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FIGHT TERRORISM LOCALLY...

...BY FIGHTING ECONOMIC STAGNATION.

THIS IS WAR!

CHARGE!

submitted by Katherine Donithorne

from BANGOR DAILY NEWS

real blood on 100% cotton rag US Treasury Paper, submitted by Natasha Bernstein, Terrorist of the Mind.
FOUND POEM: found next to my typewriter in the H.C.M.E. Learning Center September 28, 2001. Submitted by Sheila Holtz:

Noe Now is the time for all good people to come to the aid of their country. Now is the time for all good people to come to the aid of their country. Now is the time for all good people to come to the aid of their country. AAAAAAJNnow

PROPER OF THE SEASON
First Part of the Liturgical Year
1. Season of Advent

"It is now the hour for us to rise from sleep."

The Season of Advent is the Sunday before Christmas. This time reminds us of the coming of Jesus Christ.
"LORD,  
make me an instrument  
of thy peace.  
Where there is hatred,  
let me sow love.  
Where there is injury, pardon."  
Saint Francis of Assisi

I am writing this secret diary -- a diary that truly IS secret -- because I cannot say out loud the things that I will say here. I believe the mood in this country (once the shock of this day's events wears off) will soon turn ugly, with cries for retribution. Those who speak for peace will be shouted down by an angry majority. Terror breeds more terror. Revenge breeds revenge.

Those who accuse, blame and vilify should not live in glass houses. Has anyone, ("the man on the street") asked himself, how am I to blame? What policies of my country, actively or passively condoned by me, makes my country hated, all over the globe?

I doubt it.

We are the global enemy of democracy. We have ridden rough shot over this entire planet. We feel we have a God-given right to do so. We feel it is our Manifest Destiny/ It is greed and love of money that has laid us low, not organized foreign terror. When our temples of avarice crumble (like the Tower of Babel) how can we act surprised and outraged?

Nothing happens that is not God's will. How many bishops and cardinals will speak this truth from their pulpits in coming days? Few, if any, I'll wager.

I imagine there are few with ears to hear these words. So I keep silent, even here in my own St. Francis Community.

Indeed, the events of this day will only serve as an excuse for those in power to tighten the reigns of their tyranny: restricting travel and access to information; increasing surveillance and covert "intelligence" gathering; abridging freedom of speech; increasing police harassment of anyone who might be "suspect"... and just basically ** INCREASING THE GENERAL PARANOIA **

It is 2:30 am

Half an hour ago, Peter Jennings looked really worn out and
haggard, slurring his words. He slipped and called flight attendants "stewardesses" again, but this time he forgot to correct himself. He said TV is like our national campfire. He said, we draw the wagons in a circle around the campfire when tragedy strikes and we talk things out to deal with the pain and grief and confusion. In a way his metaphor is accurate... people do that. Some people. But the mainstream media will not ask too many of the wrong questions. The mainstream media serves power. As for me, I am grateful to have access to the alternative media, to community radio, WERU, and to public service programs like "Democracy Now" and "Free Speech Radio News." And I feel sorry for those who do not have access to such venues.

September 12, 2001

In the BHAGAVAD GITA, Lord Krishna says to Arjuna:

"For those who are born, death is certain; For those who have died, rebirth is certain. Therefore, Arjuna, the wise mourn neither for the living nor the dead."

This keeps things in perspective. I keep coming back to this quotation. Again and again today I am shocked at the realization of how petty and self-absorbed my life has been til now. Now I see clearly the long and difficult struggle ahead in the service of peace and nonviolent resistance. I see the future, and the need for my own clarity of purpose. I know now I will live and die in the service of this goal. Now my focus must be on the struggle ahead in the material world, and, in the spiritual dimension, preparation for the death of the physical body.

Suddenly, all my overwhelming physical concerns seem so insignificant. This physical body serves its purpose, lives out its destiny, fulfills its karma, then crumbles to dust. So it goes.

