

The president can no longer satisfy both the CEOs (some of whom will see him as their best defense against the rabble) and the single moms; if he tries, the single moms will run out of patience. So it is that the Occupy Wall Street movement might well develop into a virtual primary challenge to Obama. Instead of coasting to renomination, the president could find himself confronted by protests from Iowa to New Hampshire to Nevada to California—protests that would require him to move to the left just as a credible primary challenger might have done, protests that could make next year's Democratic convention in Charlotte more than just a coronation.

Getting Obama to take the side of 99 percent of Americans is smart politics for the Democrats. But that ought not to be the goal of the Occupy Wall Street movement. This fight is too important to be about one politician, one party or one election. "Some people say we are the Tea Party for the Democratic Party," said Emilio Baez, a 17-year-old high school student who joined the Occupy Chicago protests. "That's bullshit. We are the working class for a mass movement of democracy." Baez is right. America needs a new politics, as much of the streets as the polling place, a politics that, like the labor movement of the 1930s, the civil rights and antiwar movements of the 1960s, the environmental movement of the early 1970s, forces both parties to transform. Anything less is more of the same—more poverty, more inequality, more economic injustice. And if Occupy Wall Street is anything at all, it is a shout from the 99 percenters: "We have had it!"

JOHN NICHOLS

The Most Important Thing In the World

Nation columnist and Shock Doctrine author Naomi Klein visited Occupy Wall Street on October 6 and addressed the crowd. Since sound amplification is banned, she made a shortened version of her speech over the "human microphone," with every few words repeated by hundreds of people. The full text of her speech, which also appeared in the second edition of the Occupied Wall Street Journal, is below.

—The Editors

I love you.

And I didn't just say that so that hundreds of you would shout "I love you" back, though that is obviously a bonus feature of the human microphone. Say unto others what you would have them say unto you, only way louder.

Yesterday, one of the speakers at the labor rally said, "We found each other." That sentiment captures the beauty of what is being created here. A wide-open space (as well as an idea so big it can't be contained by any space) for all the people who want a better world to find each other. We are so grateful.

If there is one thing I know, it is that the 1 percent loves a crisis. When people are panicked and desperate and no one seems to know what to do, that is the ideal time to push through their wish list of pro-corporate policies: privatizing

education and Social Security, slashing public services, getting rid of the last constraints on corporate power. Amid the economic crisis, this is happening the world over.

There is only one thing that can block this tactic, and fortunately it's a very big thing: the 99 percent. And that 99 percent is taking to the streets from Madison to Madrid to say, "No. We will not pay for your crisis."

That slogan began in Italy in 2008. It ricocheted to Greece and France and Ireland, and finally it has made its way to the square mile where the crisis began.

"Why are they protesting?" ask the baffled pundits on TV. Meanwhile, the rest of the world asks, "What took you so long? We've been wondering when you were going to show up." And most of all, "Welcome."

Many people have drawn parallels between Occupy Wall Street and the so-called anti-globalization protests that came to world attention in Seattle in 1999. That was the last time a global, youth-led, decentralized movement took direct aim at corporate power. And I am proud to have been part of what we called "the movement of movements."

But there are important differences too. For instance, we chose summits as our targets: the World Trade Organization, the International Monetary Fund, the G-8. Summits are transient by their nature; they only last a week. That made us transient too. We'd appear, grab world headlines, then disappear. And in the frenzy of hyper-patriotism and militarism that followed the 9/11 attacks, it was easy to sweep us away completely, at least in North America.

Occupy Wall Street, on the other hand, has chosen a fixed target. And you have put no end date on your presence here. This is wise. Only when you stay put can you grow roots. This is crucial. It is a fact of the information age that too many movements spring up like beautiful flowers but quickly die off. It's because they don't have roots. And they don't have long-term plans for how they are going to sustain themselves. So when storms come, they get washed away.

Being horizontal and deeply democratic is wonderful. But these principles are compatible with the hard work of building structures and institutions that are sturdy enough to weather the storms ahead. I have great faith that this will happen.

Something else this movement is doing right: you have committed yourselves to nonviolence. You have refused to give the media the images of broken windows and street fights they crave so desperately. And that tremendous discipline has meant that, again and again, the story has been the disgraceful and unprovoked police brutality—which we saw more of just last night. Meanwhile, support for this movement grows and grows. More wisdom.

