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Encyclopedia

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SKIRMISHES AT DIABLO CANYON

Pacific Gas & Electric long refused to believe that Diablo Canyon, their chosen site for nuclear reactors, was on a major earthquake fault. Once the fact was proven, PG&E (having already invested a great deal of money) pretended that it didn't matter. And once we realized that no "establishment authority" was capable or willing to stop the outrage of building nukes here, people began preparing for a blockade.

Many people worked many years to prepare for the day when the Nuclear Regulatory Commission would (ignoring all dangers) say, "Go ahead" to PG&E, and so when the call went out for resistance, there were almost 2,000 people who were willing to put themselves in arrest situations and another 2,000 people to lend active support. On September 15th the blockade began, and it continued each work day for the next two weeks.

Familiar by now to those who have participated in similar actions is the struggle of "organizers" to share their strengths and accumulated knowledge while simultaneously relinquishing control to the autonomous affinity groups whose creativity and spontaneity is thus tapped. In this action the organizers (I feel) succeeded to a large degreee in letting the action flow; and to the degree that the organizers failed, the affinity groups succeeded in taking control. The process worked again. Most folks (it seems to me) left Diablo (or have stayed there) feeling empowered.

PG&E and the "legal authorities" seemed confused from the beginning. Adding their courage and quickness to the confusion a cluster of feminist affinity groups (all women) held back a long line of buses loaded with workers for over four hours on the second day of the blockade; bruised male egos abounded on the buses, but violence was avoided.

Later, the "authorities" confusion centered on the woods. They simply could not accept that we were able to move secretly and effectively (undetected by their constant helicopter surveillance) through what they thought were rattlesnake infested hills, often almost impenetrably thick with underbrush and steep and dry. But we did. We not only moved out there and lived out there (demonstrating that we could create a "security threat" that they were powerless to remove), but we appeared in the strangest places.

Shortly after daybreak one morning (the morning we knew the

Carl Harp, a revolutionary anarchist prisoner was murdered in his cell at the Washington State Penitentiary Sept. 5th. Three weeks previous, Harp was made aware of a contract out on his life by a member from a gang that refused the contract from their dope supplier – the guards. Another guard told Harp of the plot as well.

Harp made moves, distributing an open letter exposing the contract and checking into protective custody because he was too tired after all these years of fighting back, to adequately protect himself. A week after entering protective custody, Harp felt confident enough to be released back into the general prison population. He was found dead, with his wrists slashed and hung by a telephone wire. He was housed in the tier which houses inmates before they reenter general population.

His reputation among prisoners who knew of him seemed solid: he never played games or ran scams against prisoners and often helped them out with their problems. But in prison, it doesn't take much at all to get killed with the State keeping conditions oppressive.

Harp was not beaten to death as in most prison killings, rather his