    Surrendering    Alone

—John Trudell, *Voices Catching Up*

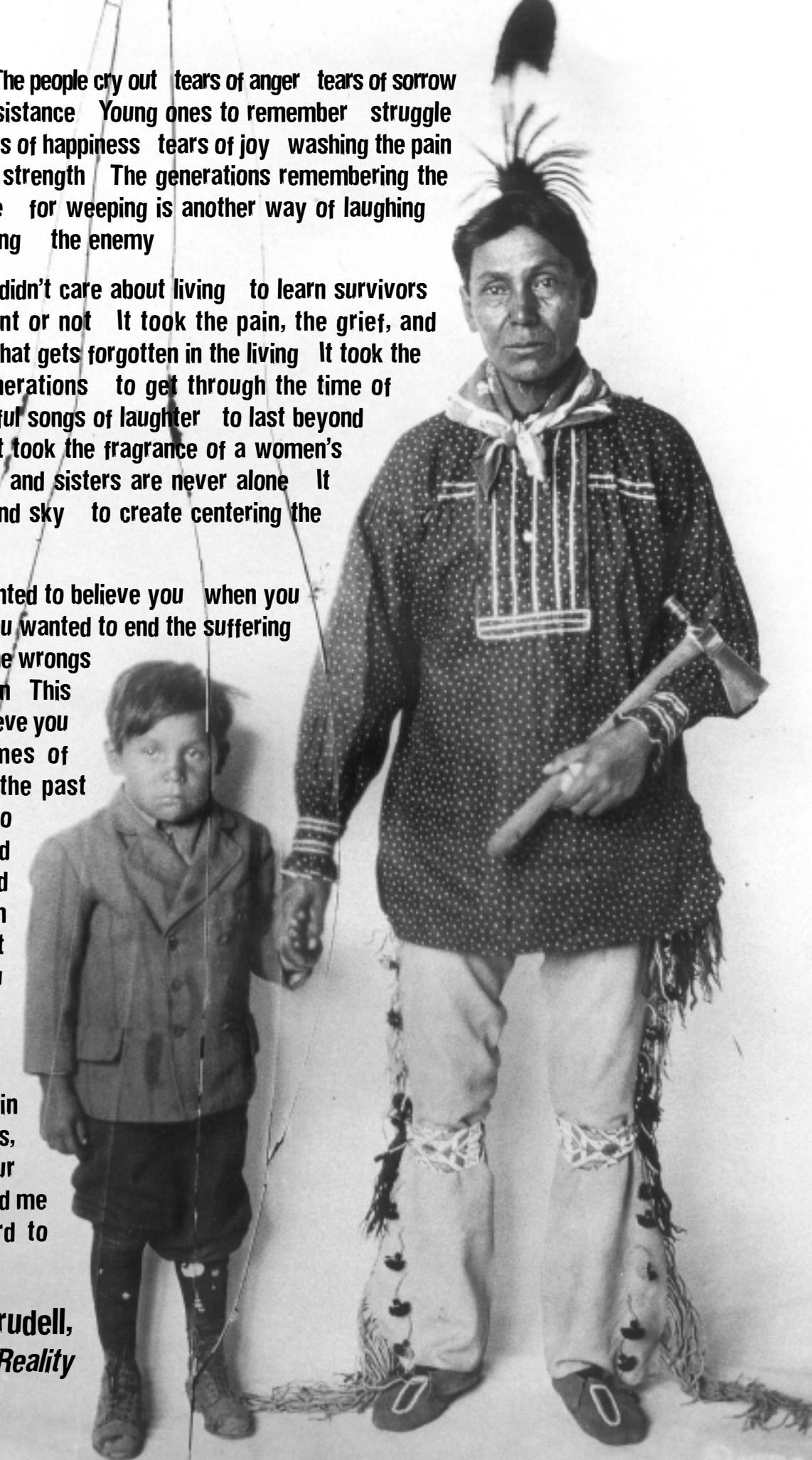
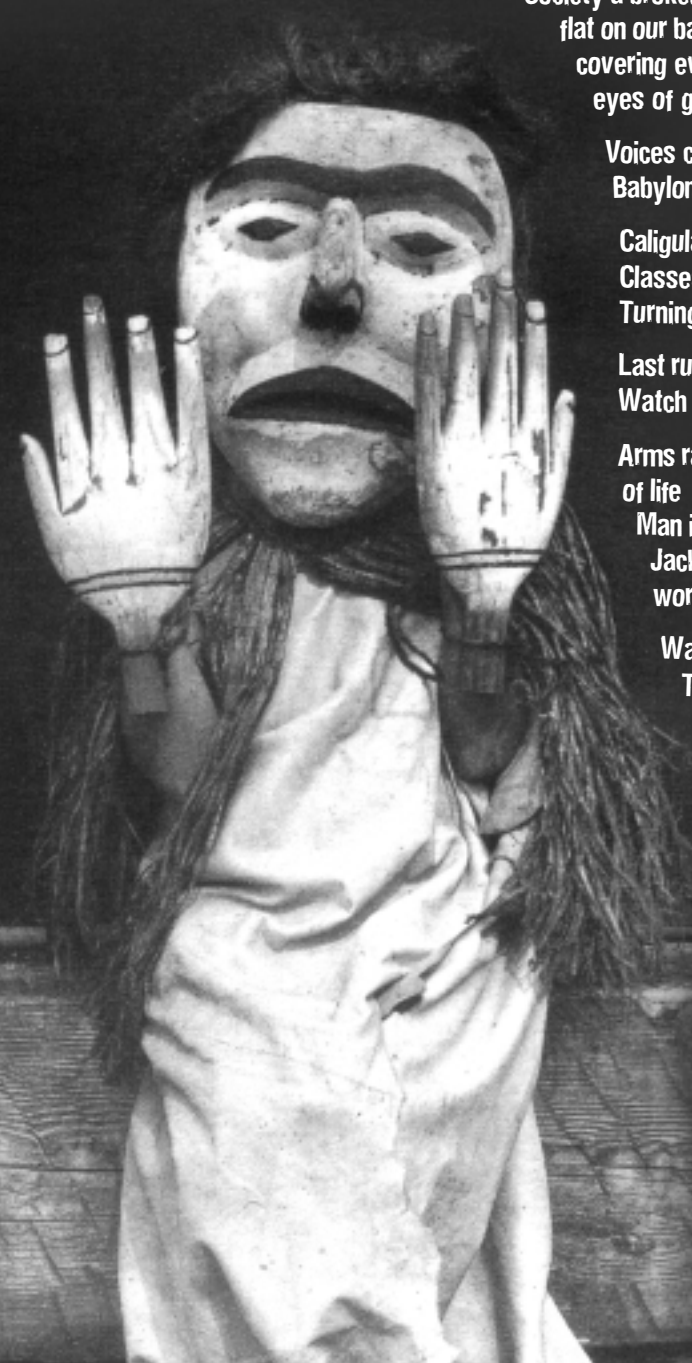
... **Endure**    The people cry out    tears of anger    tears of sorrow  
flowing    giving birth to resistance    Young ones to remember    struggle  
for the people cry out    tears of happiness    tears of joy    washing the pain  
cleaning the spirit    giving strength    The generations remembering the  
past    to rebuild the future    for weeping is another way of laughing  
and resisting    and outlasting    the enemy

