

“HOMELESS” FROM SIXTH PAGE

signs to tell us not to give our money to people.

Their main justification for this message is that most homeless people have drug or alcohol dependencies, so when you give them money you're really just supporting their habit, and not actually helping them get a better life. Now, I don't hold any grand illusions that when I give a guy a dollar on a street corner, he's saving it up for a house or a car or even a nice set of clothes to go job hunting in. I know what it's like to be homeless, and day-to-day living is mostly about making sure that you get enough to eat and have a warm place to sleep for the night—you don't exactly have time to think about your future, where you'll be a year from now, or even where you'll be a month from now. So now our city governments are using our money to wage war on the homeless population, and justifying it all by making a sweeping generalization that all homeless people are junkies and alcoholics.

They also say that some panhandlers aren't even homeless; they are actually people who don't need help and they're just taking advantage of our community's “generosity.” (The city's website says that this anti-panhandling campaign was prompted by “concerned citizens” who contacted the city to demand that something be done about the panhandlers...how generous is that?) But can someone please explain to me why a guy with a house and a job and groceries in the fridge would go out and beg for change on a streetcorner? It's not exactly anybody's favorite way to make money...ignorant rednecks and yuppies belittling you, people giving you dirty looks, and the occasional hurling of trash or spitting—all for a few bucks an hour at best. Oooooohh, sign me up! People panhandle because they have to, at least in the short term.

The city says that instead of giving somebody spare change, you should donate to United Way or another established charity that helps lots of people, not just one. And I agree, people should donate to charities of all kinds. But they don't reach everyone, and they can't help everyone. Just like you can't help everyone, but you can give a few cents to someone who has practically nothing. And I'll give someone a dollar, or maybe five, if I have it, and I won't assume that they're going to use it to get drunk (although I personally don't care if they do...most charities don't hand out beers, and everyone needs one now and then!). And I'm even more inclined to give them a buck if they're standing in front of one of these offensive City signs that my taxes pay for. I'll probably apologize for those signs, too. •



State of Disunion

NUMBER OF HOURS
some Columbus Day
protesters were held in
custody:
34

NUMBER OF AMERICANS
that will experience
homelessness in one
year:
3,500,000

ESTIMATED NUMBER OF HOMELESS
people living in the
Grand Valley:
1500

NUMBER OF U.S. SOLDIERS
that have died in the war
in Afghanistan:
449

NUMBER OF REPORTERS
killed in Iraq:
152

MINIMUM NUMBER SLAVES
Columbus returned to
Europe with on his 1st
voyage:
20

PERCENT OF U.S. CITIES
that have banned
panhandling:
43

NUMBER OF BEDS
in Grand Valley
homeless shelters:
133

NUMBER OF MESA COUNTY SOLDIERS
that have died in Iraq:
4

NUMBER OF PEOPLE
in Colorado prisons from
Mesa County:
1022

* Sources for the State of Disunion can be found at
www.gjredpill.org

CALL TO ACTION

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GRAND JUNCTION,
COLORADO

The Red Pill



DIS

OBEDIENCE

OCTOBER 2007

VOL. 5 NO. 14

TRANSFORM COLUMBUS DAY



In October 6, 2007, The Red Pill traveled to Denver to stand in solidarity with the Native Americans in the Columbus Day Protest. Organized by Transform Columbus Day, the protest brought about 1000 people together from all over the country to voice their dissatisfaction over a national holiday accorded to someone many see as a slave trader and perpetrator of genocide. Denver is the birthplace of the Columbus Day parade, and this year was the 100th anniversary. Protests have been a part of the celebrations for almost two decades.

The protest consisted of four marches from the four directions all meeting at the capital steps. There, several Native American speakers including: Olga Gonzales, Russell Means, co-founder of the American Indian Movement (AIM), and Kenny Frost of the seventh Ute Nation, among others, addressed the diverse crowd. Glen Morris, a CU professor and a chair of AIM, MC'd the event.

Means spoke of several issues in addition to the abolition of Columbus Day, including the environment, poverty, and the Military. “This country's entire economy is based on the armed forces of the United States of America.” Means said. “You get rid of the armed forces and you don't have an economy, because they've shipped it out—Democrats and Republicans.” He implored the crowd of protesters and police to visit Pine Ridge, the reservation on which he resides. Pine Ridge has a life expectancy of 44 years of age. According to Means, only eight countries,

all in Central Africa, have a lower life expectancy. “But take out AIDS and we have the lowest life expectancy in the world. And this is supposed to be the greatest nation in the world. Don't tell me that.”

