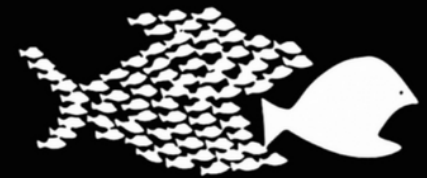




The People's
Organizing
Collective
Made This
Zine



WE

are the People's Organizing

Collective, a group of labor justice-oriented

undergraduates at Cornell University and a

local of the international United Students

Against Sweatshops. Our aim is to empower

workers to demand the conditions, wages, and

union representation that everyone deserves.

We believe that the work of building power

locally, doing what we can to abolish systems

of power and liberate ourselves collectively, is

important. This zine reflects our commitment

to art, justice, and imagination, in all of their

overlapping configurations. We hope that it

will serve as a reminder to continuously

reimagine what we want for the world, so that

we might better consider how to get there.

Every Wednesday at 5pm, we meet in Goldwin Smith

144 to continue this work. We would

love to see you there.

Against Strike Management – Abolish the UC on the biggest strike of the year.

Know your enemies on the picket line.

Fuck the University of California, the administration, the police, and the scabs.

But also fuck the UAW union bureaucrats.

They are here to manage unrest.

They are cowards hiding behind the rhetoric of worker power

while behind closed doors they work with the administration

stifle militancy and figure out how to rebrand major concessions as historic victories.

They fear retaliation almost as much as they fear proletarian struggle beyond their control.

Powerless, they remain trapped

between the threat of retribution from on high

and the rumblings of proletarian revolt from below.

You, however, are not limited to their reticent and resigned methods.

Keep the spirit of the wildcat alive!

Now is the time to take action around

all the things that piss you off and to do so in the ways you want,

with your friends, comrades, and affinities

Strike, Occupy, Blockade, Expropriate.

More than anything: Escalate.





It's OKAY to Kink Shame...

COMMODITY FETISHISM

Grant Moravec

When you look at an object, whether a table, computer, or your own shoes, what makes it have value? Is it because the object is made of expensive parts? Is it because it provides a lot of comfort to people? Or is it because the object took a lot of difficult work to create? While this might sound like a mundane question, the answer we give is incredibly important to how we view labor, money, goods, and the relationships associated with them. Commodity fetishism serves as an excellent lens in which to view these important but under-discussed questions.

Commodity fetishism is (perhaps unfortunately for some readers) not about the sexual attraction to a specific product. Instead, it is a viewpoint that explains how our modern capitalist society views goods and value. The term was coined by Karl Marx in the mid-1800s to describe our obsession with money. Fetishism, in the traditional, non-kinky sense, is the belief that an object has inherent religious or holy properties. This could be anything from a cup to a piece of jewelry. Marx took this concept and recognized it applied to all of society's bought and sold goods (called commodities). However, instead of believing an object is inherently holy, commodity fetishism is the belief that our commodities have inherent economic value within them.



Now, to many people, that may make sense. After all, a TV provides me with the benefit to binge-watch all of Riverdale in one evening, isn't that value? While this is correct, this is not what Marx meant. Under fetishism, objects are at their most basic level, religiously valuable. This trait is an inherent property of the object, no different than grass being green. One does not place the religious value on a fetishized object, it simply is religiously valuable. Under commodity fetishism, the same relationship occurs with our televisions and skateboards, only with their price. We view the commodity as being inseparable from its value, seen through their price. A table does not become \$35, it simply is \$35. To Marx, this analysis was the dominant worldview in capitalist society. And it makes sense. When I, and likely you, imagine a random object we own and think of its value, we feel the two are inseparable. I own a cheap bed; you have an expensive laptop. While an object's value may come from certain characteristics (my bed is cheap because it's uncomfortable, your laptop is expensive because it has a lot of storage), these characteristics are still viewed as inherent to the object.

Some of you might respond and say "Okay, so I see how this analysis works but what could an alternative system be?" For Karl Marx, the answer was unsurprisingly the labor of working-class people. In socialist economics, commodities' value does not come inherently from their being, but through the process of making them. A table is not valuable on its own, it becomes valuable from being built. From the choice of wood selected, to the carving of pieces, to the sanding and smoothing of the angles, this process creates the table's value. In short, the table is valuable because of the production that came from creating it. The problem with commodity fetishism is that it isolates this key and essential relationship. When one thinks about the value of a bicycle, they do not think about the hours spent designing, gathering the materials, building, and testing it, they just see a valuable bicycle. We simply do not see what causes these commodities to become valuable.



This analysis is important because commodity fetishism isolates consumers from producers. When all we see is a product's value, we do not think about the sweat, blood, and tears that came from producing it. We do not think about who is responsible for this new object that brings utility to our lives. We lose the empathy we should carry for the billions of people that make the objects we use everyday. This isolation makes it all the more easier for capitalists to oppress and extract as much as they can from the working class. When consumers of goods are divorced from the producers, it is much easier for the former to be unaware of the suffering of the latter. Wage cuts, hour increases, higher job risks, all of these can be easily ignored if one does not notice the connection between consumer and producer. Don't believe me? How many times have you heard someone say they only began to appreciate servers after working in a restaurant? Or customer service after working in IT? In every single one of those instances, an individual only became aware of the mistreatment of laborers after working with them. Disrupting commodity fetishism can do the same thing, by recognizing the enormous contributions working-class people make to our lives.



Our society is dominated by capitalist thought. If we want to become a liberated people, we must dismantle this oppressive establishment board by board. Ending commodity fetishism is a great way to start this process. Destroying it will bring solidarity between laborers and consumers, building a bridge capitalists have tried so hard to stop. It allows us to recognize that the commodities we use so regularly are valuable only because of the countless hours of hard work done by laborers. As a result, the capitalist will find it much more challenging to squeeze the working-class for all their worth. From there, we can finally begin to take back economic power and put it in the hands of the people who actually contribute to the economy: the proletariat.

POEM:

En memoria de Selena y El Gordito

José Roque
Pérez-Zetune

Today I woke up early and walked
from Gettysburg to Biglerville
To Biglerville to Aspers.
I traced the county in orchards
To find you, espiritu.

And today I think I'll walk to Batavia
To visit Marcus and trace New York
By lecherias. I'll start in Genesee
And end in Joy Road, Sodus
To find you, espiritu.

And how far is Sodus from Arizona?
Because today I walked from Long Beach,
Washington to Morton, Mississippi,
And espiritu - do you walk Morton?

The same way Joquicingo is close to
Adams County is close to Ayotzinapa
is close to the Valley (Central and Rio Grande),
Is it really por los siglos de los siglos?

Tell me, espiritu, that our lives don't begin and end
With an Apple.

STATEMENT

Borders are malleable. Expansive yet shrinking in intimacy.
The workplace, for Latin@s, is an extension of the border.

ICE raids, like the ones in Adams County or Long Beach or
Morton or ..., instantly bring the border onto our home.