But the biggest difference a decade makes is that in 1999 we were taking on capitalism at the peak of a frenzied economic boom. Unemployment was low, stock portfolios were bulging. The media were drunk on easy money. Back then it was all about start-ups, not shutdowns.

We pointed out that the deregulation behind the frenzy came at a price. It was damaging to labor standards. It was damaging to environmental standards. Corporations were becoming more powerful than governments, and that was

damaging to our democracies. But to be honest with you, while the good times rolled, taking on an economic system based on greed was a tough sell, at least in rich countries.

Ten years later, it seems as if there aren't any more rich countries. Just a whole lot of rich people. People who got rich looting the public wealth and exhausting natural resources around the world.

The point is, today everyone can see that the system is deeply unjust and careening out of control. Unfettered greed has trashed the global economy. And it is trashing the natural world as well. We are overfishing our oceans, polluting our water with fracking and deepwater drilling, turning to the dirtiest forms of energy on the planet, like the Alberta tar sands. And the atmosphere cannot absorb the amount of carbon we are putting into it, creating dangerous warming. The new normal is serial disasters, economic and ecological.

These are the facts on the ground. They are so blatant, so obvious, that it is a lot easier to connect with the public than it was in 1999, and to build the movement quickly.

We all know, or at least sense, that the world is upside down: we act as if there is no end to what is actually finite—fossil fuels and the atmospheric space to absorb their emissions. And we act as if there are strict and immovable limits to what is actually bountiful—the financial resources to build the kind of society we need.

The task of our time is to turn this around, to challenge this false scarcity. To insist that we can afford to build a decent, inclusive society while at the same time respect the real limits to what the earth can take.

What climate change means is that we have to do this on a deadline. This time our movement cannot get distracted, divided, burned out or swept away by events. This time we have to succeed. And I'm not talking about regulating the banks and

increasing taxes on the rich, though that's important.

I am talking about changing the underlying values that govern our society. That is hard to fit into a single media-friendly demand, and it's also hard to figure out how to do it. But it is no less urgent for being difficult.

That is what I see happening in this square. In the way you are feeding one another, keeping one another warm, sharing information freely and providing healthcare, meditation classes and empowerment training. My favorite sign here says, I CARE ABOUT YOU. In a culture that trains people to avoid one another's gaze, to say, "Let them die," that is a deeply radical statement.

A few final thoughts. In this great struggle, here are some things that don't matter.

§ What we wear.

§ Whether we shake our fists or make peace signs.

§ Whether we can fit our dreams for a better world into a media sound bite.

And here are a few things that do matter.

§ Our courage.

§ Our moral compass.

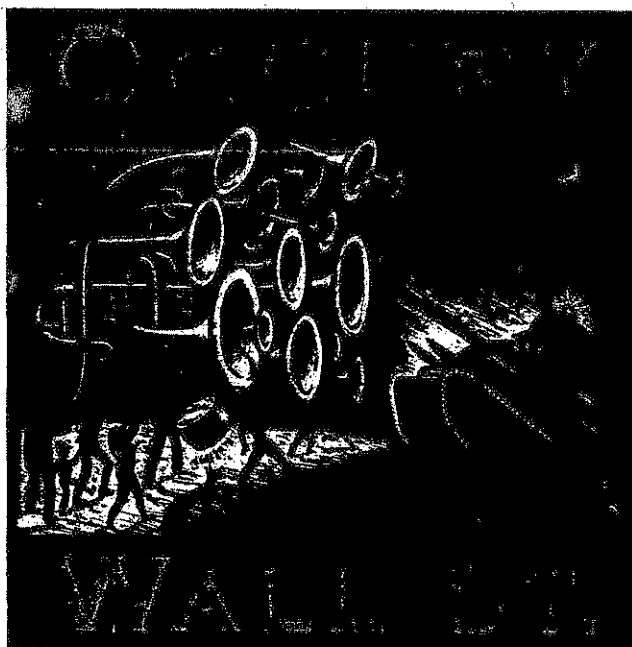
§ How we treat one another.

We have picked a fight with the most powerful economic and political forces on the planet. That's frightening. And as this movement grows from strength to strength, it will get more frightening. Always be aware that there will be a temptation to shift to smaller targets—like, say, the person sitting next to you at this meeting. After all, that is a battle that's easier to win.

