



CORNBREAD

COMMUNISM

MANIFESTO

COVER ART BY RAINA RUE OF JUNIPERROCK

Acknowledgments

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“ASK FOR WORK. IF THEY DON'T GIVE YOU
WORK, ASK FOR CORNBREAD. IF THEY DO
NOT GIVE YOU WORK OR CORNBREAD, THEN
TAKE CORNBREAD.” - CORNRADE GOLDMAN



CORNBREAD TRAIL

PRESS SPACE BAR TO SEIZE MEANS

Introduction

The Appalachian region during the 1900s had a sundry group of propagandists by word, organization and deed. Voltairine De Cleyre grew closer to anarcho-syndicalism and started writing treatises in Philadelphia, while living amongst and learning from poor Jewish immigrants. Mary Harris "Mother" Jones spat curses at and had beaten-back strikebreakers throughout the coal belt with an armory of kitchen utensils and a legion of pissed-off mothers, daughters and wives of striking miners. The egalitarian, communal structure of the Iroquois Nation throughout Appalachia, described as "communism in living" by anthropologist Lewis Henry Morgan, was a major inspiration for seminal works on property and the state by Marx, Engels and Luxemburg.

Today's Appalachians are not much different, we work and organize, we teach and learn together. What makes us unique is how we spread the good word of leftist tradition through modern technology—"Propaganda of the Meme." **The Cornbread Manifesto** is such a coupling of traditional and contemporary leftist promotion created through the collective labor of all walks of Appalachian folk: black, anti-racist womanists; queer syndicalists; leftist-organizing coal miners' daughters; agrarian anarcho-communists; and the like.

Intro. Cont'd

The purpose of this manifesto is to disseminate the Cornbread Communism creed. If you're a tourist (especially metropolitans), clear your mind of all misconceptions, read this, learn and educate your communities about the reality of our region (as opposed to the predominant false narrative that we're doleful, ignorant hicks). If you're an Appalachian compatriot, download, copy, print and spread the word as a fellow Cornbread Propagandist.

Raise hell and eat cornbread, Comrades!





Preamble

Cornbread Communist Manifesto

by Joey Aloï


Cornbread Communism is a contested space, and the embrace of it as a platform is an attempt to forge Appalachian worker unity across these contestations. There are those who support the blunt anti-capitalist force of an Appalachian Stalinism, and those who want simply to prepare and organize for what they deem to be the inevitable collapse of eco-genocidal-capitalism, something like pacifist-anarcho-primitivist-communists – everything in between, and many things that are not really in between at all. There are anarcho-Maoists, moonshine-swilling Wobblies, pawpaw-fisted syndicalists, ginseng and ramp Diggers, Bolshevik mothmen, agrarian mutualists, androgynous & hairy eco-anarchists, apple-farming autonomists, freegan feminist freedom fighters, Soup-bean Social Ecologists, Kentucky Black Panthers, actual Kentucky panthers, anti-authoritarian haints, snake-handling preachers of the Social Gospel, strippers against strip mining, guerrillas in the war on coal, banjo-playing Trotskyists, situationist coal miners, gramscian raft guides, and even (I hear) Clinch Mountain stirnerists.

What all these folks share is a two-fold commitment: (1) the people of Appalachia should seize the means of production and reproduction from the capitalists and ensure socialized access to/control of these

means and socialized distribution of their fruits, and (2) the history of revolutionary action in Appalachia, as well as the region's broader cultural and natural resources, serve as better resources for the Appalachian revolution and Appalachian communism than any yankee- Eurasian socialist traditions.

The fallout from this second tenet takes all sorts of forms. For example, cornbread communists are less likely to believe rapid industrialization (forced or voluntary) is necessary for communism, and are as likely to be interested in radicalizing Appalachian agrarianism or Appalachian hunting and gathering as in socializing Appalachian industry. It also means that so-called "illegitimate" economic actors – the lumpenproletariat with a still, the quilting Meemaw, musicians – are as important revolutionary actors as the traditional or service-industry proletariat.



A photograph of a landscape with a quote overlaid. The landscape shows a valley with green hills and a blue sky with white clouds. The quote is written in a white, cursive font. The entire scene is enclosed in a dark brown, ornate frame.

*the only way we'll
survive when the
shit hits the fan is
together*

Rural Resistance

by Paul Houston

The history of what is known as Appalachia is a story of class war and colonialism. The powers that came from Europe claimed it. The wealthy carved it up. The politicians and gold seekers tore its natives up by the roots, slaughtered and sent them far away. The industrialists forced its 'hillbillies' into capitalism, and made them pay for the corn they grew, the coal they mined and the timber they cut. Their successors value the capital over the blood and sweat. They demand you serve them for crumbs, while they lock up your friends and family for their attempts to escape the pains. It has come full circle and opioids have become the 'opium of the people.' The world is heartless and we are in a condition of soullessness.