Raids separate us. In that same way, feelings of immense
and overwhelming connection across all rural people and
all workers bloom for revolt.

It has been 33 years since the curtain fell and the electric fence was removed, but the red deer in Sumava National Park refuse to cross the old border between former West Germany and Czechoslovakia. That's not true. The deer from the West have long learned that it's safe. But on the side of the once Eastern Bloc, generations past when they would be old enough to remember the Cold War, the Czech deer cannot go West. It will take 30 to 50 more years, experts predict.

All the European towns have Jewish quarters. There are very few Jews.

Something is stored deep in the flesh of those deer, something is stored deep in the flesh of that forest, something is stored deep in my flesh, and yours.

Stare at your feet, at the cobblestones, at the earth. Imagine that everything that has ever happened here is right below you.

We cannot permit the United States to continue constructing false notions of time, always in service of the commercial and militaristic interests of those rich doing the best job at getting richer. The future is not an amorphous void, at once terrifying and urgent, as they would have us believe. All that will be is or has been, and it will simply take reaching deep within our embodied memories, listening to the whispered prayers reverberating beneath our skin, returning to ourselves/returning to each other, understanding that these constitute the same process, yes-imagining another world, but also-remembering this one, seizing the time and world into which we were borne, thrusting it into existence.

Katrina Hanauer Cassell



Imperial Pedagogy by Joseph Mullen

In 1902, Jacob Gould Schurman, Cornell's 3rd President and the chairman of the American commission for the colonization of the Philippines, declared that the colonized subjects of the American Empire must be "taught to govern themselves as Americans govern themselves."

Flash forward 52 years, and Cornell again finds itself as part of a "mission civilisatrice", this time in Indonesia. With the help of \$224,000 from the Ford Foundation, Cornell's Modern Indonesia Project is founded; the wayang puppets tucked away in the Art Museum's 5th floor are a testament to the project's success. As Cornell faculty travel to Indonesia to assist in the education of a newly independent nation, Cornell's pedagogy is injected into the curriculum of a new elite pedigree. As David Ransom put it, "Cornell's elite-oriented studies are what the universities use to teach post-Independence politics and history" in Indonesia.

This education carried with it the same paternalistic assumptions as Schurman had set forward at the inception of America's colonial expansion decades earlier. Cornell's educators did not believe in either case that the colonized could govern themselves (or the precious resources of their countries) in the best interests of humanity ("humanity", in this case, meaning no one else but Americans).

American Empire exports bombs, debt, and starvation, but its most dangerous export is education. In Indonesia, an estimated 1 million communists were slaughtered by the students of Cornell educators, a slaughter the U.S. embassy gleefully encouraged. Imperial education came in many forms, with the U.S. military offering direct tutorship through manuals on torture and methods of murder, but the education gifted by Cornell was the most violent of all: it brought Western "science" and "philosophy" meant only to implicate a nation in its own destruction.

As a university, like all other American universities, Cornell is a product of and an advocate for white supremacy. Its history cannot be extricated from the dispossession of the Gayogohó:no' people through the 1862 Morrill Land Grab Act. Sir Hilary Beckles, a Barbadian scholar, argued in a lecture here that "white supremacy was articulated in the university sector". In the 20th century, this expanded beyond the borders of Turtle Island to enable the rise of global white supremacy. Everywhere, academics carried the torch for imperialism, promoting discourse like "modernization" and "civilization" to impose exploitation throughout the world in the guise of "development".

Our university continues to provide ideological ammunition for Washington's bullets today. In Occupied Palestine, Cornell sponsors research conducted by settler institutions like the Technion Institute of Technology to develop sinister new devices to crush the Palestinian resistance. Cornell will never divest from Israeli Apartheid, just as it never divested from the \$146 million invested in Apartheid South Africa. Cornell Engineering is the worst offender, perpetually partnered with the most odious arms manufacturers and defense contractors whose "dynamic innovations" and "research opportunities" manifest themselves as ordnance dropped on Yemeni children.

Knowing all that we know about Cornell's past and present, we should not expect our education here to lead to emancipation. You can follow it closely and become a cog in a machine - another engineering student shipped off to work for a war criminal, a business major calculating a profit margin from the dividends of suffering. When the university exists as a business, pedagogy becomes nothing more than onboarding. If we embrace this education that emphasizes inertness and obedience, we are left to die at the altar of careerism. We become convinced that nothing we can do will make any difference, and our helplessness means we feel no guilt in becoming just another well-trained manager.

The imperial pedagogues wish only to reproduce an intractable hierarchy in every aspect of their teaching. They spend four years teaching us how to fuck the world up beyond recognition to pay off our student loan debt. At the entrance of the institution they put up a sign:


"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here".

That is *their* pedagogy; ours must be one of our own choosing, one committed to the abolition of the method of education premised on mystification.

Our only alternative is the revolutionary pedagogy of action. We cannot reform our university; as it currently exists, the notion of a university is irredeemably integrated into capitalism, settler colonialism, and imperialism. The ideal of the university as a haven for radical ideas was always mythology in America as we pontificated upon stolen land; but today even the mask of the myth slips away, and the university shows no shame in admitting that it is a pre-professional institution, nothing more, nothing less.

We seek a pedagogy of liberation, a defiance and rejection of all the imperatives of an imperial university. We will not find that among the job opportunities offered at the Career Fair. But if we choose to learn for liberation, we remain students for our entire lives, constantly experimenting with a vision of a different world.

Joseph Mullen



This essay is a compilation of my own reflections growing up in rural Southwest Virginia, accounts from workers during the Bolshevik Revolution, and other snapshots from union coal miners.

- By Kassidy S.

For decades, coal company towns exploited Southwest Virginians and stripped our communities of their autonomy. These companies forced residents into dangerous mining jobs, taking advantage of workers who were desperate to provide for themselves and their families. Despite these conditions, rural laborers ignited some of the most notable labor movements in the country and put their lives on the line to gain a better future for generations to come.

During these rural revolts, Russian miners in similar conditions fought for workers' liberation against imperialism, leading up to the Bolshevik revolution. The Southern working class still echoes the anti-communist sentiment penetrating America, but without the mobilization of the global proletariat, the freedoms Appalachian laborers died for could not have succeeded.

"They shot one of those Bolsheviks up in Knox County this morning, Harry Sims his name was. . . . That deputy knew his business. He didn't give the redneck a chance to talk, he just plugged him in the stomach. We need some shooting like that down here in Pineville."[1]

ДА
ЗДРАВСТВУЕТ
СОВЕТЪ РАБОРНЫХъ
И СОЛАТСКИХъ
ДЕПУАТОВЪ
ПРИБАВЪ ПОИКА
ДА 'О. Р. М.

I wasn't taught much about communism growing up, but I do remember one Saturday. My grandpa made omelets in the little kitchen facing their flower garden. We were decorating the Christmas tree that morning. I hung each ornament on the tree carefully. These were the same ornaments my mom decorated the tree with when she was little; most were handcrafted by our distant relatives. The smell of a home-cooked breakfast, the sunlight warming the kitchen table as we gathered, the lights on the tree twinkling to welcome the holiday season, and, of course, lessons on how the brave Americans eradicate communism...