All those people who went to work in the Trade Towers yesterday morning had no idea that they would be dead before lunchtime. Therefore, I conclude that daily contemplation of death and dying is efficacious.

One day at a time... material concerns fall away.

September 24, 2001

Tomorrow it will have been two weeks. Many changes have come down, internally and externally; changes continue to come down.
Today I heard a speaker on the radio define the meaning -- the true meaning -- of the word JIHAD. He was a Muslim man from Pakistan. The interview was recorded in 1999. He is dead now. He said JIHAD, in the small sense, is a holy war with an outer enemy. In the true and greater sense, however, it is a war with the inner enemies.

I have had many inner feelings these past weeks. Most of them have been positive -- feelings of love for all, feelings of community solidarity, strength, resolve, clarity... and even (finally) a kind of understanding of my visionary states of 1982 and 1983, after my spiritual initiation... and also, an acceptance of my own physical death that is called "the second death". The "first" one being the death of the ego, or the small self, which occurs in initiation.

With this has come inner peace.

But tonight, I feel strangely restless.

Perhaps it is just a changing mood, or a changing moon. Instead of feeling soft and loving, I am feeling hard and sharp.

Last week I stripped the color from my hair. Now I am thinking of shaving it off altogether. I am realizing how many years I wasted in the seduction and pursuit of men, when I could have harnessed that energy... when I could have been a spiritual warrior.

It is not regret, exactly.
It is just a hard, sharp feeling.

I am now taking a course at the Hutchinson Center in Belfast. It is called "Building Sustainable Communities." I believe now that this is the only hope for the future of the world. I am feeling impatient with myself for having been so frivolous, for having been so easily distracted from the hard, sharp political ideals of my teens in the '60's and '70's. The 1980's and '90's have lulled us into a false sense of complacency.

To build sustainable communities, we must remember GAIA, the holy mother spirit earth. We must embrace NEO-GAISM, as foretold in the Harmonic Convergence, the Age of Aquarious. In order to attain this state, old structures and systems and ways of thinking must fall away. And they are falling. Those who hold the reigns of power will never relinquish it willingly. Therefore, all is as it should be.

Jah Rastafari.
tragedy is something that other regions of the world have experienced more than we have. When I was covering the wars in Central America in the 1980s, I saw chaos on a daily basis. There is a much more fluid language about this because tragedy is your daily companion like a relative sleeping over [in] your house.”

History has kept us innocent, he said. “We’ve never been invaded — spectacle — buildings, smoke, the planes — serves as a kind of mask. People saw people jump out of buildings and die. There is an anguish to this. I’ve seen nothing of that anguish to speak of. This has to do with a patriarchal language: This will not defeat us. To mask sorrow, to mask being out of control. It’s heart-rending to process it as terror rather than as trauma. Those are two key words. You hear terror; not trauma. That is key.”

Finding adequate words for anguish, says poet David St. John, requires stepping away from the media blitz, and this is a time, he added, when poets and other writers should do so and offer an alternative voice. It’s “the responsibility of poets to find a public language adequate to the dimension of horror and grief,” said St. John, a professor of English at the University of Southern California, “to speak for the grief of the individual. To recall what feels national and enormous is, in fact, a tragedy that exists by family and household.”

Some poets have been driven to pinpoint the precise emotions that, of late, obsess them. As the news unfolded, Los Angeles poet Russell Leong scrapped plans to read a poem he had selected for an appearance. In half an hour, he wrote a replacement, “It’s Another City, Today, Sept. 11, 2001,” wrapping in the phrases that TV news had pounded into his brain: “It’s another city/In a mosque. In a temple. In a church./In a truck, car or plane.”

Writers, not rescue teams or grieving families, carry the burden of expressing what we’re observing, concurred poet Suzanne Lumis, co-director of the L.A. Poetry Festival. “I saw on the news a firefighter coming out of the rubble, and he was clearly torn about by what he had seen, and he said, ‘Words cannot describe it.’ I thought words can describe it, but that’s not his job. It is the job of other people — it is the job of poets and our leaders, and they are failing, not because they are stupid. It’s a society that does not know the poetry of its own language. So how in the world are we going to have political leaders who can find the powerful and stirring language in a time of crisis?”

