

I was remembering being on these same streets during the protests against Viet Nam, and I had read about the General Strike of 1909, when the Wobblies shut the city down for six days. The Wobblies were back again Tuesday morning. I've heard a story about when Woodrow Wilson visited Seattle after he had broken the strike with Government Troops, and the streets were lined with Wobblies and their families and they stared at him in silence as he drove past. He had a stroke shortly thereafter. Yes, the power of the people is mighty and the power of organized people is awesome. A speaker told the crowd that all of Ports on the West Coast were shut down. That hasn't happened since the thirties. Since there are so many stories out there about Seattle, we have posted some of the e-mails we recieved on our web site and encourage you to read them if you can, but since most folks can't, we will include parts of other folk's stories in the paper paper as well.

So, here's part of **Jack's story**...

"Seattle, November 30th 1999 1:30PM"

I stood on the sidewalk as a rainbow river of people flowed by. Led by Teamsters on Harleys and Tibetan exiles, one affinity group after another marched down the street as I looked for a good spot to join the fun. Even though the rain had stopped folks wore their union sponsored ponchos proudly, eddies of blue machinists, red steelworkers and yellow longshoremen swirled with a patchwork of Gortex. Signs, banners and flags waved announcing affiliations and concerns. "WTO: If it doesn't work for your family, it doesn't work!", "WTO: Don't leave us out in the cold!", "We demand a voice!" Shouts, chants and music echoed off the buildings. The street was packed as far as I could see back down to the Seattle Center and the Space Needle. Celebration was afoot!

Sea Turtles have become a symbol of the WTO's anti-environmentalbia as the organization has deemed a U.S. law insisting on turtle-friendly shrimp nets a 'trade barrier'. Someone had developed an ingenious cardboard turtle suit and encouraged hundreds of people to wear them. The ubiquitous sea-turtles were especially impressive marching together with a giant inflatable turtle mascot.

At this point the march entered what television would later portray as the battle zone. We passed some broken windows, saw plumes of tear gas a few blocks off the parade route and were encouraged to join the Direct Action Network in its civil disobedience. I had wandered up here earlier and witnessed some of the vandalism. Masked furtive boys, mostly, maybe 30 of them, dressed all in black moved quickly and quietly down the sidewalk randomly smashing windows and overturning paperboxes. There was no air of celebration about them. Only anger and adrenaline.

Another local person who was there, Hank, was involved in the civil disobedience and followed Thoreau's footsteps to jail. This is part of **Hank's story**.....

WEDNESDAY

I was arrested around seven thirty in the morning; I think it was close to Eighth and Lenora. My affinity group had overslept and we were late for the protest, the meeting place was empty so we kept walking toward downtown, we knew they had headed for the Westin. A National Guard unit denied us entry at one intersection but helpfully suggested trying further on, so we did and it worked. We came upon a group of people and police and cameras and buses and other signs of a good old fashioned conflict. A bunch of protesters were lined up on the sidewalk, already cuffed and waiting to be loaded onto two waiting metro buses. I got a little pissed off, as I'm prone to do at the sight of police abusing their power. I have no idea why, but I ducked into the used car lot that bordered the melee and came out on the up side of the roundup, but in the street. Ignoring the "sir, sir," of some cop, I just walked over to the front of the already full bus and attached myself, as best I could, to the bike rack. I was soon joined in this endeavor by -----.

I'm not sure what good it did besides slowing things down a bit and causing the police to illegally apply pain compliance holds to my head, elbows, and back. Their holds didn't actually work, but they got me off

"Black holes are where God divided by zero."
- Steven Wright

just by pulling harder than I could hold on (five to one, hey, no fair). Once I was on the ground I was afraid they would pepper spray me so I covered my face with my arms, but they pulled my arms away and threatened to start spraying. I peeked my eyes open and the cannister was inches from my face. I decided not to be temporarily blinded and in agonizing pain, and gave up. They rolled me on my stomach and cuffed me, a process complicated by the fact that there were at least four of them. As one would scream for me to put my arm behind my back, the corresponding appendage wasn't always released. They got it sorted out eventually and I was hoisted into the air. I had a frightening view of their legs, covered in body armor, clicking in unison. I was being carried by the robotic insects of global-capital, but to where?