Don't give in to the temptation. I'm not saying don't call one another on shit. But this time, let's treat one another as if we plan to work side by side in struggle for many, many years to come. Because the task before us will demand nothing less.

Let's treat this beautiful movement as if it is most important thing in the world. Because it is. It really is.

NAOMI KLEIN



ERIC DROOKER (www.gstrike.org)

Chile's Winter of Discontent

Santiago

Dubbed by some "Chile's Winter," fierce demonstrations in recent months have transformed one of Latin America's most stable countries into an epicenter of protest. Marches involving tens of thousands over education cutbacks and a Patagonia dam project have become regular events since May, shaking this country's long-held image abroad as an island of good governance.

COMMENT

The first protests were against plans to build a series of five large-scale hydroelectric dams in the country's Patagonia region. When a Patagonia environmental commission voted nearly unanimously on May 9 to approve a scheme to dam two of the country's most treasured rivers, Chileans reacted with a fervor against their government on a scale not seen here since a 1988 plebiscite to unseat former dictator Augusto Pinochet.

The HidroAysén project—co-owned by the Spanish electric utility Endesa and Chile's privately held Colbún energy company—would not just heavily damage wild rivers. It would clear a



THE CORRUPT

FROM OCCUPY WALL STREET TO OCCUPY EVERYWHERE

In three months, an idea and a hashtag became a worldwide movement. Here's how they did it.

by NATHAN SCHNEIDER

It all started with an e-mail. On July 13 *Adbusters* magazine sent out a call to its 90,000-strong list proclaiming a Twitter hashtag (#OccupyWallStreet) and a date, September 17. It quickly spread among the mostly young, tech-savvy radical set, along with an especially alluring poster the magazine put together of a ballerina atop the Charging Bull statue, the financial district's totem to testosterone.

The idea became a meme, and the angel of history (or at least of the Internet) was somehow ready. Halfway into a revolutionary year—after the Arab Spring and Europe's tumultuous summer—cyberactivists in the United States were primed for a piece of the action. The *Adbusters* editors weren't the only ones organizing; similar occupations were already in the works, including a very well-laid plan to occupy Freedom Plaza in Washington, starting October 6.

Websites cropped up to gather news and announcements. US Day of Rage, the Twitter- and web-driven project of a determined IT strategist, endorsed the action, promoted it and started preparing with online nonviolence trainings and tactical plans. Then, in late August, the hacktivists of Anonymous signed on, posting menacing videos and flooding social media networks.

But a meme alone does not an occupation make. An occupation needs people on the ground. By early August, a band of activists in New York began meeting in public parks to plan. Many were fresh off the streets of Bloombergville, a three-week encampment near City Hall in protest of layoffs and cuts to social services. Others joined them, especially art-

ists, students and anarchists—academic and otherwise. (US Day of Rage's founder was there too.) This "NYC General Assembly" met first at the Charging Bull, then at the Irish Hunger Memorial along the Hudson River and then at the south end of Tompkins Square Park. The turnout was usually around sixty to 100.

The General Assembly, which would eventually morph from a planning committee into the de facto decision-making body of the occupation, was a hodgepodge of procedures and hand signals with origins as various as Quakerism, ancient Athens, the *indignados* of Spain (some of whom were present) and the spokescouncils of the 1999 anti-globalization movement. Basically, it's an attempt to create a nonhierarchical, egalitarian, consensus-driven process—the purest kind of democracy.

Of no small significance was that this was taking place in direct contradiction of what Wall Street has come to represent: the stranglehold on American politics and society by the interests of a wealthy few, a government by the corporations and apparently for them.

In its initial call *Adbusters* had posed the question, "What is our one demand?" Echoing the determination to oust Hosni Mubarak that temporarily unified Muslim Brothers with Christians and feminists in Cairo's Tahrir Square, the idea was that an occupation like this in the United States could similarly mount enough pressure to enact one critical, game-changing policy proposal. *Adbusters*, as well as people at the General Assembly, pitched in their suggestions: a "Tobin tax" on financial transactions, reinstating the Glass-Steagall

Act or revoking corporate personhood. (Nicholas Kristof later rehearsed some of these in the *New York Times*.) But the discussions never seemed to get anywhere. No single demand seemed like enough to address the problems of the system, and few of these upstarts relished the thought of begging for anything from the powers that be.