"You do not know how we are beaten and how we suffer... we are constantly weary... almost killing ourselves, only to remain in hunger and suffering." [2]



"All you do is complain! We give you a little bit and you're never satisfied. The contract is as good as y'all will get, Management's trying to be fair to y'all, and all this rioting won't get us anywhere."

Today, there's a disconnect between labor history and the present condition of the Appalachian working class. Due to the poverty resulting from corporate influence, workers take jobs at companies who devote themselves to demolishing organizing. Rural people know they'll be cheated out of fair wages, but the risk of not having a job is too great a fear.

"This is our principal request, upon which everything else depends. This is the main and the only balm for our (ailing) wounds, without which they will continue to fester and will soon bring us death." [3]

In May 2020, I heard Southerners go on about "rioters." They went on and on about how violence never gets anyone anywhere. "Destroying property is never acceptable, regardless of which side does it." Even during the height of the labor movement, many white miners perpetuated segregation. The South has to reckon with its history and pay tribute to the miners that they denied solidarity.

"When certain provisions were read, workers raised their hands, fingers forming the sign of the cross, 'in order to indicate that these demands were sacred.'" [5]
"You saw how much blood he spilled, you saw?" [6]

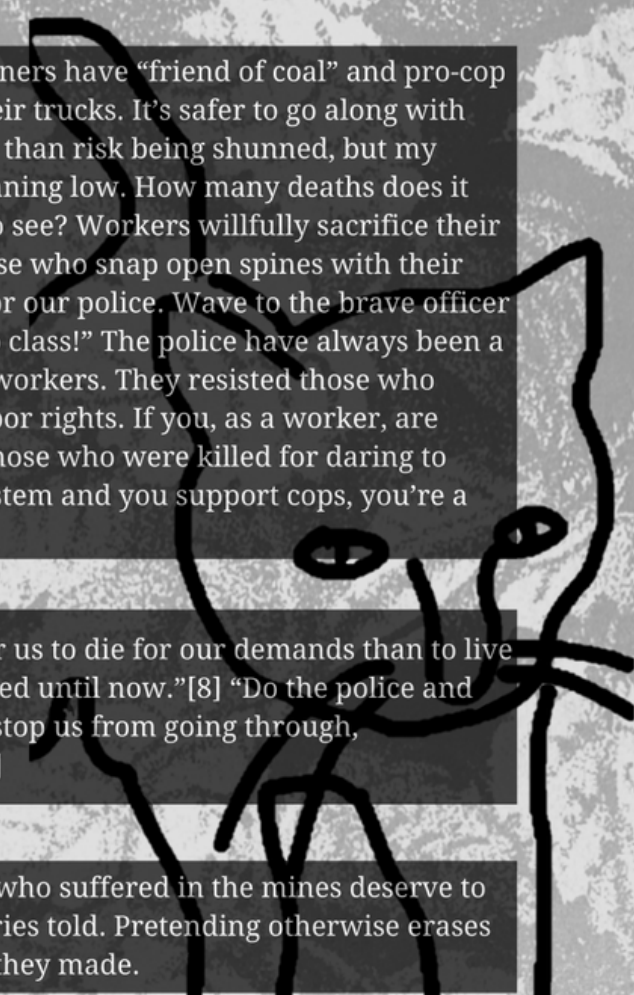
"Keep all protests peaceful... violence is never acceptable... we must stand against violence in any form." [4]

"In February, 26-year-old Cody Maggard was crushed to death in a powered haulage incident at Immel (mine)."[7]

Many Southerners have "friend of coal" and pro-cop stickers on their trucks. It's safer to go along with the status quo than risk being shunned, but my empathy's running low. How many deaths does it take for you to see? Workers willfully sacrifice their bodies for those who snap open spines with their heels. "Pray for our police. Wave to the brave officer as you walk to class!" The police have always been a force against workers. They resisted those who pushed for labor rights. If you, as a worker, are thankful for those who were killed for daring to protest the system and you support cops, you're a class traitor.

"It is better for us to die for our demands than to live as we have lived until now."[8] "Do the police and soldiers dare stop us from going through, comrades?"[9]

My ancestors who suffered in the mines deserve to hear their stories told. Pretending otherwise erases the sacrifices they made.



To my fellow Southerners who are afraid to stand up for your radical politics, you have support from comrades everywhere hoping to see a better future. Even if you feel like your community turns away from you, know that the radical miners of the coal strikes would be proud.

"It will be the workers, with their courage, resolution and self-sacrifice, who will be chiefly responsible for achieving victory." - Karl Marx



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Write About Dreams

Finley Williams

It's a note I must have written myself weeks ago when I reached wildly for inspiration and was unable to grasp it. It is typed plain in Times New Roman 12 pt. on a bulleted list, sandwiched between "drug spirals" and "New York City," in a document entitled "Ideas." It is honest and full of possibility: Write about dreams. The challenge, of course, is deciphering what this means, what state I must have inhabited when I scribbled this cryptic advice.

I could start with my mother's. She takes a drag from her cigarette, my step-father a swig of rosé. They pass the vices between them and talk into the black, star-speckled night. On their stuporous tongues dance whispers of other futures – and why shouldn't they? The wind of their lives has been long and mad, and lashed them until they landed on this foreign shore: an apartment in Northern Illinois.

Before then, I was not sure whether my mother had ever had a dream. I remember hearing her singing voice, once, in my childhood, when her throat was all glistening with white wine. She crooned sadly, but proudly, to an R&B tune from the radio and spun in circles in her room. "Mommy," I said, "why don't you be a singer?" I cannot recall her exact response, but it must have been simple and heartbreaking: that she was too old, that she didn't like her voice, that she simply didn't want to. This the most awful reality: simply not wanting to, being so beat by this life that the desire fully leaves.

But here in Waukegan, her mouth is full of dreams. They rush from between her lips like waves rolling onto the shore of Lake Michigan. She says she wants what she was promised – 40 acres and a mule – but she'll settle for less: a house in the country, a window facing the sea, a garden where her vegetables and herbs throw their greens and reds and yellows and oranges into the air. Her husband wants a catering business. He dreams long, happy hours standing in the kitchen, adding this spice and that cutting into a cauldron of his finest efforts. He dreams the sublime act of sharing these efforts. A thought: the intimacy of feeding. The intimacy of growing. In quieter moments, he dreams nothing more than cooking for her: pork on Christmas, ham on Thanksgiving, collard greens every day in between. Like a child, she tells him that she would like a steak taco or some tortilla chips, and with love falling from his fingertips and glinting from his eyes, he prepares them. Some nights while he stands at the stove, she hugs him from behind – careful to hold her smoldering cigarette away from the food – and rests her head on his arm. There, in that moment, is a little dream complete, is the potential of their unspent dreams.

