

FREE (frē)

1. Not controlled by obligation or the will of another.
2. Unguarded in expression or manner; open; frank.
3. Costing nothing; gratuitous.



peel here
↓



or vote for yourself.
see page 2 for details...

6.6.6
May 2006 || open source thinking || issue #005

Issues available online
tangent.anti-fanatic.com

“CBS News has reported that from asking teens to lie to their parents to guiding them through duping the drug-test system and forging documents, recruiters will go to many lengths to get young people to enlist. One Houston-area recruiter was caught on tape threatening jail time if a applicant didn't keep his appointment.” SIC

www.cbsnews.com

Military recruiters (including private firms hired by the government) are in our public schools. Veterans for Peace and other organizations supporting alternative options are considered controversial, and thus not allowed onto the same campuses.

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OUTRAGEOUS SLACKERS

I heard a lot of complaints about how the Bush administration jumped from illegal wiretapping to uncovering the leak simply to cover its own precarious placement ... The underlying, and more important, problem here is the **pacification of the mass media**.

In an imitation of the administration, the media launched a campaign against Cheney and the White House following Cheney shooting his hunting buddy because the administration had not told them.

The Bush administration had not called the media to alert them to a faux pas. And this is surprising...why?

Since when is it expected for politicians to alert the media to their wrong-doings? And since when has anyone believed they could expect such an act from an administration that seals presidential archives, restricts Freedom of Information act requests, and hides anything it can (from meeting notes to prisoners) from the public?

The ruckus about Cheney not issuing a press release is either a way for the press to mask the fact that there is no longer any sort of investigative journalism present at the major news corporations or a glaring admission of exactly that.

When the media relies on press releases to uncover the news, is there really anything newsworthy about what is being reported?

My respect goes out to the local reporter at the Corpus Christi Caller-Times in Texas who followed a tip to uncover the story. That's reporting.

CONTENTS...

File For Office

Sinclairs

Media Whore

An Essay On Love

One Night in the Singularity

Amazing Women:
George Sand

Lizard Remnants

Animal Cruelty

HOW DO I FILE FOR OFFICE?

Get the "Filing For Office Handbook" for election laws and filing forms at any office or <http://www.ltgov.state.ak.us/elections/forms/b05.pdf>

Write In votes are not allowed in the primaries. However, you can file a Letter of Intent and a Financial Disclosure Statement by Thursday November 2, 2006, to enable write-in votes to count for you. If you don't file the letter, votes for you will not count.

For more information on running for office, contact:

Southeast Alaska (Region I) Elections Office
Districts 1 - 5 and 33 - 36
Phone (907) 465-3021
Fax (907) 465-2289

Physical Address
Region I Elections Office
9109 Mendenhall Mall Road, Suite 3
Juneau, AK 99801-7136

Mailing Address
Region I Elections Office
PO Box 110018
Juneau, AK 99811-0018
Juneau Regional Office Election Supervisor:
Naomi Nelson - email: naomi_nelson@gov.state.ak.us

For information on hacking
the Diebold voting system,
visit www.murkowski.info



<http://pixelgrain.org/photos/101/>

Comment by Michael:

Seeing this photo today reminded me of another Sinclair in the news lately, Upton Sinclair. As author of *THE JUNGLE*, he was sensitive like Lewis to conservatives and social economic problems that bully so many people. It's sad that, in a revisionist mode, the press recently editorialized Sinclair in a way to undermine his criticisms as they apply to today's America, even though the book was written almost 100 years ago.

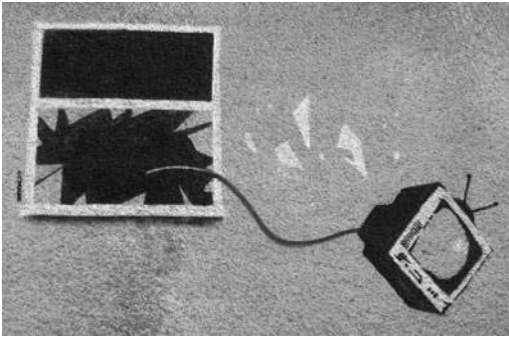
<http://abcnews.go.com/Entertainment/wireStory?id=1877531>

The phrase on a marquee of a golden age theatre, still the media in some respects, then framed with the bus stop and an African American, has a very charged sentiment about the longevity of these social issues, to whom they appeal and how they appeal. Thanks for the brain candy. Much appreciated.