Tabling that discussion week after week, the General Assembly focused on more practical matters. There were debates about tactics, fundraising, food and wrenching ones about how to build the GA's website. Over time, the sense emerged that demands weren't the right thing to be after. In the first place, it didn't seem likely that the 20,000 people *Adbusters* hoped for would appear anytime soon. (Even if they did, when 20,000 people had marched for a day on Wall Street in May, it hardly made a dent.) The more realistic and strategic goal, it seemed, was movement-building. Just as assemblies like this one had spread through Spain in the summer, and through Argentina after the economic crisis in 2001, they would try to plant the seeds for assemblies to grow around the city and around the country. These, in turn, could blossom into a significant, even effective, political movement. Specific demands might come later, after the movement grew.

To give you, an idea of where this was starting from: the occupation began with just a few thousand dollars on hand and no idea who would show up.

When September 17 finally arrived, people came from all over the country. Most of them had no idea what the General Assembly even was, much less what it had been up to. They came for their own reasons, united by the aesthetic appeal of swarming the money-changers at their own temple. But their numbers were closer to 2,000 than 20,000.

The initial gathering point was the Charging Bull at Bowling Green, a few blocks south of Wall Street. People picketed around the barricades that protected the sculpture. Reverend Billy, an anti-consumerist performance artist, preached while a team of protest chaplains in white robes ministered with a cardboard cross. There were a surprising number of recommendations to invest in silver. LaRouchePAC furnished an excellent choir. Nobody knew what would happen next.

The plan—publicly at least—was to hold a General Assembly meeting at the Chase Manhattan Plaza terrace and then figure out the next step from there. But the terrace had been closed off the night before. Leaflets showing a map and alternate locations were circulated through the crowd. And after the tactics committee held some hasty, whispered huddles during a free-for-all open mic session, the decision was made to head for option two: Zuccotti Park, just a few blocks up Broadway, right between thoroughly barricaded Wall Street and the World Trade Center site.

And so it happened, without a hitch. After a few minutes'

march, the crowd was packed together under a canopy of honeylocust trees for the first General Assembly meeting of the occupation.

As the day continued, as some people got settled in and others left, a few poked around on their smartphones to figure out just where they were. The skeletal Wikipedia entry for Zuccotti Park was enough: it is privately owned by Brookfield Office Properties, renamed in 2006 after Brookfield chair John Zuccotti. The name it once had is still displayed on the building across the street: Liberty Plaza. Like Tahrir ("Liberation") Square in Cairo. Or Freedom Plaza in DC. Too perfect.

That night the crowd continued to thin, down to perhaps 200. As the evening wore on, police massed. More than twenty empty vans drove by slowly in a line, their sirens flashing. Two rows of officers, with white plastic cuffs dangling from their belts, lined up along Broadway. A dispersal seemed imminent. White-shirted commanders and other higher-ups whispered. Would-be occupiers assembled, discussed and then broke up into smaller groups. A meditation-and-massage circle formed to help people relax.

By 11 PM, though, an order had been given to stand down. The second row of storm troops disappeared, and the remaining officers seemed to be there only as spectators. Protesters, now occupiers, got out sleeping bags, or found cardboard, and tried to sleep on the granite.

The following week was a sequence of ups and downs for those on the plaza, who started calling themselves, in interviews and chants, "the 99 percent." There were never more than a few hundred of them, and police made incursions and arrests nearly every day, which kept everyone on edge. After tents donated by rapper Lupe Fiasco were put up on September 19 for fear of rain, police responded with seven violent arrests in three visits the next morning. But by September 21 videos of occupiers being grabbed and dragged had gone viral, and the story had made the front page of New York's free *Metro* newspaper.

Each time there was an incident with the police, media attention increased; the police, it sometimes seemed, were trying to do the occupation a favor. Young women pepper-sprayed without provocation, teenagers slammed onto the pavement, about 700 arrested on the Brooklyn Bridge—each episode brought more cameras, more sympathy, more people and more momentum.

At first, the reporters wanted to talk only to the banged-up and bloodied. Then they started asking just about everyone on the plaza, including one another, "Why are you here?" The wide array of responses they got, together with those on display in the plaza's collage of hundreds of cardboard signs, became a common excuse for reporters to declare the whole thing incoherent. Trained to work from press conferences and sound bites, many of them were lost on the peculiar process of the General Assembly and the message clearly implied by a utopian encampment in the middle of the financial district. Expecting to find the usual formula of an ineffective leftist protest, they were sent reeling by their inability to find some vague, though catchy, overarching slogan. Instead, they ogled the handful of women protesting topless.