I watched her dreams become his, but not in the manner in which it so frequently occurs, when a man's aspirations subsume the woman's. She closed her eyes and dreamed his dreams because she loved him with such a passion that she could not help it – as they were wed, so their dreams were wed. She dreamed herself by his side, chopping onions, mincing celery, setting timers, dressing plates. She dreamed herself tending her garden, listening to the low clucks of her chickens, walking through the orchard. She dreamed of work and she dreamed of life.

She should have her dreams, whether they are hers or her husband's. Dreams, for her, are healing. They are a refuge from the bitter cold of her life. I remember the trials of my childhood: the time our apartment was broken into over Christmas break when we were visiting family in Ohio; our forced eviction, when the landlord piled all of our belongings on the curb, a jagged monument to instability in our lives; my mother's homelessness, her long bouts of unemployment where she was unable to feed or clothe us properly, when she had to ask me, her young daughter, for money.

In her harried life, there was no room for dreams; subsistence did not allow it. But then, I think, perhaps she had always had secret dreams, like cards she held close to her chest. Dreams that she would not let the world take from her, dreams so fragile that one too-strong breath might shatter them. It was these dreams, I think, that brought her back from the brink. Dreams not of work, but of rest, of peace. Dreams of a life free of this tumult: of a garden, a walk lined with stones from the street to the house.

My mother taught me to dream, whether she knows it or not. I saw her struggle in this life and I imagined other possibilities. As a young girl, I wanted to be a veterinarian. I wanted to write and direct plays. I wanted to travel to the moon. I wanted to make myself useful the way we are taught to make ourselves useful: to our society, to the greater institution. And though there is honor and majesty in serving a greater goal, a greater good, I cannot now help but think of a loveful other world where "dream" automatically evokes the personal. Someone would ask me what I wanted for myself, what I dreamed, and I would say: I dreamed of going where the mountains were; to the open chest of the country, jutting into the sky. I wanted to climb rock faces and eat strawberries and almonds at their jagged zeniths. I wanted to lumber upward, heavy-laden with sadness and good things and the imperceptible crease between the two, and all the necessary goods of this world on my back. I dreamed of learning how rich the mountains are. I wanted to see hills dipping and rising along the horizon. I wanted to feel my body against this great mound of earth, and to work with it against gravity.

I dreamed of sitting on a California balcony while morning greeted the east, and to remember what it was to be sad in the summertime. I wanted to go from the winter-frozen North and touch the ocean. I wanted my eyes to catch sight of greenness, and my body to rejoice in it. I dreamed of praising quiet moments, of extrapolating the silence of an empty hour.

I dreamed of sitting with myself, of knowing this taciturn being. I wanted to know the shadows as they joined on the wall. I dreamed not of work, but of life – and I wonder where dreams of life become dreams of work.

Do you shop from these brands?

- ROMWE
- SHEIN
- H&M
- Forever 21
- Fashion Nova
- Nasty Gal
- Zaful
- And many others

Fast fashion encourages the exploitation of workers! So the next time you go shopping, check the tag....are they union made?



There's No Reception in Possum Springs

Written by Bethany Hockenberry and Scott Benson
For the Videogame *Night in the Woods*



There's no reception in Possum Springs
No reception here
I wave my black phone
In the air like a flair
Like a prayer
But no Reception
I read on the internet
Baby face boy Billionaire
Phone app sold
Made more money
In one day
Than my family
Over 100 generations
More than my whole world ever has
World where
House-buying jobs
Became rent-paying jobs
Became living with family jobs
Boy billionaires

Money is access
Access to politicians
Waiting for us to die
Lead in our water
Alcohol and painkillers
Replace my job with an app
Replace my dreams
Of a house and a yard
With a couch in the basement
"The future is yours"
Forced 24/7 entrepreneurs
I just want a paycheck
And my own life
I'm on the couch
In the basement
They're in the house and the yard
Some night I will catch
A bus out to the west coast
And burn their silicon city
To the ground



— Topple —

Tuesday morning, maybe Wednesday, I saw two people fall over
separated by twenty seconds and one shot, the
occurrence felt significant, unfortunate and maybe telling.

I was stuck standing still on the sidewalk, synthesizing what
this could signify through brain salad and blasting headphone sound.
Two falls witnessed so close geographically and chronologically.

Connected only by coincidence, or serving as evidence of God
(or whatever figure deconstructs the
autonomy of man)

What hierarchy exists ultimately? What do we bow to
when there is a root or sidewalk crack higher than our steps forward?
There are powerful systems that we ignore, and they are speaking to us.
While we are distracted focusing on fabricated orders of power, if we could
tap into the ether instead of internet signals, what would we achieve
differently? How do we understand and make systems anew when old systems
are all that we know? Under the fabricated and futile orders we observe,
how do we comprehend the significance of two people falling in the same sight
without calling it coincidence or getting confused. As it seems caused
by an order we haven't been taught. Orders in nature, in the ether, orders
that dwarf those we deem powerful, that we are told to ignore.

Instead of ignoring, let's mine small instances for great importance.

Let's remember that the sidewalk can be more humbling
than most things, especially in the moments that we
forget it is there. The things that can humble us
only when we think of them, where does their
power lie beyond what we are told?

Songs for workin and for fightin and for lovin on each other

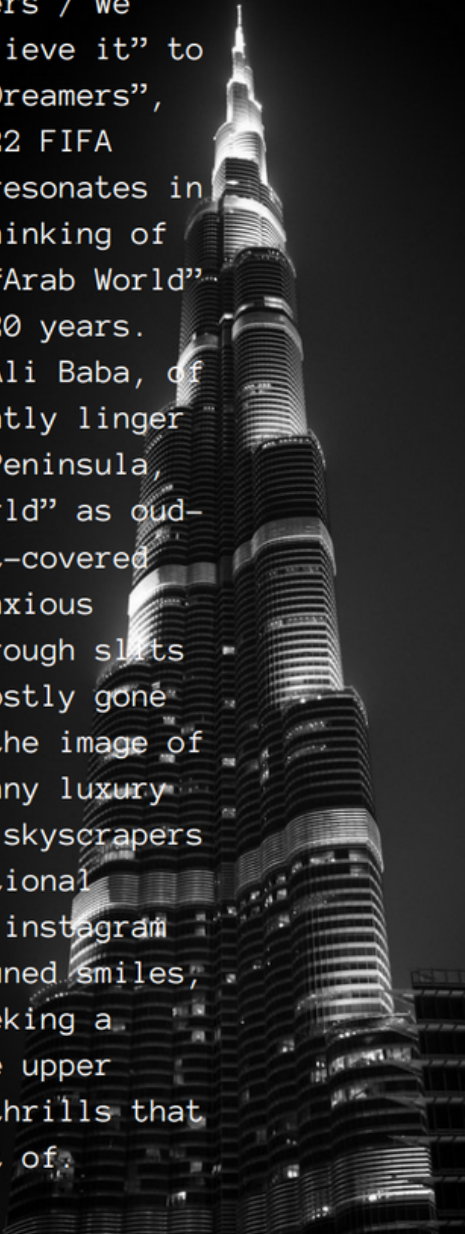
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PEOPLES
ORGANIZING
COLLECTIVE
CORNELL