By Lynell George, Renee Tawa and Cara Mia DiMassa

For the first horrifying moments, there were gasps and tears, a groping for words. But in the days that followed Tuesday’s terrorist attacks, a lexicon of tragedy began to emerge, a sound loop carrying voices of striking homogeneity, whether they belonged to teens or seniors, East Coast or West Coast residents, Democrats or Republicans. “America is changed forever. I feel like I’m watching a movie. This is the end of innocence.”

Then, across the United States, on talk radio and in Internet chat rooms, everyday people began to absorb and repeat the chilling lingo of specialists — “threatcon delta,” “terrorist cell,” “a massive failure of U.S. intelligence (agencies).”

People who listen closely to the words we use — poets, playwrights and linguists — were struck by the inadequacy of the language they were hearing, and difficulty of finding speech in private life and public that would let us express the dimensions of the tragedy. Words shape experience, they say, and define events for ourselves and for history.

At its grandest, the speech of tragedy is transcendent, a rallying symbol of resolve and strength: Winston Churchill’s “blood, toil, tears and sweat.”

And consequently, he said, Americans have “never developed a language of tragedy. We’re a language of optimism. We’re [Walt] Whitman’s language. And in favor of optimism, we’ve excised tragedy.”

Much of our language’s disconnection has to do with emotional distance, if not confusion, said culture critic bell hooks, author of “Salvation: Black People and Love” (Morrow).

“As a nation, we don’t want to hear the language of suffering,” hooks said. “We replace it with vengeance. The designated authorities are looking at it as if we are at the shootout at the OK Corral. In this language of war, we can’t allow this face where pain can be felt, and public grief. Here are thousands of people who are lost, but the spectacle, evocation and retribution doesn’t allow for us to share that sense of grief.”

“So much of the architecture of
Some observers have noted the richness passing between Americans in private conversations. "What strikes me is how unappealing some of the language coming out of politicians is and how remarkable the language coming out of common people is," said Constance Hale, author of "Sin and Syntax: How to Craft Wickedly Effective Prose." She also notes the "bifurcation between public speech and private, intimate speech especially in e-mails, of a human and soulful quality that really resonates. The public speech has been much more empty in a way, and it hasn't gotten at the true soul pain that people are feeling in the country."

And even the sweeping language of loss and condolence, with its seeming cliches and platitudes, say some linguists, is an essential component of community. "Every sentiment has a place," said Deborah Tannen, professor of linguistics at Georgetown University and author of "I Only Say This Because I Love You" (Random House). "People say, 'There is nothing to say at a time like this' because there isn't. We Americans sneer at that and call it platitudes but that reflects a bias against words that [have been] used before. You use it, and you know you are saying the right sort of thing to the right sort of person. We have ways to express our shared experience. I don't see it as a platitude but as a way to express a universal shared experience. To me, it is positive and moving thing."

But honesty can move a leader or a people toward a language that is as powerful as poetry, Lummis said. "I have to go back to Winston Churchill, and I think about the words that became unforgettable: 'I can offer you nothing but blood, toil, tears and sweat.' And we cannot forget that one — it is the truth. I don't think political leaders realize that, but even if the truth is hard, it's a consolation to be told the truth as opposed to being lied to." Churchill's famous phrase, she said, "used many of the elements of poetry. It's not a phrase cast in vagaries and vaporous abstractions, it has the element of poetic imagery. What poetry tries to do is bear the harsh and luminous world into language."
"...if there is no revolution, then after a while—either a short while or a long one—there will be nothing. Just a series of long white screams and then no more dawn. And do you know what else? The screams have started. I've heard them in the night. Their sound is one of anguish, their message very simple. They are saying, 'Get me out of this mess alive.' We intend to try. With you we can do it."

—Joan Baez Harris