MEDIA WHORE

because we all know that local theatre, music, and art is ~~too expensive to cover~~ not as important.

If CNN says MTV is entertainment, then we must all have the right to sit in front of a television for a few more hours eating fast food and becoming true Americans.



BANKSY

BANKSY.CO.UK

Rather than being concerned about political bias present in media, perhaps the concern should be what a medium claiming to be unbiased is hiding.

discuss Juneau's media & politics:
<http://citizensforabetterjuneau.blogspot.com/>

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today
to keep all gays apart

and once again, beloved, we will be gathered here
tomorrow

With our signs and our picket lines
Our divinely ordained petition

Our revisionist history
That denies your freedom
your sexuality, your heart

All in the Name of Love

STOP

For the purpose of this poem
I define all love as
unconditional.

And for reasons of my own
I challenge you
to set aside your paradigm
while I remind

the reader,
the listener,

the radical,
the traditional,

that hatred is a crime-
especially when acted in the name
of a divine supreme being.

In addition, no matter what the scriptures wrote
on the fundamental rights
of a man

AN ESSAY ON LOVE

Please note:
Love is not rape
and
Sex is not love

Furthermore,
try not to buy the belief that,
justified brutality
imposed by those
that live by formality
who in a technicality claim
an erection is a connection
to be secured under contract

a legal stamp of approval
and a dick inside her
will prove their love is true

take every constraint
you have shoved up your Biblical Crack

and take a deeper look at the claim
that Sodom committed a sin
Forever confining defining
Love as straight
And claiming it is blind---
Only for your kind

And let me restate,
Just for the Record:
Love is not Rape
and
Sex is not love

Finally,
For those of you
who are still a little behind

I have summarized
the preceding
declaration

love is straight
 Straight from the heart that is ---
 your heart,
 blurred at the curved lines
 merging sublime into surreal
 and with every beat
 the feeling of imperfect perfection
 in the psyche, the soul
 the whole conscious existence
 of sexuality---and fluidity
 unhindered by

the pigment in your skin
 the genitalia between your two thighs
 the numbers registering on the scale
 each cent you somehow failed to earn
 the scar, the burn the masked pain
 the disguise that tries to hide
 that you are ashamed of who you are

STOP

Dearly beloved, now we are gathered here today
 to join these men in holy, healthy, holistic matrimony

And once again, beloved, we will be gathered here
 tomorrow

we will be gathered here
 forever

to join together

and fight together
 with these men, these women
 with each and every human being
 in the name of Love

ONE NIGHT IN THE SINGULARITY

In the fall of 1989, I escaped from a penal colony orbiting a distant, uncharted asteroid on the far side of the galaxy, where I'd been imprisoned for the past eight years. At least that's what I told everyone. Anyway, I crash-landed on an alien world called Earth, and that's how I met Mark O'Neil.

He was a lean, wiry kid about my age, ran track in his high school days, and ate less than a bird. He had a sharp Roman nose and crystal blue eyes, a mop of curly blond hair, and an understated laugh. And he didn't treat me like the alien I felt I was.

His interests lie primarily in music, of which we shared a common taste for Black Sabbath and Metallica, and cars. He'd breath new life into tired old street rods which he'd buy for pennies on the dollar before selling them for three times what he'd paid, often to the original owners who were too lazy, or just didn't know how to do the work themselves. I never saw him drive the same car twice: there'd be a Nova one week, a GTO the following week, a Charger after that, and maybe an El Camino or a '57 Chevy the week after that. He went through cars like cartons of milk.


Mark's stepmother Nadine, however, was the proud owner of The Singularity. That's what I called it anyway, a 1979 Chevy Camaro Z-28 with two speeds: Mach 5, and dead stop. It was a slick black nightmare parked with impunity in the driveway of broad daylight. Aside from the year I spent in deep space on my way to Earth, it was easily the blackest thing I had ever laid eyes on.