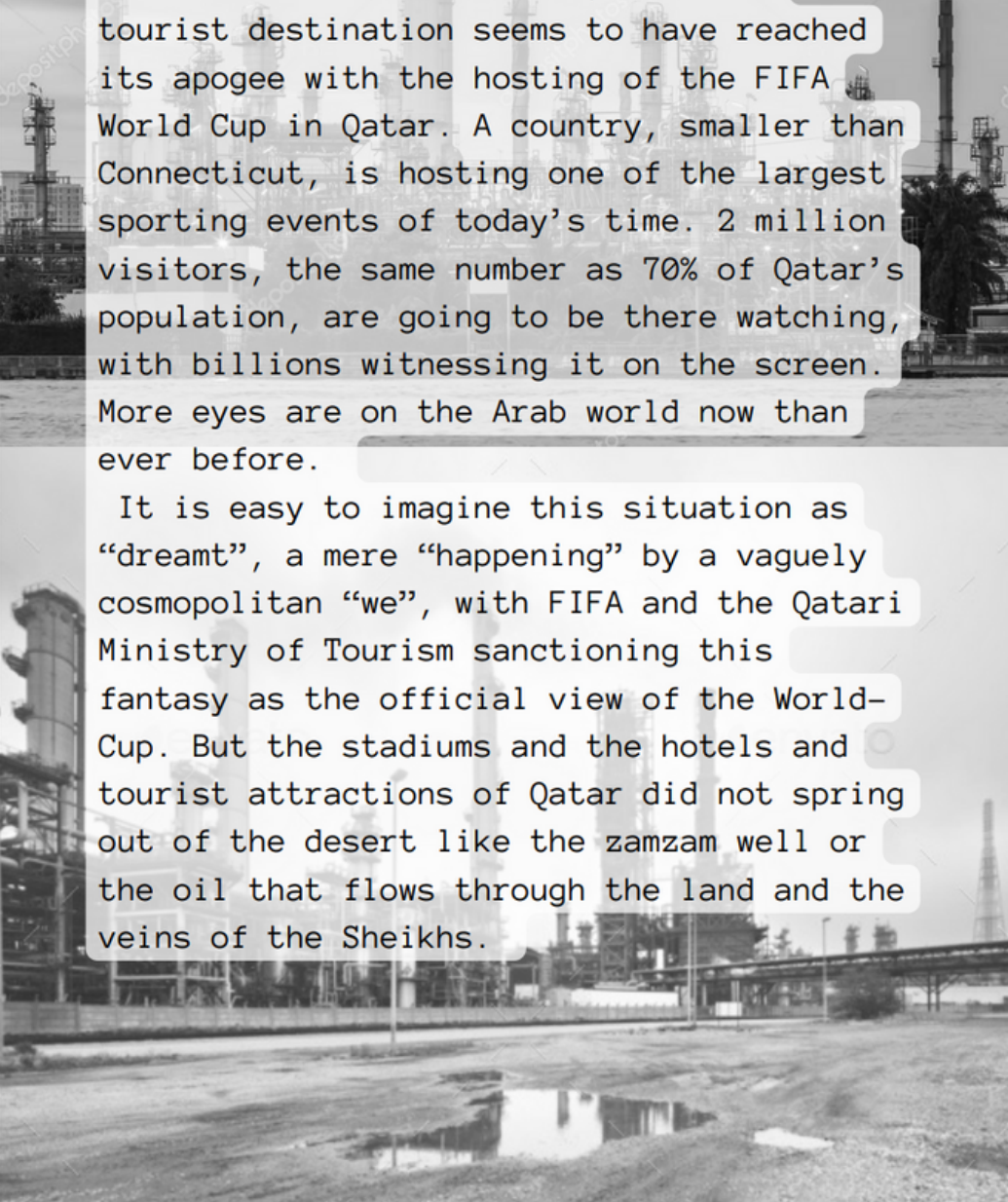


Petrocapitalist Presents, Futures

Shehryar Qazi

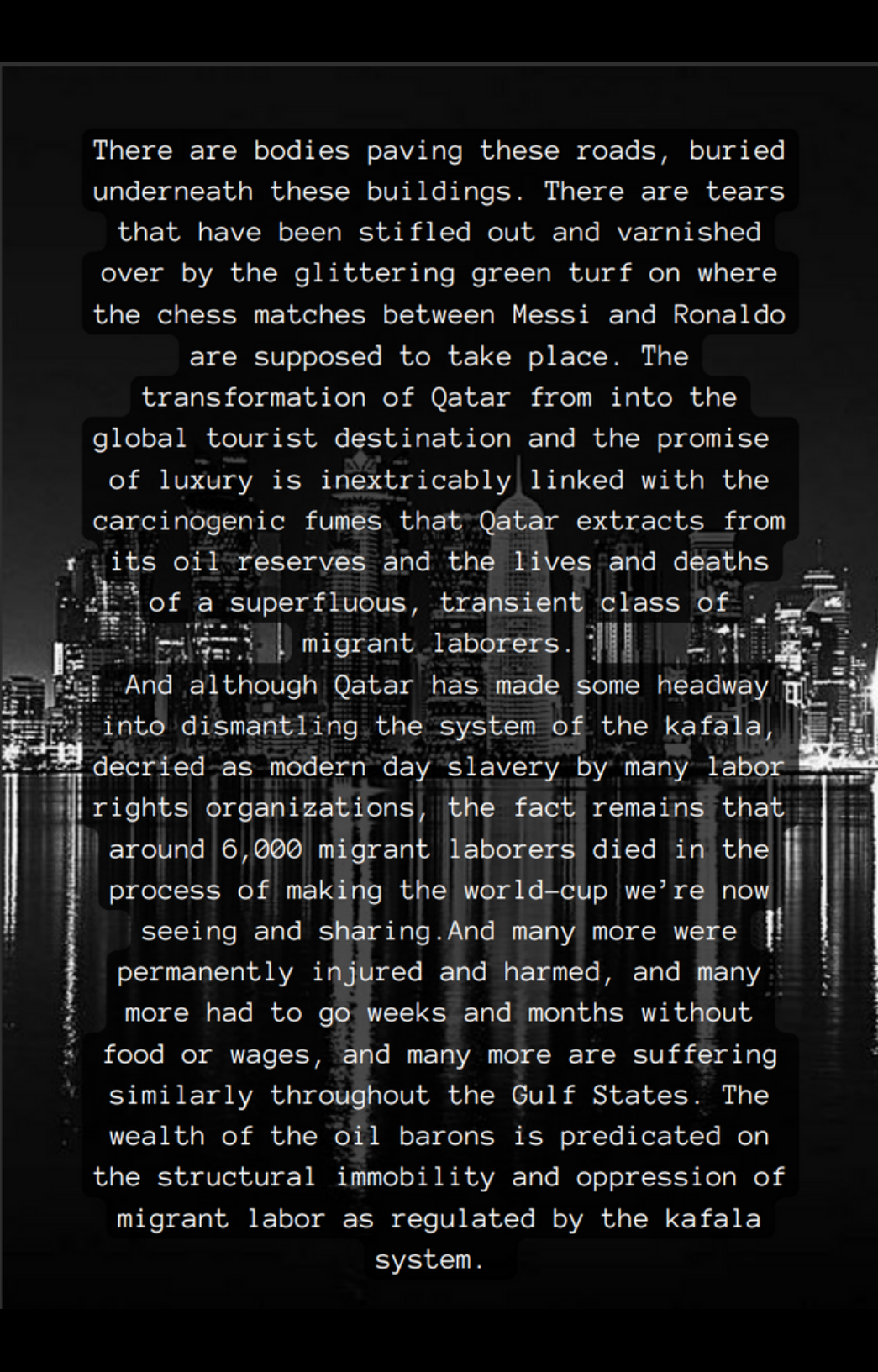


I don't know how Jungkook meant "Look who we are, we are the dreamers / We make it happen, 'cause we believe it" to come across while singing "Dreamers", the official song for the 2022 FIFA World Cup. But this refrain resonates in an interesting manner when thinking of the transformation that the "Arab World" has undergone over the past 20 years. The memories of Agrabah, of Ali Baba, of WMDs, and of Osama still faintly linger when discussing the Arabian Peninsula, but the days of the "Arab World" as oud-soundtracked sepia-toned dust-covered flea markets, populated by anxious strangers side-eyeing you through slits in headscarves seems to be mostly gone and have been replaced with the image of "Arabia" as a perennially sunny luxury resort, a land of glittering skyscrapers for those within the international leisure class, everyone from Instagram influencers and their face-tuned smiles, the upper classes of Asia seeking a weekend getaway trip, and the upper classes of the West seeking thrills that Burton could have only dreamt of.