... It took the times we didn't care about living    to learn survivors  
survive whether they want or not    It took the pain, the grief, and  
the dying    to remember what gets forgotten in the living    It took the  
lessons of a thousand generations    to get through the time of  
yesterday    It took the joyful songs of laughter    to last beyond  
today and to tomorrow    It took the fragrance of a women's  
touch    to realize brothers and sisters are never alone    It  
took the joining of earth and sky    to create centering the  
universe

... This time I almost wanted to believe you    when you  
said it would be alright    You wanted to end the suffering  
and the deliberateness of the wrongs  
were only in my imagination    This  
time I almost wanted to believe you  
when you implied the times of  
sorrow    were buried in the past  
Never would we have to  
worry    about shadows and  
memories    clinging and  
draining the strength from  
our souls    This time I almost  
wanted to believe you  
when you spoke of peace,  
and love, and caring, and  
duty, and god, and destiny  
but somehow the death in  
your eyes    and your bombs,  
and your taxes, and your  
greed, and your facelift told me  
This time, I cannot afford to  
believe you

—John Trudell,  
from *Living In Reality*

Delaware man and son, 1906



Nuhlilmkilaka (bringer of confusion), 1914; the forest spirit that causes one to become confused and lose one's way. Mask used in the nunhlim winter ceremony of the Quatsino Sound tribes.