After the speakers concluded, the crowd marched down the 16th Street Mall, chanting all the way. The march ended at 15th and Stout, where the group made their stand, in an effort to stop the Columbus Day Parade. At this point, the police issued an order to disperse and that anyone not on the sidewalks would be arrested.

Many people moved to the sidewalks where they were restrained by rows of cops. Others stayed in the road and locked arms and legs in protest. The parade was held up for over an hour. Eighty-three people were arrested in all, including Russell Means and Glen Morris. Most were charged with disrupting a lawful assembly and obstruction of a roadway, but ten may be facing resisting arrest charges. This is the first year in which people were detained as opposed to the ‘cite and release’ policy of years past.

The parade consisted mainly of motorcycle riders, Hummers, Prowlers, a few RVs, some flatbed semi trucks, and less than a handful of floats. As the paraders rode by waving or revving their engines, they were met with constant shouts, thumbs down, and other gestures from the protesters lined up on the sidewalks. The protesters were clear that they weren't against a holiday to celebrate Italian Pride, they were against putting on the pedestal, the ‘first transatlantic slave trader.’ •

OUR PEACE ODYSSEY

BY JOSEPH HAYES

The Journey
It was just after midnight on Thursday when the grey minivan pulled into my driveway. Easing out my front door with duffel in hand I saw Jodie silhouetted by the dome light. She had almost single-handedly organized this trip, no small task, and had started a website, www.road2dc.com, to help people network and find rides to this and other similar events nationwide. We had rented the Hyundai Entourage yesterday and were now departing Grand Junction on the first leg of our journey to Washington DC to participate in the democratic process. We were going to the Mass Peace March and Demonstration scheduled for Saturday, September 15. Three days before we had met with members of A Voice of Reason (AVOR) and Grand Valley Peace and Justice (GVPJ) with hopes of recruiting others to join us. Although we were unable to add fellow travelers, these very nice people contributed some much needed cash to help us with our expenses.



After popping back inside to bid adieu to my four feline friends, I rejoined Jodie and her Entourage and off we went on our mission to stop the war in Iraq and bring our weary troops home. As a Vietnam veteran who lost a cousin, Fergus J. Carroll USMC, there, I have a pretty good idea of how it feels to be stranded thousands of miles from home in a war of dubious value largely opposed by the American people who must pay for it. The question, "Why are we here?" came up a lot, especially when I saw young men barely out of high school killed in action, or thought about Fergus, who died at the age of 19 in a mortar barrage four months after I enlisted. To me, this was Vietnam *deja vu*, only worse. In Vietnam I was happy to read about peace demonstrations back home because I too disagreed with the war and believed in the First Amendment right of citizens to speak out and express their dissent. Now it was my chance to do what I could to bring our servicemen and women back from Iraq. I knew they were counting on me to speak out for them. I wasn't going to let them down.

As the miles slipped by Jodie and I became reacquainted. It had been a couple of years and it was great to see her again. Jodie is a fine looking woman, soft spoken, statuesque, very bright and appalled by what our government is doing in our names. We chatted for hours as the minivan made its way east along I-70.

Our first stop was in Fort Collins where we picked up Matt, a slender blonde-haired 29-year-old self-described anarchist. Like everyone, Matt had signed up for this trip online and we had not actually met him. I was happy to learn that, like me, he was a vegan.

We kept driving. Onward to Omaha, where we added Chris, a ever-bubbling fountain of political knowledge who easily plugged right into the discussions, and then to Chicago, where mischievous Andee Lee (she of the wicked laugh) climbed on

board and then finally Brad, a musician and student of Russian history at the University of Michigan, joined us. It was a diverse group, a microcosm of what we would find in DC. A veteran, a student, several chain smokers, some vegans. But we all managed to exercise great tolerance and concentrate on what we had in common: our mutual desire to stop this insane war!

We kept on driving, with each of us taking turns at the helm until exhausted while the others slept in the back or engaged in ever more interesting and entertaining conversations and arguments about every possible topic. Matt even told a few terrible jokes that were for some reason hilariously funny! Jodie's entourage was now complete. Forty-six hours after leaving Grand Junction, we checked into the Holiday Inn in downtown Washington DC, had a quick meal and some libations in the lounge, and then fell into a deep sleep rivaling that of Dorothy and her fellow travelers in the poppy fields!