JAIL

I think the complete effectiveness of jail (assuming the goal of which is to dehumanize, demoralize, and force conformity) is due to information control. Access to the outside world and other inmates is strictly and deliberately controlled.

I was locked in cell F037 almost the whole time I was in the King County Regional Justice Center in Kent. I got out to make a phone call once and another time to meet with a lawyer. When we were moved our ankles were cuffed together and our hands cuffed to a chain around our waists. Single file right side of the hall no noise. Shut the fuck up you'll do what I say you're on the inside.

Inside is different, I felt I had no power. Almost upon arrival I was carried (out of a peaceful attempt to stay in a holding cell until our lawyer arrived) and slammed into a rolling lockdown chair. Restrained by my ankles and waist, cuffed behind my back, a strap around my chest and hair firmly pulled. I had just seen another prisoner in the same position get pepper sprayed as punishment. From that moment I gave up a little, gave up my naive belief that I could do anything to affect my situation. A reverse lesson from the empowering protests on the outside. Shut up and wait became my strategy, don't let them beat your mind. Any outcry or dissent by a prisoner was turned into a personal issue by the guards. Who's going to win a power struggle in a jail?

The whole time I was inside I wanted to scream and run away, indulge a fantasy that I could just get out and away. As I white male in this county the loss of power came as quite a shock, I wanted to hit my door and scream, swing my arms wide and disappear. But I knew that if I did, that I wouldn't have that fantasy anymore, that I would have lost.

I saw the man next to me in booking get attacked by at least four guards for not consenting to give up his glasses. I could hear his hair being pulled out and the noise his joints made as his shoulders and wrists were used as pain compliance devices. I saw prisoners simply taken away to isolation for asking for their phone call too much (these men never got a call).

There is no dialogue inside, you know what they want you to know, go where they want you to go. But solidarity is inside one's mind and they couldn't take that away from us. Solidarity is what filled the experience with joy and hope, choosing to go back to jail when they wanted to release us, knowing that protesters were ringing the jail, chanting for our release.

And we got this story from **Terry**....

Here is what I saw in person: a march of between 40 and 50,000 people of every possible skin hue, every conceivable race, ages between early 20s and late 60s, fat, thin, and in between, from all over the U.S. I saw Women of Steel -- women steelworkers from Boulder, CO next to the association of airline pilots. I saw tool and die workers walking next to the association of professional engineers; well, you get the picture.

Thousands of diverse people together in good fellowship, wanting to have a voice in an organization (WTO) that is trying to exclude them. Being in the middle of this group was simply amazing. While many of these people feel strongly enough about the issue to have come by bus from far away to be heard, I saw no anger expressed. No hint of violent behavior. I saw positive statements: "If it doesn't work for working families, it doesn't work," was the most common placard being held. I saw smiling faces and camaraderie.

If you think, as I do, that this group is a true cross section of the people in this country, you must be as impressed as I am. It was beyond words inspiring. Imagine my amazement when I went home, hoping to see pictures of the march on television, when this march was not shown on any of the local television stations! I switched

channels and followed the news for some time. I heard one 2 second reference to it. How can this immense show of people not be news? I eagerly opened the Seattle Times hoping for some pictures of this incredible event. Not a one! It simply boggled my mind.

What was being shown? Tear gas, people blocking intersections, and looters who had no connection to the protest at all. However, it was when I saw the news broadcasts this morning that I really knew I had to write this.

According to all the Seattle TV news stations, police presence had become more aggressive because of the "looting and violence of some of the protesters last night." Absolutely unbelievable -- and I mean that literally! Here are a couple of scenes that were shown on TV, given to you raw, before the news people started rewriting history -- and this involves now not the union protesters, but the people who were on the street getting up close and personal:

A scene from early on in the day, at an intersection a couple of blocks from the session location was shown. The intersection was at the bottom of a hill, with heavy police presence, and many protesters at both top and bottom. Some protesters on top of the hill had started rolling barrels down the hill. Another protester went up the hill and talked to those people, and asked them to stop. They did. No tear gas was needed, no police action -- the peaceful protesters were keeping their own people in line. No matter how hard the press tried, they were unable to show violence of any kind instituted by the protesters. The delegates joined arms, and formed a cordon, and some got up on top of busses that had been ringed around the Paramount Theater, but no one had a weapon of any sort, and the only punches thrown were by a delegate! Also, another delegate brandished a gun at the protesters. Whether you think the protesters were right or wrong in general, it's important to know that they did behave nonviolently.