The exterior of this magnificent machine was so smooth, so unbelievably perfect that I couldn't seem to actually touch it with my bare hands; the first time I squatted down at eye-level to examine it, I swore my hand was going through the surface, and I yanked it back suddenly, shaking the sensation of frostbite from my fingers. After that, I didn't dare sit on the hood or lean against it for fear of falling through the cars' exterior and freezing to death in the depths of some lightless parallel universe. (After all, I just got here, and was in no hurry to leave.)

When The Singularity passed you by, it shook the sunshine from the trees. It ripped the whites from your eyes, tore the air from your lungs and darkened your white blood cells without missing a single bore stroke; that's how utterly goddamn black this car was. As it vanished into the distance, you could almost hear the high-pitched screams of doomed spirits and tortured souls, trapped for all eternity within the confines of the gleaming engine.

The black leather interior, meticulously cleaned, polished and vacuumed each and every Saturday morning, was so completely void of light that you couldn't be sure if you were actually sitting inside the car at all. Maybe it was just a trick of the light; some strange,

One
night



roaming void where nothing could exist in the instant it took this high-velocity machine to roar past on fattened racing slicks that crackled and sang like lightning on the pavement. The windows were frozen polyhedrons carved from the heart of violent storm clouds; so perfectly opaque they could shield your eyes from the blinding flash of a nuclear bomb.

"The bulb in the dome light has to be replaced every few days," Mark told me once with a straight face, "they all die from acute depression."

The slightest pressure on the gas pedal resulted in your body being shoved deep into the 5-G bucket seats, as cool night air was force-fed into your straining lungs through half-rolled windows like an adjustable ramjet; an experience which left you gasping partially in fear, and partially in extreme pleasure. The numerous glowing red dials and tachometers of the dashboard lights provided the only light in the car's interior, visually converting the output of the engines' massive power into pure mathematical value. According to the crimson crescent of Arabic numbers mounted on the dash, there was enough power under the hood to fire a slaughtered goat into the heart of the sun, but you'd never hear more than a menacing rumble when you were buckled in with the doors shut tight.

And one didn't put mere gas in the tank of The Singularity... Oh, no. Instead you offered a sacrifice and poured the blood in, as the pink slip was rumored to bear the Devil's mark on the dotted line. We were hurtling aimlessly down a dark country road at the speed of sound one faceless night, void of schedule or purpose; the heavy purr of the engine was churning my blood into champagne, while the thrumming, supernatural tones of 'Planet Caravan' crawled like sonic ghosts from the German stereo system. It filled the interior of the car with such sweet clarity that I felt as though Tommy Iommi, Geezer Butler, Bill Ward and John Osbourne were crammed into the back seat for an impromptu jam session. The smoky mix of guitar and vocals wafted out of the speakers and as always, a chill ran down my spine. "We sail... through endless skies... stars shine like eyes..."

On and on and on came the road, unfolding and unwinding from some monstrous spool mounted on the back of a utility truck somewhere just around the next bend; it seemed to appear from nothing, only to be dissolved again by the wide-mouth cones of the headlights. I imagined each broken white line that vanished under us was a pulse of power from some secret generator, designed to feed The Singularity's engine like the hydrogen scoop of some deep-space reconnaissance ship. The Singularity's taillight / thrusters



ingul

would propel me toward yet another alien world; what I, or should I say we, were supposed to do when we got there, I didn't know and didn't care. I just knew I never wanted this stretch of road to end.

Wow... and, this is life, I thought to myself. I was starting to feel human at last. Maybe I could fool myself into remembering I'd been born here after all, given enough time and enough of this moment. I would have been happy to close the door on that instant, just lock the door and throw away the key...

"So what do you think of Heather?" Mark's nonchalant voice cut through my reverie, and my heart leapt up like a sinner in a Baptist tent at the mention of her name. Meanwhile, Tommy, Geezer, Bill and John had launched into 'Fairies Wear Boots', and the title made strange correlations.