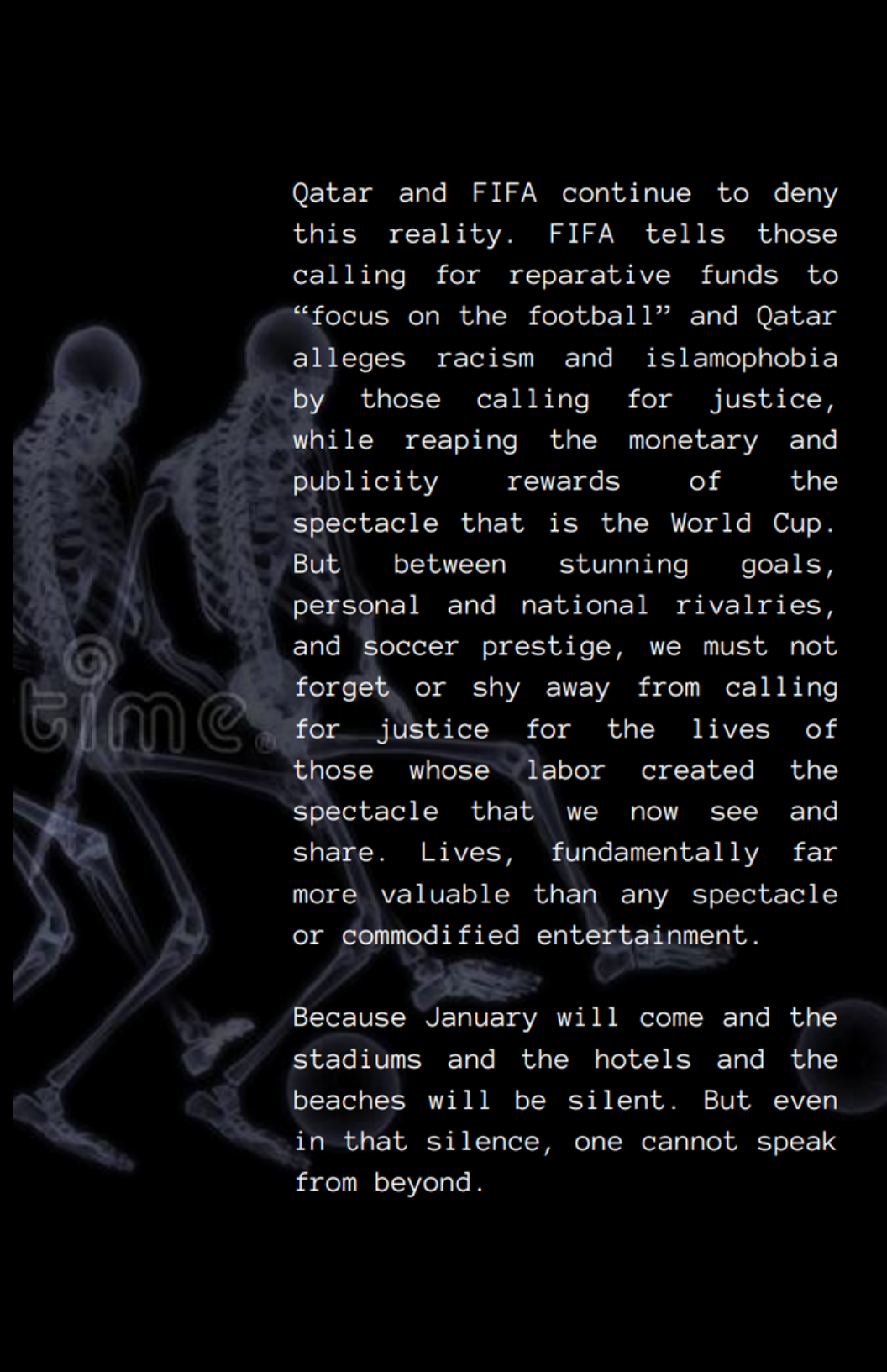
And so, this sort of visual hasbara, transforming "Arabia", especially the city-states of the Persian Gulf, into the tourist destination seems to have reached its apogee with the hosting of the FIFA World Cup in Qatar. A country, smaller than Connecticut, is hosting one of the largest sporting events of today's time. 2 million visitors, the same number as 70% of Qatar's population, are going to be there watching, with billions witnessing it on the screen. More eyes are on the Arab world now than ever before.

It is easy to imagine this situation as "dreamt", a mere "happening" by a vaguely cosmopolitan "we", with FIFA and the Qatari Ministry of Tourism sanctioning this fantasy as the official view of the World-Cup. But the stadiums and the hotels and tourist attractions of Qatar did not spring out of the desert like the zamzam well or the oil that flows through the land and the veins of the Sheikhs.