Another scene shown live on local TV, which was later narrated in a very different way: A small group of young men dressed in black, with hoods and masks, began breaking windows and spraying graffiti. There was one newswoman, from KIRO, on the scene with a cameraman, and she reported on this and followed them as the action was happening. She reported that the protesters were actually yelling at the vandals and trying to get them to stop. At one place the protesters formed a

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UPPER LEFT EDGE

WHERE TO GET AN EDGE

Cannon Beach: Jupiter's Rare and Used Books, Osburn's Grocery, The Cookie Co., Coffee Cabana, Bill's Tavern, Cannon Beach Book Co., Hane's Bakery, The Bistro, Midtown Cafe. Once Upon a Breeze, Copies & Fax, Haystack Video, Mariner Market, Espresso Bean, Ecola Square & Cleanline Surf
 Manzanita: Mother Nature's Juice Bar, Cassandra's, Manzanita News & Espresso, & Nehalem Bay Video
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 Yachats: By-the-Sea Books
 Pacific City: The River House, Ocean Side Espresso
 Lincoln City: Trillum Natural Foods, Driftwood Library, & Lighthouse Brewpub
 Newport: Oceans Natural Foods, Ocean Pulse Surf Shop, Sylvia Beach Hotel, & Canyon Way Books
 Eugene: Book Mark, Cafe Navarra, Eugene Public Library, Friendly St. Market, Happy Trails, Keystone Cafe, Riva Foods, Lane C.C., Light For Music, New Frontier Market, Nineteenth Street Brew Pub, Oskia Market, Perry's, Red Barn Grocery, Sundance Natural Foods, U of O, & WOW Hall
 Corvallis: The Environmental Center, OSU
 Salem: Heliotrope, Salem Library, & The Peace Store
 Astoria: KMUN, Columbian Cafe, The Community Store, The Wet Dog Cafe, Astoria Coffee Company, Cafe Uniontown, & The River
 Beaside: Buck's Book Barn, Universal Video, & Cafe Espresso
 Portland: Artichoke Music, Laughing Horse Bookstore, Act III, Barnes & Noble, Belmonts Inn, Biblot Art Gallery, Bijou Cafe, Borders, Bridgeport Brew Pub, Capt'n Beans (two locations), Center for the Healing Light, Coffee People (three locations), Common Grounds Coffee, East Avenue Tavern, Food Front, Goose Hollow Inn, Hot Lips Plaza, Java Bay Cafe, Key Largo, La Patisserie, Lewis & Clark College, Locals Only, Marco's Pizza, Maryhurst College, Mt. Hood CC, Music Millennium, Nature's (two locations), NW Natural Gas, OHSU Medical School, Old Wines Tales, Ozone Records, Papp Haydn, PCC (four locations), PSU (two locations), Reed College, Third Eye, Multnomah Central Library, and most branches & the YWCA
 Ashland: Garo's Java House, The Black Sheep, Blue Mt. Cafe, & Rogue River Brewery
 Cave Junction: Coffee Heaven & Kerby Community Market
 Grants Pass: The Book Shop
 (Out of Oregon)
 Vancouver, WA: The Den
 Longview, WA: The Broadway Gallery
 Rainelle, WA: Rainy Day Artistry
 Nahootta, WA: Moby Dick Hotel
 Duvall, WA: Duvall Books
 Bainbridge Island, WA: Eagle Harbor Book Co.
 Seattle, WA: Elliot Bay Book Co., Honey Bear Bakery, New Orleans Restaurant, Still Life in Fremont, Allegro Coffeehouse, The Last Exit Coffee House, & Building News
 San Francisco, CA: City Lights Bookstore
 Denver, CO: Denver Folklore Center
 Washington, D.C.: Hotel Tabard Inn
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 Paris, France: Shakespeare & Cie
 Brighton, England: The Public House Bookstore
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