The March

Saturday morning arrived too soon and the groggy activists slowly pulled themselves together with hot coffee, showers, and some last minute sign making. I had brought along a bunch of Cliff Bars and discovered that they were actually pretty tasty as well as being nutritious and vegan. I planned to meet up with the Veterans for Peace (VFP) contingent and march with them so I donned my jungle fatigue shirt and boonie hat, along with my military ribbons and VFP patch. A "die-in" was planned for the end of the march and I wanted to be part of that and invite arrest. The day was gloriously sunny with deep blue skies and a pleasant breeze that invigorated us all. Outside the hotel we met Gwen, who had traveled from San Diego, and invited her to join us.

Near the White House I split off from Jodie's entourage and Gwen to go find VFP. They wished me well and Gwen gave me a tearful hug. Such a nice lady! After a little stroll around I finally located VFP on the other side of the White House and was pleased to see Elliott Adams, the VFP President. He and I had first met at Camp Casey in 2005, where I had worked as a medic. Elliott had bedded down with several million fire ants, and had subsequently required hospitalization. He probably still itches. There were also lots of other vets and we discussed the plan for the march. The Iraq Veterans Against the War (IVAW) would lead the march, flanked on either side by VFP members to provide security. We took our positions on the flanks.

The rally at Lafayette Park was still in progress and as we waited for IVAW to finish with their appearance there, we had time to get to know each other and interact with the crowd lined up along the parade route. Most of the VFP folks were Vietnam vets, like me, and we had a special bond that was understood

"ODYSSEY" ON THIRD PAGE

TRANSFORM COLUMBUS DAY '07

—PHOTO ESSAY—



RED PILL LOCATIONS

You can pick up your copy of The Red Pill at the following locations: Planet 9, Heart of the Dragon, Third World Imports, Planet Earth, The Hot Tomato, Kleen Sting, Colorado Java, Himalayan Feeling, Contemporary Glass Works, Change Skateboards, Coffee Muggers, Triple Play Records.

Download the Red Pill at: <http://www.gjredpill.org>

Become our friend on myspace.com @ http://www.myspace.com/gjam_theredpill

Thursday October 18th • 7pm

Toxic Chemicals in the Oil & Gas Industry, a presentation featuring Endocrinologist, Theo Colborn. For more info call Kim Weber @ 283-5166

Wubben Lecture Hall at Mesa State College,
Grand Junction.

October 19th -20th • All Day

Renewable Energy Forum & Expo.
www.dmea.com

Motrose Pavilion, Montrose Colorado

"ODYSSEY" FROM FIFTH PAGE

of our ongoing challenge as American citizens.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us--that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion--that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain--that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom--and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Next we visited the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, "the Wall", where I spent some time visiting with my cousin, Fergus...who is 19 forever. He had blond hair and the looks of a movie star. Everyone loved Fergie and I wept when I saw his name on the black granite, surrounded by the 58,253 other young Americans who lost their lives in a previous unnecessary foreign entanglement, the kind that George Washington had warned us about. In the context of the entire weekend this was emotionally overwhelming for me. When will we ever learn? My new friend, Andee, comforted me.

Finally, as the sun set, we visited the Jefferson Memorial and pondered the

words of the Declaration of Independence.

"We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness--That to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just Powers from the Consent of the Governed, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these Ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government..."

Here Mr. Jefferson could be speaking for the 100,000 marchers: "In every stage of these Oppressions we have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble Terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated Injury. A Prince, whose Character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the Ruler of a free People."

And thus, with these words to contemplate on our journey home, we turned west and headed towards Colorado, our spirits refreshed with a new appreciation of the precious gift that the Founders gave us. Benjamin Franklin said it best, "You have a Republic...if you can keep it." We intend to try, Ben. We intend to try.



WAR ON HOMELESSNESS OR WAR ON HOMELESS PEOPLE?