There are bodies paving these roads, buried underneath these buildings. There are tears that have been stifled out and varnished over by the glittering green turf on where the chess matches between Messi and Ronaldo are supposed to take place. The transformation of Qatar from into the global tourist destination and the promise of luxury is inextricably linked with the carcinogenic fumes that Qatar extracts from its oil reserves and the lives and deaths of a superfluous, transient class of migrant laborers.

And although Qatar has made some headway into dismantling the system of the kafala, decried as modern day slavery by many labor rights organizations, the fact remains that around 6,000 migrant laborers died in the process of making the world-cup we're now seeing and sharing. And many more were permanently injured and harmed, and many more had to go weeks and months without food or wages, and many more are suffering similarly throughout the Gulf States. The wealth of the oil barons is predicated on the structural immobility and oppression of migrant labor as regulated by the kafala system.



Qatar and FIFA continue to deny this reality. FIFA tells those calling for reparative funds to "focus on the football" and Qatar alleges racism and islamophobia by those calling for justice, while reaping the monetary and publicity rewards of the spectacle that is the World Cup. But between stunning goals, personal and national rivalries, and soccer prestige, we must not forget or shy away from calling for justice for the lives of those whose labor created the spectacle that we now see and share. Lives, fundamentally far more valuable than any spectacle or commodified entertainment.

Because January will come and the stadiums and the hotels and the beaches will be silent. But even in that silence, one cannot speak from beyond.

Labor Should Lead the Green Transition

Aitan Avgar

As an avid podcast-listener, I stumbled across an episode of *The Daily*, a prominent New York Times radio show, focusing on striking coal miners in Bessemer, Alabama. The strike began on April 1, 2021 when 900 miners walked off the job and it has continued for almost 600 days. The miners, frustrated by conditions in which they were forced to work skeleton crews by a company that failed to keep their promises, all while the coal-industry was spiraling downward. They believed that collective action would be the answer to their problems. This, so far, has proven to be false. Miners find themselves stuck between a rock and a hard place when it comes to gaining political support for their efforts. They are unable to gain support from Republicans who support fossil fuels but are anti-union and pro-union Democrats who look to shift toward renewable sources of energy. These miners have every right to a fair contract that provides them with safer working conditions, a living wage, and greater voice.



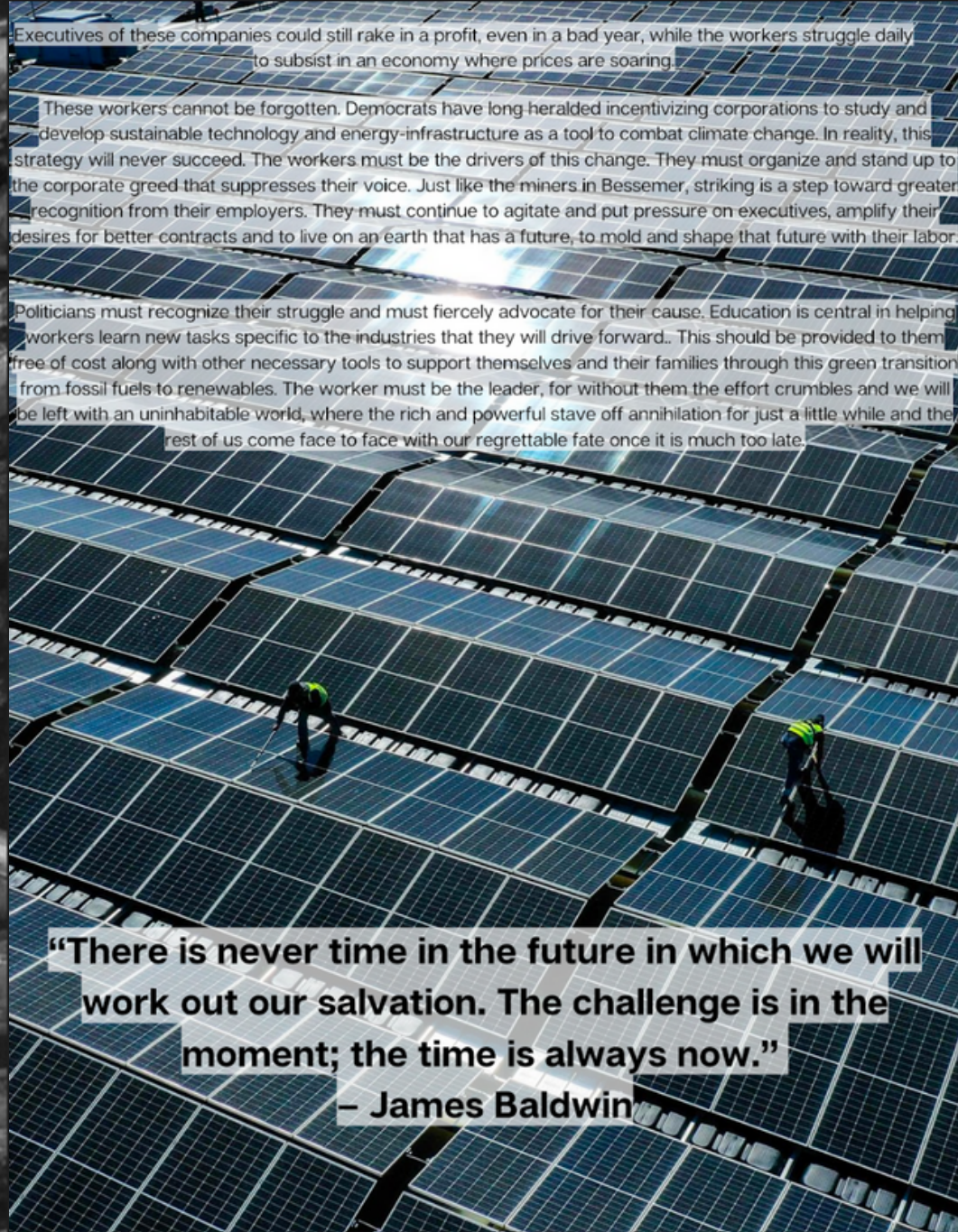
But when it is in the greatest interest of our world to move away from this harmful industry in an effort to fight the ever-growing threat of climate change, how can we meet these workers' demands? How do we still protect them when we also want energy reform? How should they fit into a just green transition?

The answer: putting them at the wheel. We all know that coal is bad for the environment. Same with oil and natural gas. With countries around the world, including the United States, looking to curb their carbon footprints, these industries are in danger of losing revenue as a result of government investment in renewable energy sources and changes in consumer behavior. Unfortunately, if these industries were to take a hit, the workers would be on the frontlines. Layoffs could threaten large portions of the workforce as companies try to reduce output to stay consistent with demand. Sites could close, striking a big blow to mining towns like Bessemer, Alabama or communities in Pennsylvania where fracking is the primary industry.

Executives of these companies could still rake in a profit, even in a bad year, while the workers struggle daily to subsist in an economy where prices are soaring.