The 'Heather' in question was Mark's older cousin with deep brown eyes, a chiseled jaw line, and shoulder-length blonde hair. She wore heavy boots, bashed-in jeans, black t-shirts and an Army jacket two-sizes too big which hung on her narrow, cold-skinned frame in such a way that drove me up a fucking wall.

I had such a schoolboy crush on her, but knew instinctively that she was somewhere way off my radar. Shit, I didn't have the wattage even to pick her up. I wanted her since the first time I saw her at Mark's house but, I mean, I just wanted to hang with her, you know? I wanted her to sit down with me, hold my hand and tell me I wasn't alone on this hostile planet. I wanted her to tell me she felt the same way, and that it was OK to be alone, that I wasn't an alien after all. I wanted her to fill me in on all the things I'd been missing out on, but I couldn't think of a way to ask her. The whole thing sounded so distastefully sissy, and Heather was just so cool, her 21-year old body carting around a 40-year old soul...

I realized I was taking a hell of a long time to answer such an easy question. I took a deep breath to hide my stutter, running my reply through my head a few times to check for any combination of the difficult double consonants that always gave me trouble before answering:

"Do I have a chance?" I stared out the window, straining for a glimpse of the giant truck that carried the spool that unfurled the road that supported the car that contained the suspense that stemmed from the question that Mark built.

The outcome doesn't matter, I thought to myself. If he laughs and says 'No, not really,' then that possibility wasn't something I'd had

arite

in my pocket when I climbed into the Singularity, so when I left without it, I'd be no worse off. There was going to be a slap. I just knew it, and I braced for impact.

"Actually," he said presently, "I'm just asking 'cause I like you. You're pretty cool, you're not from around here, and I'd rather have her with someone like you than the dick she's been seeing."

"Really." Holy shit! My voice was calm, but my heart did another flip and banged its head on the ceiling of my throat, swearing loudly.

"Yeah." Mark reached over and turned down the volume on 'Paranoid', which resulted in four disgruntled looks from the back seat. "She's been seeing this weight-lifting douche bag," he spat, "some... frat boy, thinks he's Glen-fucking-Danzig. When Heather came by the house last night she had a black eye. I wanted to kick his ass, but she defended him, which, I don't really get."

I winced, partially with sympathy, and partially from picturing my 98-pound friend going toe-to-toe with a beefed-up hair farmer who thought he was God's Gift to an army of brain-damaged, self-mutilating Goth chicks. "Man, why the fuck do girls do shit like that? They always defend the assholes while the nice guys wait in line."

"Exactly!" he laughed, and thumped the steering wheel for emphasis. "My dad hit the roof though, and chewed her ass. He's taken care of her since she was little, so she'll listen to him. I'm just saying -- and don't," he gestured with his right hand as he struggled for the right phrase. "Don't like... bank on it, but, well, just keep your options open. My dad likes you, too. He was seriously considering co-signing when you wanted to buy that hearse, and your step mom wouldn't help you."

"Oh, yeah?" I was pleasantly surprised. The hearse was a sore point with me; some guy down the street had a restored '66 Miller-Meteor Cadillac Combo Coach for \$5000. A gift from the universe had fallen smack into my lap, and my evil step-snake had flat out refused to sign! "Get a normal car like everyone else," she hissed at me from the corner of her mouth, "and sstop wearing ssoo much black." I stared longingly at that car every time I passed in the following weeks, and then one day it was gone.

"Yeah," Mark said, "he was ready to front part of the cash and let you work it off cutting grass and helping out around the house."

"Wow." I found I couldn't wipe the shit-eating grin off my face, and the sting of denial faded slightly. There would be other cars. Conversation receded into the rear-view mirror; presently, calloused hand wearing a studded bracelet reached cautiously forward from between the seats, turning the volume up just in time for 'War Pigs'.

AMAZING WOMEN:

GEORGE SAND

George Sand was an amazing author, personality, and all-around woman. She earned as much notoriety for her Bohemian lifestyle as for her written work.

Born Aurore Dupin, she was the most famous woman writer in 19th-century France. A prolific and iconoclastic author of novels, stories, plays, essays, and memoirs, she represented the epitome of French romantic idealism. She demanded for women the freedom in living that was a matter of course to the men of her day.