I am only 24 years old, and even I remember a time in this country when homelessness was a major concern for our society. In the 1980s, homelessness as an issue was getting as much attention in the national arena as the health care problem is getting today. Everyone was thinking about what our government could do to help. Why was it such an issue during that era? The Community Mental Health Act of 1963 had released patients receiving long-term psychiatric care from institutions and moved them into SROs (single room occupancies where people had private rooms but shared kitchens and bathrooms) and they were to receive treatment and follow-up from outpatient community health centers. There was not nearly enough of a community support system to keep these people off the street once they were released. By the 1980s the deinstitutionalization of the mentally disabled had created such a staggering homeless population, particularly among the mentally disabled, that people simply could not ignore the problem of homelessness any longer: it was in their towns, their neighborhoods, and they had to face it every day. But as people began to get used to the idea of some of us living on the street, it faded from the public consciousness to make room for more "urgent" issues. And now, twenty-some years later, our society has made a drastic

shift in the opposite direction: homelessness is still an issue, but only because everybody wants to figure out how to get "them" out of our cities, our communities.

People want homelessness to be an unseen problem that they don't have to be reminded of or feel guilty about all the time. And the latest move by the City of Grand Junction in the war on the homeless can be seen on street corners all around town. It is a full-color sign featuring a picture of a panhandler's cardboard with the words "Anything will help, God bless" written on it. Superimposed over this image is a big red circle with a line through it, like the no smoking symbol. The sign then elaborates, with the message "Spare Change Won't Make a Change--Don't Give Money to Panhandlers." And at the bottom they make sure to tell you who pays for this campaign against the homeless: it's the City of Grand Junction, the Downtown Development Authority, Mesa County, the town of Palisade, the town of Fruita, United Way of Mesa County, Grand Valley Coalition for the Homeless, and Grand Valley Catholic Outreach. These anti-panhandling signs are costing us about \$117 apiece, according to the Community Relations Coordinator at the City Manager's office. She estimated that there are at least 13 of them around the Valley. They're using our taxes to make these expensive

"HOMELESS" ON EIGHTH PAGE

RED PILL GETS OFF ASS AND LAUNCHES WEBSITE

After years of twiddling our thumbs, talking about getting a website, and posting on other's sites we're proud to announce the birth of www.gjredpill.org. The site is still in its infancy, but it is a reliable way to get the newest issue and get involved. Coming soon: Red Pill store, Red Pill Blog, and web resources.

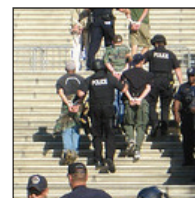
"ODYSSEY" FROM SECOND PAGE

and unspoken. It was great to be with my brothers and sisters! I thought of Chief Dan George's line in Little Big Man, "It's a good day to die." (I confess I was hoping to squeeze by with just getting arrested though.) As Woody Allen said, "I'm not afraid of death; I just don't want to be there when it happens."

I was third in line on the left flank and the crowd was eager to start the march. As I scanned the people on the sidewalk just a few feet away I was met with a wave of positive energy. There were people of all ages and ethnicities smiling, holding signs supporting peace, and cheering for us, the veterans. It was so different from when I returned from Vietnam. Here, old ladies were blowing kisses and mouthing thank yous. Young children were smiling and waving. I thanked them all for being here and choked up more than once. It was cathartic and healing. Some of these lovely people said that they had sons and daughters in Iraq, and thanked us vets for speaking out so that their kids could come home. I spotted three beautiful young women nearby and asked them if they were locals. They told me they were from France! "I CAN SEE WHY OUR FATHERS FELL IN LOVE WITH THE FRENCH GIRLS." I told them that I was embarrassed and ashamed of what our government was doing and asked them to please tell the people of France that not all Americans are like George Bush. They smiled and said, "We know theesees! We are also ashamed of our new president." We all laughed!

The rally in Lafayette Park was now over and the IVAW troops were moving to their forward position in the march. They were taking the point and were forming up in columns of four. The crowd was going nuts and I was choking up again because they reminded me so much of Vietnam vets when we were young and just returned from the war. Former Marine Sergeant Adam Kokesh, co-chair of IVAW, called them to attention. Leading the march was Geoff Millard, IVAW, carrying the US flag upside down, the international signal for distress. Following him, in single file, was an "honor guard" carrying black flags with the logos and names of Halliburton, Bechtel, Lockheed Martin, and, I think, Dyna Corp. This was at first startling to me, but then I realized that these flags represented some of the corporations that our troops and the Iraqi people were really dying for. It was true and pretty disgusting to contemplate.

Adam then called out, "Forward, March!" and the IVAW formation, the Veterans for Peace, and 100,000 other peace marchers advanced toward the Capitol, which gleamed white and majestic against the blue sky at the far end of Pennsylvania Avenue. I was very proud to be part of this! I had last marched here thirty-five years ago. The crowd was loud and enthusiastic! We were marching for PEACE on a beautiful day in our nation's capital, named for our first and greatest president, George Washington!