With much of the coverage centered on the arrests, what bled led and what didn't was forgotten. Protesters tended to be portrayed as passive victims of police mistreatment. But in many cases they weren't.

Few reports mentioned that while the 700 protesters were waiting to be arrested on the Brooklyn Bridge, they sat down, sang songs, recited chants and held a discussion about dispelling fear. When the first arrest videos went viral, it was rarely noticed that protesters were arrested while committing conscious acts of civil disobedience: holding down an illicit tarp that was protecting equipment from the rain, continuing a speech about having courage after being ordered to stop, writing the word "love" on the sidewalk in chalk. (Some later incidents of mass arrest took place less purposefully, and less on the protesters' terms.) Nor has it been much remembered what kind of backdrop these early moments stood against: the police commanders wandering through the plaza and waking people at dawn, the ever-present worry of a forced dispersal, the sense of isolation when the TV trucks were gone.

Working with the activist habit of *ressentiment*, acquired by seeing protest after protest fail to make headlines, the organizers planned much more for creating their own media than serving anyone else's. From day one, they had a (theoretically) twenty-four-hour livestream, allowing thousands of people around the world to watch what was going on in the plaza and on marches in real time. The plaza's generator-powered media center blasted out tweets, YouTube videos, blog posts and more, keeping savvy

supporters informed and giving Anonymous lots of material to disseminate. But the level of preparation for more traditional media, with much greater reach and potential to expand the movement, was limited. At first it was mainly just one valiant, black-clad college student with no previous media experience who was assigning interviews, posting communiqués online, keeping reporters informed and, unintentionally, spreading false rumors. It's rare, to say the least, to find a place so full of people under 30 for whom being on national television has so quickly become commonplace.

People began getting the message nonetheless. After two weeks, and two Saturdays of mass arrests, the kinds of groups that previously didn't want to be caught dead near the dirty radicals on Liberty Plaza started to join in, to see themselves as occupiers too: labor unions, student clubs, an ex-governor of New York, parents and grandparents. Surprise celebrity visits started becoming the norm. Just over two weeks in, more than 10,000 people marched down Broadway to Liberty Plaza. Meanwhile, the food committee added a dishwashing area, outreach turned from a box of fliers to a well-staffed table and sanitation got a new set of brooms.

Sister occupations have been appearing all over the country and the world, in big cities and smaller ones, often using a similar assembly model, taking back public space and turning it into an agora, a place where politics might, finally, be about people. #OccupyWallStreet—the action, the idea, the meme—has become #OccupyEverywhere. It has started a movement. ■

The Cyber Arms Race Has Begun

States are investing in cyberweaponry as well as cybersecurity, opening a dark new frontier.

by MISHA GLENNY

In late September, deep in bucolic Oxfordshire, an eclectic group of spooks, soldiers, civil servants, academics and geeks gathered in surroundings eerily reminiscent of *Downton Abbey*. They took tea on the veranda, looked out onto a herd of docile cows and obediently trooped in to dinner when an austere-looking butler banged the gong.

Their focus, however, could hardly have been further from the subtle class divisions that began to rend the fabric of British society in the early twentieth century. They were mulling over how governments should respond to the growing threats facing networked computer systems.

Most of those in attendance were well accustomed to the task of trying to stop bad stuff from overwhelming the Internet,



EDWIN WAZQUEZ

but the tone of the discussions was somber. "You must work on the assumption that all your primary systems are compromised to some degree," was a typical contribution. "Whatever you might think, they are inside your networks."

One of the main purposes of the meeting at Ditchley Park was to work out how to protect what is known as the Critical National Infrastructure, or CNI. But just figuring out exactly what constitutes the CNI and who should be protecting it, under whose authority, has proved disarmingly tough. At Ditchley, participants soon established that defining the CNI is nigh on impossible: in this interconnected age, the CNI is everything. Disruption of something like the telecommunications infrastructure could lead to chaos in a very short time because so many other utilities depend on it.

Furthermore, so much of the CNI is in private hands that coordinating its defense with government is a tricky business, fraught with the potential for missteps and conflicts of

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