George's first independent novel, *Indiana*, the story of an unhappy wife who struggles to free herself from the imprisonment of marriage (explicitly called a form of slavery), made her an overnight celebrity. Subsequent novels, such as *Valentine* and *Lélia*, astounded readers with their frank exploration of women's sexual feelings and their passionate call for women's freedom to find emotional satisfaction.

In the eyes of many critics, Sand's masterpiece is her autobiography. Though she was a brilliant writer, she was perhaps most famous for her personality and lifestyle. Just being who she was is what makes her an amazing woman, especially considering the time when she lived and how radical a person she was – not only for

that time, but for modern times as well.

Largely temperamental, rashly creative, fiery and opinionated – Sand pushed the limits in all kinds of ways. But perhaps most interesting is simply her look, the way she behaved herself (or rather, didn't), and how she acted around even the most distinguished aristocracy.

George, of course, was not her birth name. She changed her name to George Sand when she became a writer. So Aurore, who happened to be married to a baron, left him (obviously a scandal in those times), took their two kids, moved out on her own, changed her name to George...and the rest is history.

Sand had open and notorious relationships with famous men (artists, writers, musicians) she knew in Paris, including Jules Sandeau, Alfred de Musset, Frédéric Chopin, and others. She was friends with the best of them: Eugène Delacroix, Franz Liszt...and of course, most famously, with Chopin.

She and Chopin had a complicated relationship, going from friends, to lovers (briefly), to eventually being more like mother and son. Their relationship was one of the most intriguing and unlikely in history. Chopin was aristocratic, well-behaved, finicky, proper, a bit stuffy even (gasp!!).

Loud, lewd, shocking, and scandalous, Sand was not your typical Parisian lady of the 1800s. Her behavior and personality aside, and also aside from her boldly leaving her husband and becoming a writer, well, you have the way she dressed.

To protest the unequal treatment accorded to women, Sand usually wore men's suits: shirt, pants, jacket, tie, top hat... the whole deal. So you can see why people of her time had a bit of a problem with her. Probably the only reason she got away with it was because she was such a famous writer. Otherwise she surely would have been locked away and condemned by society. But instead she became a bit of an icon, the envy of so

many proper ladies who wore their corsets and frilly dresses.

Not only did Sand wear men's clothes, she also smoked cigars and had a rowdy sense of humor. Sand was a complicated, prolific, and fascinating woman. A rebellious, cross-dressing, cigar-smoking, scandalously-acting woman writer who lived at a time that was certainly much more of a man's world than today, who was not afraid to be herself; the icon that she was, the freedom that she represented, the boundaries that she completely ignored, the propriety she didn't care about, the lives she changed...George Sand is an amazing woman for being the woman she was.

AMY BROWN

“The world will know and understand me someday. But if that day does not arrive, it does not greatly matter. I shall have opened the way for other women.”



Read about more
Amazing Women at
www.amybrown.net

“Hate multiplies hate,
violence multiplies violence,
and toughness multiplies
toughness in a descending
spiral of destruction....

The chain reaction of evil
– hate begetting hate, wars
producing more wars –
must be broken, or we shall
be plunged into the dark
abyss of annihilation.”

Martin Luther King Jr. Speech in Detroit, Michigan, (June 23, 1963)

LIZARD REMNANTS

And planned housing ...

Just received an email about a plan to force gas companies to lower their rates. I've been thinking about oil a lot lately, and as much as I love grassroots movements against corporations ... I just don't think boycotting exxon and mobil for a year will cut it.

Face it, our cars run on the rotten remnants of lizards.

While there's a chance we may be able to use our own ancestors to fuel our cars if we survive that long, we can't make more of the ancient lizards die in convenient places so that we can drill holes in the earth and suck out the dregs.

Now I'm not really sure that the hard-core environmentalists are right, but I doubt the fanatic business reps are either.

So **worst case scenario #1** is that we bleed the earth dry of oil and can no longer use the cars with which we have littered the earth. (Where would we even put them all?)