About halfway to the Capitol we went through the gauntlet of the counter-protesters, a couple blocks of die-hard, pro-war, my-country-right-or-wrong, if you disagree with the President/policy then you are traitors! type folks. Their language was filthy and crude. It did not offend me, but there were children on both sides of the barricade exposed to their hate-filled vile. It was ironic that folks claiming the moral high ground would subject kids, some of them their own, to this type of vulgar venom. They call themselves the Gathering of Eagles, a pretentious name which strikes me as odd. As an old park ranger, I know that eagles only gather to fight over the rotting flesh of magnificent creatures (salmon) that have willingly crammed themselves into narrow watercourses and ultimately given their lives so that future generations may also live and enjoy the freedom of the oceans. I chose to ignore the bad mouthing of these carrion eaters, but the vet in front of me just smiled at them and pointed to

the First Infantry Division (The Big Red One) patch on his shoulder. Enough said.

Adam Kokesh commanded IVAW to "HALT" in front of the carrion eaters, and then "LEFT FACE." He then spun on his heel and delivered the most beautiful and precise military salute I have ever seen, holding it for about 10 seconds. This unexpected tactic put the carrion eaters off their feed, and the march continued!

The Arrests

As the Capitol got closer, the march went into a speed turn and suddenly we found ourselves at the bottom of the Capitol steps, up against the police barricades and some waist-high stone walls. It reminded me of that scene from Animal House where the marching band compresses itself against the alley wall. With no where else to go, a signal was given and a thousand or so people, led by IVAW and followed by VFP, proceeded to lie down. The "die in" had begun. The first step leading up to the Capitol was at my feet so I used it as a pillow, a small concession to old age. Colonel Ann Wright was directly to my left. She was our "Commanding Officer" at Camp Casey and had courageously resigned from her position as a diplomat in the Foreign Service, U.S. State Department, because she could not go along with our war mongering policy towards Iraq. While lying there almost cheek to cheek, Ann and I discussed the situation at hand and speculated on how long it would take the Capitol Police to react to our action. We were hoping that they would quickly start to arrest us, but there was also the possibility that they would let us bake in the sun for hours or even shiver at their feet all night, or perhaps wait until early Monday to arrest us, so that the Senators and Congressmen could get to work. Ha!

I must admit that none of this appealed to me. After coming all this way I wanted to take the initiative, not wait for the police to call the moment.

"ODYSSEY" ON FOURTH PAGE

Do You Have an Event?

Do you need to get the word out?

Drop us a line @ gjredpill@hotmail.com.

Saturday October 23th • 2-3:30pm

Buddist Monks from the Akalokiteshvara Buddhist Center in Denver will be leading meditation sessions at:

Bacon Meeting Room at Mesa State College,
Grand Junction.

"ODYSSEY" FROM THIRD PAGE

We lay there for about 45 minutes. During this time we listened to Dwight Eisenhower's farewell address to the nation, the speech in which he warned of the dangers of the building military/industrial complex. It was a great speech by a Republican who really cared about preserving government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

From the reactions of the crowd it sounded like a few people were getting arrested on the other side of the police line. I was tired of being "dead" and wanted to do something, so I got up and started moving toward the Capitol dome, that buxom bosom of our nation suckled greedily by countless multinational corporations, with democracy and the American people left as the runts. It was first difficult to get through, but when I asked people to let me pass because I wanted to get arrested, they made room. I saw Matt the Anarchist to my right and we happily shook hands and kept moving forward. Finally I arrived at the stone wall and someone helped me to climb up and on top of it. The police were waiting on the other side, some of them wearing their spiffy black Imperial Storm Trooper garb. I turned back toward the crowd and raised my right fist in the air and a loud cheer went up. Then I jumped down and started walking toward the Capitol steps. Others had also penetrated the police lines, including lots of IVAW and VFP, and so the police were busy intercepting and arresting people. Soon a police officer firmly grabbed me by the arm and told me to drop to the ground. "I AM NON-VIOLENT AND WILL NOT RESIST YOU". The Capitol Police were

now getting a little frantic. They seemed surprised at the numbers of people that were offering themselves up for arrest, and a bit overwhelmed by it all. Officers called out for more cuffs as still more and more people came over the wall. I was flexi-cuffed behind my back, patted down, and escorted by an officer to a holding location at the south wall of the Capitol building, where I joined Adam Kokesh, Geoff Millard, and about 30 others who had been arrested. The officer sat me down with the others and went back for another arrestee.