These workers cannot be forgotten. Democrats have long heralded incentivizing corporations to study and develop sustainable technology and energy-infrastructure as a tool to combat climate change. In reality, this strategy will never succeed. The workers must be the drivers of this change. They must organize and stand up to the corporate greed that suppresses their voice. Just like the miners in Bessemer, striking is a step toward greater recognition from their employers. They must continue to agitate and put pressure on executives, amplify their desires for better contracts and to live on an earth that has a future, to mold and shape that future with their labor.

Politicians must recognize their struggle and must fiercely advocate for their cause. Education is central in helping workers learn new tasks specific to the industries that they will drive forward. This should be provided to them free of cost along with other necessary tools to support themselves and their families through this green transition from fossil fuels to renewables. The worker must be the leader, for without them the effort crumbles and we will be left with an uninhabitable world, where the rich and powerful stave off annihilation for just a little while and the rest of us come face to face with our regrettable fate once it is much too late.



“There is never time in the future in which we will work out our salvation. The challenge is in the moment; the time is always now.”

– James Baldwin

Fig. 183

MAD

Malcolm Olson

Getting angry is fucking fantastic. Nothing mobilizes human spirit, will, and determination, nothing makes you want to move and shake and fight, quite like white hot god damn rage. This makes anger somewhat unique; few other emotions have the same incredible power to get people to go out and make change for themselves. When you boil it down, and you take a hard look at the transformative power of anger, it's really no wonder that what you are allowed to get angry about is so heavily policed. There are plenty of things you're allowed, even encouraged to get worked up about. Shout about your spouse and your children, get furious about traffic, get mad about sports (especially get mad about sports—it boosts jersey sales)! But there is one thing it is particularly unhip to get fussy about. That's politics friend! You can punch a hole through your plasma TV because red team beat blue team no problem, but when politicians and corporate ghoul's start performing fascistic megazord-style team ups to power-plex your hourly wage into the earth's core before your very eyes, well buddy you better not even blink! Think about the almost unanimous media portrayal of protestors during the 2020 summer of unrest as needlessly destructive, irrational. Think about the tag lines of popular shit head right-wing internet celebs, garbage like 'facts don't care about your feelings'. Think about liberal gasbags imploring you to put your fists down and your listening ears on everything an actually honest to god nazi steps foot in the room because 'it's really just so important to listen to both sides'. This all constitutes a collective and growing effort by the ruling class to wring all non-reactionary, radical anger out of politics like sweat out of a jockstrap. Brainwashing politicians, frothing the brains of politicians, and the suits that own them both demand that all pertinent societal issues be addressed without any trace of emotion or energy. They don't want people to act on their political beliefs, or even get too excited about them! If you ask them, politics should be nothing more than a series of terse, brief, above all polite conversations. What a horrifying world this kind of thinking would precipitate! A planet covered in great halls full of blank faced automatons, numbly and delicately whispering to each other about middle of the road health care reform until the sun winks out and the galaxy folds itself into a beautiful little origami bird. Your boss, your congressman, and the cop on your corner argue that draining emotion out of politics makes it simpler, more about facts. In reality it has nothing to do with 'facts' at all! They want to make politics respectful and slow and boring because they want to make you FUCKING COMPLACENT! It's not about inspiring objectivity and rationality, it's about instilling apathy! Taking anger out of politics does not boil down politics to a sort of pure, clean mathematics. Anger does not dilute the truth. In fact, if one is to really take the facts of the modern economic and political world seriously, then there is no other appropriate reaction besides anger. I mean folks, the results are already in!!! The world is boiling away! There is plastic floating in your blood! You will spend your entire life working to make your boss rich or you will starve! Politicians are making millions off of genocides! The police could kill you for fun and get away with it! No one else is coming to save us, we are really all there is! If you can look at these stone cold fucking FACTS, and you decide they make you want to organize a roundtable or a bookclub more than they make you want to light every bank in your state on fire you are not taking an objective and reasonable approach to politics you are letting your remaining humanity leak straight out of your asshole. Absolutely everything in the world is completely fucked. I really hope this is something you're not totally cool with, that you want to sit still and act 'reasonably'. What I really want and hope, is that this makes you absolutely out of your mind blood boilingly fucking furious. Fuck the pleases and the thank yous and the nice conversations. Get mad about politics, and then do something!



GEL
MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD MAD

WE ARE NOT GOING DOWN EASY

EA SITT, DIE CHOCOLADE

The Zios

Aitan Avgar

I'm Aitan and I'm a first-year student from Ithaca. What I've found in POCC is a community that embraces the power of radical, collective action in the face of everyday oppression and injustice. In the struggle to fight climate change, we must break free from the chains that manipulative corporations and governments use to tie us down. A future of sustainability and climate justice is our only future.

José Roque Pérez-Zetune

Hi ! My name's José Roque. I'm 20 and was born and raised in Adams County, PA. I love my home and I love People's Organizing and I love my friends

Malcolm Olson

My name is Malcolm. I'm from Brooklyn. Kisses!

Kassidy S.

I'm Kassidy, and I'm from Southwest Virginia. I've been told my entire life capitalism is the solution and as long as you work hard, you can get anywhere. In my hometown, however, people are trapped in poverty, and the capitalist logic so many in the area believe is contradictory to the working class struggle. Soon after coming to Cornell, I started getting involved in organizing so I could work towards a better world with likeminded people. In a world where we're reduced to our work and exploited for our labor, do what brings you joy. Creativity apart from capitalism is revolutionary.

Grant Moravec

Bio: My name is Grant and I am from New York's North Country. I just want to live in a world where everyone has a say in how our economy is run, rather than random rich assholes. I believe POCC is a good organization that fights for that. Hopefully you will too.

Kait

My name is Kait and I am from Trumansburg, New York. I am a member of the People's Organizing Collective because the system we have isn't so efficient or thoughtful or run by the best suited powers. The world could use some reorganizing, and the beautiful, original-thinking people of POCC have some ideas how. In a void, there is no excess that drains our energy and earth. Nail polish is made of tomato juice.

Annie Stetz

My name is Annie and I think there is something so utterly beautiful about the idea of collective action. I grew up in a the most quintessentially post industrial rustbelt town in Pennsylvania. My large Irish-Italian family had roots in collectivism that were almost as deep as the coal mines our forefathers world and died in. In the spirit of the lives lost and the blood of my community that fought for labor rights, I continue to care about working people and find my own community here, in the people and pages of the People's Organizing Collective Zine. Enjoy.

Danielle Owusu

Hi! I am Danielle Owusu I go by Dani! I am from Florida. This piece is representative of the hard work the International Ladies Garment Workers Union did in order to make sure that the clothing we wear in our everyday lives is not exploitative to the workers making them. I would love to bring more awareness of the dangers of fast fashion and how we should avoid it, out of solidarity to the workers.

Finley Williams

Finley Williams is a sophomore majoring in American Studies. She most enjoys writing about her mother, race, and the intersection between the two. She exists on Instagram @comatosejoy.

Joseph Mullen

I am a student and a member of the anti-imperialist collective the Cadre Journal.