Worst case scenario #2 is that oil companies are lying to us, or playing on the seeds of fear the environmentalists planted, and there's enough black sludge to keep our autos puttering about for centuries to come - But they plan to take 1/3 of everyone's income for transportation just like housing.

Yet another possibility is that the oil companies are driving up prices to make automobiles a luxury of the rich, or (more of) a status symbol.

The main reason this oil business affects us is that current U.S. social systems are set up based on the car. Suburbia, highways, drive-thru everything. So here's my thought: **get a bike and fuck them all.**

I know this is not an ideal plan. Not everyone can go single-file everywhere. Parents with kids can't exactly lug them all around to their various schools that are tens of miles apart on a bike and anyone who commutes from one major city to another is going to be screwed as well.

But eventually, if the oil crisis isn't a charade, our towns may just return to the smaller circles they once were.

And the most frightening thing about all this is that Disney foresaw it and created Celebration years ago ... and while the thought of Disney creating a living community is not pleasant to me, they may have been onto something.

Since the creation of Celebration a movement dubbed "New Urbanism" has been popping up all over. With less reliance on a car, and more reliance on your feet, you don't need to answer to the tycoons.



Though this sign looks like it's from the 70s, it's not. That is actually the only reason I have a photo of gas prices in the 90s though, so thank the designers for this sweet memory.

ANIMAL CRUELTY

Things You Might Not Know



Animal cruelty is an enormous problem around the world that not many people are aware of, and if they are aware, they often try to ignore it. The cruelty can be presented in a number of ways, like animal testing, international fur trade, slaughter houses, and even in schools. There are even some places that commit acts of cruelty towards animals that no one would ever have guessed, like a company that makes cat and dog food. Another part of this problem is that many countries, like China, India, Italy, Spain, and other European and Asian countries, have absolutely no laws for animal's rights, so people can do whatever they want with no consequences. Even the military of the United States does some of the most cruel forms of testing.

The military does a lot of different testing on animals like sheep, rats, and monkeys, with radiation, burns, blasts from weapons, and diseases. With an experiment they called "The Atomic Ark", they sent

thousands of sheep and goats on a boat and set off an atomic bomb. They were either killed or severely burned and injured. Other testing with blasts would consist of sheep being placed in a loose net sling against a reflecting plate, and an explosive device was set off 19 meters away. With radiation testing, they strap monkeys (usually rhesus monkeys) to chairs and are exposed to total-body irradiation. They also did this radiation testing with beagles. Animals would also be suspended from slings and shot at with high-powered weapons to make battle-like wounds for the military's surgeons to practice on. Similar to this testing, they would hang goats by their feet and shoot at their legs, even the goats that did survive this would be killed. Other forms of military experiments include subjecting animals to decompression sickness, weightlessness, drugs and alcohol, smoke inhalation, and pure oxygen inhalation. There is still at least one military laboratory that does testing on cats, but due to public pressure, they stopped doing some testing on dogs.

Did you know that the IAMS cat and dog food company also tests on animals? Not only do they keep their dogs in harsh environments while waiting to be tested on, but they don't give them any pain killer of any sort. Animals waiting to be tested on aren't properly cared for, and often get beat and tortured, causing them a lot of physical and even mental pain. A lot of dogs are seen in the factory with huge chunks of muscle missing from their thighs, limping from uncared for Lyme disease, and such severe tartar build up on their teeth that it makes it hard for them to eat. An undercover PETA investigator worked at IAMS for many months, and witnessed all of this, and overheard workers talking about things like ammonia fumes coming from the animal trailers being so strong they had to go home, and live kittens being washed down the drain. To the public's knowledge, they still commit these acts today, and you can help boycotting them by just not buying their products, and make it a stronger cause by letting them know, through letters and emails, that you will not buy their products until they stop. Pleasing the public doesn't

always seem to matter to some companies.