To my right was a smiling 18-year-old young woman with a voice like Butterfly McQueen, to my left was a quiet and somber 15-year-old young man. He told me that his brother had been killed in Afghanistan a year ago. I told him that I thought his brother would be very proud of him. Elliott Adams was added to our group, then Ann Wright, and dozens more, including a dear but frail 84-year-old woman. Don't know how she got over the wall! The police were conducting themselves professionally, but were hard pressed to keep up with the flood of people offering themselves up for arrest. One of the Iraq vets stood up (not easy to do in cuffs) and started chanting "STAND UP AGAINST THE WAR!!" One by one we all struggled to our feet, joining the chorus, and wandering about. The several

police officers assigned to watch us looked like they wished they had called in sick that morning. One officer tried to escort us back to our original positions against the wall, but as he escorted one arrestee, three or four others would move about randomly. We moles enjoyed this game of "whack the mole" much more than the officer doing the whacking. After a while he stopped playing and pretended not to notice.

STAND UP AGAINST THE WAR!!! STAND UP AGAINST THE WAR!!! The chant went on and on, louder and louder, until hoarseness and thirst made us take a breather.

There now seemed to be hundreds of arrestees as the initial flood seemed to be slowing down to a trickle. We were now lined up and after a wait of several hours, loaded upon busses and transported to the Capitol Police Maintenance Facility for booking. Unbeknownst to us, we would not see the inside of that facility for quite a while. The busses would be our home for many more hours. The name of the game was "hurry up and wait", a time-honored military maneuver that all vets are very familiar with. Recognizing the onset of HUAW, I settled into a state of estivation, my pulse and respirations dropping accordingly.

All vets know how to do this! Other vets were smiling and chatting, quite comfortable with the maneuver, having performed it many times and probably surprised that after all these years their training was still serving them well!

The drill is a bit harder, though, when one's hands are cuffed behind the back. My old shoulder injury was aggravated by the three or more hours of being cuffed and so I was pondering a way to get off the bus and maybe persuade a kindly officer to re-cuff me in front. The police were largely ignoring us, however. A young man across the aisle from me had managed to open a bus window so that he could speak with a friend on the street. Immediately an officer shut the window and removed the man from the bus. The officer in the front of the bus explained that it was dangerous for us to stick our heads out the window, "since another bus could pass by and take your head off". So this restriction was for our safety. OK.

I was on the curb side of the bus. I stood up on my seat and opened the window. After a few minutes an officer noticed and started down the aisle towards me. She was an attractive blonde officer who resembled Heather Locklear, but she clearly looked stressed out and uncomfortable with her duties this day. My intention was to be passively uncooperative, thereby forcing the officers to physically carry me off the bus. But she looked at me with her pretty but pained eyes and said, "Please, sir, please come down; I don't want to hurt your leg". I felt compassion for her and didn't want to cause her any more stress, so I cooperated. The power of the P-word won the day, and I guess also saved my leg.

So off the bus I went and was detained there on the sidewalk until a Captain of the Capitol Police, the ranking officer on scene, arrived to chew me out for my

insolence. "SIR, WHY ARE YOU NOT FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS?" "What instructions are you referring to, Captain?" "THE INSTRUCTIONS NOT TO OPEN THE BUS WINDOWS," barked Captain Ironpants. "Those are not the instructions we received, Captain. We were instructed not to stick our heads out the windows because a passing bus might remove them. My seat was on the curb side of the bus and there were therefore no busses passing that might do me harm." Recognizing me as a troublemaker, her eyes narrowed but she could not find fault with my logic. She reverted to default mode. "SIR, WHY ARE YOU NOT FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS?" Captain Ironpants was tough and authoritarian, but not mean-spirited. When she learned of my shoulder injury she instructed an officer to re-cuff me in front, provided I promised to behave myself. We would hear from her many more times before the sun rose again. I was placed back on the bus.

During the next few hours I had the pleasure of meeting some fine people, including VFP members Mike Ferner from Toledo, Ellen Barfield from Baltimore, and Ken Mayers from Santa Fe. Elliott Adams was also on our bus. As I cycled in and out of estivation they bolstered my spirits and made me laugh. Groucho Marx said: "I would never want to join a club that would have someone like me as a member." Unlike Groucho, I was very proud to be a part of Veterans for Peace.

One by one, the busses finally disgorged their passengers into the maintenance facility, i.e. garage. We were searched again, uncuffed, and permitted to use the restroom, under guard. Water was provided, but no food. My last Clif Bar was in my pocket but it was taken from me and booked into property. I was not permitted to eat it, even in front of the booking officer. Ironpants later explained that she did want to be responsible for me choking on it. By that logic, food would always be denied to prisoners for their own safety.

The booking procedure crawled along. About 200 had been arrested and the Capitol Police clearly were not prepared for that many. There were property inventories to be done, searches, computer checks for criminal histories and active warrants, "interviews", prints and photos with stone-faced Officer Doherty, the nominal arresting officer. It seemed to me that the youngest officers were doing most of the labor, while the older officers were standing around. Booking prisoners was low status work and avoided by real street cops, unless of course you happened to be a rookie.

Denied food and phone calls for so many hours, the crowd was getting justifiably impatient and angry. Along with the now familiar chants of "BRING THE TROOPS HOME" and "IRAQ FOR THE IRAQIS", we added "FEED US NOW! FEED US NOW! FEED US NOW!" and "LET US GO! LET US GO! LET US GO!" Captain Ironpants would usually respond by taking the pulpit and asserting her AUTHORITY,

reminding us that the food sources had shut down for the night and that we were not permitted to have access to our cell phones. "YOU CAN MAKE THIS EASY OR HARD ON YOURSELVES.....blah, blah, blah." "THE DC BOOKING PROCEDURES ARE INCREDIBLY COMPLEX.....blah, blah, blah." At about 5:00 AM, Ironpants finally found a way to provide bologna/cheese sandwiches on white bread, some donuts, and bug juice. This was welcomed by most. (It is said that hunger is the greatest condiment.) As a vegan, however, I continued my fast, while dreaming of my Clif Bar.... so close...but oh, so far away.

Like the contents of the digestive tract, those of us trapped in the gut of the bureaucracy churned slowly along. Finally, after 14 hours in custody, I was excreted out the back door of the garage, along with Ken Mayers. The morning sun was coyly flirting with the night. Now fully awoken from my estivation, I devoured my Clif Bar, shook hands with Ken, and hailed a cab for the Holiday Inn.

The Aftermath

A somewhat worse-for-wear Matt the Anarchist finally opened the door to Room 521. He whispered that he had been pepper-sprayed, arrested, booked into the DC city jail, and placed into solitary confinement. Matt wanted to know all that had happened to me, but I was way too tired to tell the tale. I dubbed him Papillon, said goodnight, enveloped myself in my sleeping bag, and was gone.

Check out time was approaching and Jodie and her entourage, now reassembled, departed the Holiday Inn and reconvened

in a nearby pub for a much needed and greedily enjoyed breakfast. We wished to be tourists for a few hours before departing DC. After posing in front of the Supreme Court of the United States, which we learned from the signs was abbreviated "SCUS", we headed for the majestic Lincoln Memorial, which I had visited once before. It is a moving, reverent place with an enormous marble statue of the seated Lincoln in a columned Romanesque building. I can't help think that Mr. Lincoln would be embarrassed by the sheer spectacle of it all. Inscribed on one wall was his Second Inaugural Address, delivered just a month before his death.

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

On the opposite wall was the Gettysburg Address. I found myself reading it out loud several times through, in awe of this man of the people who so succinctly and eloquently spoke

"ODYSSEY" ON SIXTH PAGE



Tuesday and Wednesday, October 30th-31st

Camp Wellstone Activism Training will be held here in Grand Junction with tracks for candidates, organizers, and campaign managers.

For more in call Mark at (970) 256-7650

November, 16-18th

Thousands will gather at the gates of Fort Benning, Georgia to protest and participate in non-violent direct action to close the School of the Americas. If you don't know what the SOA is or are interested in attending check out: www.soaw.org

Friday, October 26th • 7PM

The Planet Earth and 4 Directions Gallery will be holding the annual Dark Show. Artists can enter art in the gallery show for \$7 up until Wednesday, October 24. The Dark Show is a costume party and features; live music and a DJ, fire dancers and belly dancers. It is a celebration that will last until it ends. Come join the community in a party that never disappoints.

For more information contact Caole at: 256-9630

524 Colorado Ave. Downtown Grand Junction