No one really ever sees the behind-the-scenes training that goes on with circuses and zoos. A lot of the training with those two forms of "entertainment" is a very brutal process. They are being trained to do very difficult and confusing tasks that could be very hard for them to do, so the trainers use electric shocks, food deprivation, drugs, and even beat them until they understand what they need to do. The trainers also usually surgically remove teeth and claws from certain animals, like big cats and bears. The animals also live in harsh environments when not performing. Their shelter is usually a very cold place, with no sunlight or heat, being able to sleep on nothing but a concrete slab, and often lack proper veterinary care. The cages are hardly big enough for the animals, and there is not much walking room. The animals don't get proper care, and they never get exercise. These tortured animals don't enjoy performing either, everything about their duty to entertain is very stressful. With the horrible living situations and performing for large crowds

Ask the experimenters why they experiment on animals, and the answer is: "Because the animals are like us." Ask the experimenters why it is morally okay to experiment on animals, and the answer is: "Because the animals are not like us." Animal experimentation rests on a logical contradiction. ~Charles R. Magel

The men would grab them by the tail and swing them around, slamming them to the ground and beating them senseless, with blood all over the ground.

every single day, it's not fun for them. Many often resort to self-mutilation to try to stop all the stress.

A lot of the cruelty within a zoo seems in-existent to everybody, and a lot of it goes on where the public never goes and will never see. Zoo keepers specifically breed and raise some animals, like rabbits, mice, and baby chicks, just to feed the animals that are on display. The way they kill these small animals are also un-needed acts of cruelty, by breaking their necks or putting them in bags and slamming them against hard surfaces to smash their heads. Some zoos claim they are preserving an endangered species and helping with their protection, when really, they don't get any special treatment and rarely get a special habitat, similar to their real natural homes. A lot of zoos also try to obtain endangered animals to attract bigger crowds, bringing in more money, at the expense of all animals health and mental status. Animals in zoos undergo much stress, and often show extreme psychological dysfunctions being in this captivity. Zoo keepers and other forms of entertainment that uses animals in their acts don't seem to have any heart or feelings for any of the animals, as much as they may claim to

just be there to care and help them, they don't care. People who commit these crimes just do not care.

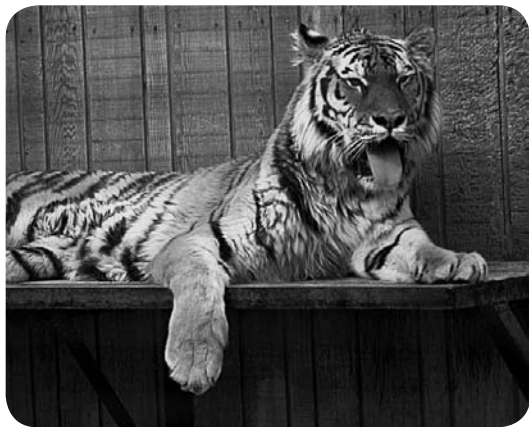
One of the hugest issues involved with animal cruelty is the fur trade. This is also one with a lot more suffering and torture than other acts of cruelty. Animals are rarely ever actually dead when they are being skinned for their fur. That's right, they are skinned. Most people think that they just shave the animals and put the hair together in a coat, but that is a lie. Animals, like minks and foxes, are just beat and hit and sometimes given drugs in attempt to killing them without messing with the fur pelt. The problem with this is the fact that they are beat to where they can barely move, and when they do they suffer greatly, even when motionless all they feel is constant pain. In a video that was shot by an undercover PETA investigator at a factory farm in China, it showed a bunch of guys standing around, with a few very small cages, each holding a lot of animals, with a few of these animals out of the cages. The men would grab them by the tail and swing them around, slamming them to the ground and beating them senseless, with blood all over the ground. The men were just standing around and laughing

as if it were all fun and games. Once they were a bit tired, they would set some aside and hang one by its feet, and with a really big and not-so-sharp knife, a guy would start cutting its skin off beginning with the tail. When he was finished skinning one, he would throw it on the ground and it would lay there, and still be moving, with no skin or fur, and lots of blood. The men would do this with all of the struggling and suffering animals and carelessly threw them into one pile. All of this torture just for a small amount of fur.

Countries in Europe and Asia don't have any laws prohibiting any sorts of animal cruelty, so they do a lot of extreme skinning and slaughtering that the united states is banned to do. Like in China, Italy, and Spain, millions of rabbits are slaughtered for meat, usually killed around 10 to 12 weeks of age. China is known for eating exotic foods. Did you know they eat and even wear cats and dogs? They treat their animals like we do with cows. The dog and cat fur trade is inhumane and merciless. Dogs are treated just like the foxes and minks that were earlier talked about. When cats and dogs are being transported from one location to another, they are packed very tightly in very crowded, uncomfortable wire and metal cages. There are a lot that don't make it through the brutal traveling conditions and some die, while the other dogs still have to live with them.

Even though cats and dogs are banned from being skinned and slaughtered in the United States, it is not illegal to import their fur or meat. The U.S. does have many rules and regulations to lessen the pain and torture of the animals, but these laws are rarely enforced and checked.

The problem with the United States' slaughterhouses is that they don't care how they get it, but they will get their meat, or their milk, or their fur, no matter how much pain it may cause the animals. They won't spend the extra money to get any wounded animals the help they need, and the environments are always very harsh also, which doesn't help at all. The environments are so bad and so packed that sicknesses and diseases spread very easily, and the animals get sick and don't get the proper treatment. If a cow or calf is too weak or sick to even move, someone will just kill them and get rid of it. All the animals in America



People are more violently opposed to fur than leather because it's safer to harass rich women than motorcycle gangs. ~Author Unknown

are bred to be slaughtered, so for their whole time of existence, they are tortured and poorly fed and taken care of. "They are castrated, their horns are ripped out of their heads, and they have third-degree burns inflicted on them (branding), all without any pain relief. During transportation, cattle are crowded into metal trucks where they suffer from trampling, temperature extremes, and lack of food, water, and veterinary care. It can get so hot, many die from exhaustion, or extreme colds causing them to sometimes literally freeze to the truck. At the slaughterhouse, cattle may be hoisted upside down by their hind legs and dismembered while fully conscious." This is a section taken from a fact sheet at PETA.org, talking about the harsh environments and the cruel things done to them.

www.iamscruelty.com/

The PETA corporation has gone behind the scenes all over the world with different animal factories and testing laboratories and hold many protests as well. They also start boycotts against many companies, such as IAMS dog and cat food, with the support of vegans around the globe. They have had many victories

with all of their support. Even with huge well-known industries like McDonalds has agreed to set rules for better treatment in their animal factories and slaughter houses. PETA also convinced J Crew to stop using fur in their apparel and accessories.

Animal experimentation, animal testing, and all types of animal cruelty has been an issue around the world for hundreds of years. Many doubt these things will ever end. By protests and petitions, we can all work and find ways to cut down the acts of cruelty and mistreatment of animals.

Although we can't change the minds of other countries, like China and India, about creating laws against using common American house-hold animals, such as cats and dogs, for their food and fashion, we can still figure out ways to open their eyes to how it effects the rest of the world.

Many of us have grown up on eating meat almost every day. It will be a very hard habit to break, but boycotting all meat factories by not buying or eating any type of meat product, even fish, can help factory workers and executives realize that what they do is very cruel and wrong.

Animal testing is, indeed, a very big issue in most parts of the world. There are many things we can't do about it. The best we can do is stand for what we believe and work hard towards our goals.



In an earlier stage of our development most human groups held to a tribal ethic. Members of the tribe were protected, but people of other tribes could be robbed or killed as one pleased. Gradually the circle of protection expanded, but as recently as 150 years ago we did not include blacks. So African human beings could be captured, shipped to America and sold. In Australia white settlers regarded Aborigines as a pest and hunted them down, much as kangaroos are hunted down today. Just as we have progressed beyond the blatantly racist ethic of the era of slavery and colonialism, so we must now progress beyond the speciesist ethic of the era of factory farming, of the use of animals as mere research tools, of whaling, seal hunting, kangaroo slaughter and the destruction of wilderness. We must take the final step in expanding the circle of ethics.

BUSH

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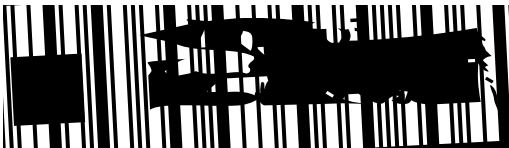
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