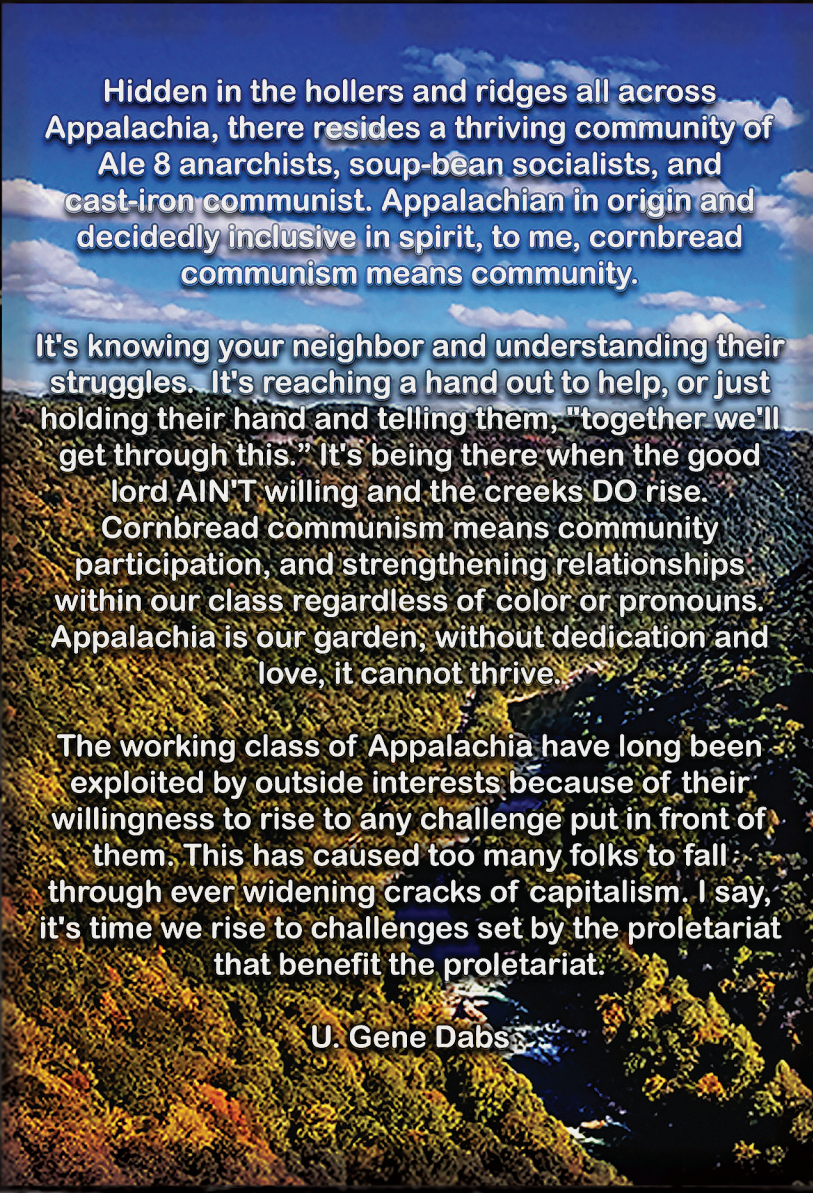
This ain't to say that resistance has not been or is futile. A place with a fatal stereotype has resisted. It resisted with war, with protest, by strike, by escape, by secrets, by class loyalty. Junaluska and his people said they would never leave and they didn't. The moonshiners tarred and feathered the landlords' tax collectors. The miners raised their rifles against the boss and his hoards of corporate police. They tried to buy you but the welfare state failed the people because it wasn't by the people. It was only to docile the people.

The only success was and is by taking. Rewards are ready for every gate hopped over, every pipeline taken, every creek, holler, and field cleared of the plague that is the rich.



DGA!

F



Hidden in the hollers and ridges all across Appalachia, there resides a thriving community of Ale 8 anarchists, soup-bean socialists, and cast-iron communist. Appalachian in origin and decidedly inclusive in spirit, to me, cornbread communism means community.

It's knowing your neighbor and understanding their struggles. It's reaching a hand out to help, or just holding their hand and telling them, "together we'll get through this." It's being there when the good lord AIN'T willing and the creeks DO rise.

Cornbread communism means community participation, and strengthening relationships within our class regardless of color or pronouns. Appalachia is our garden, without dedication and love, it cannot thrive.

The working class of Appalachia have long been exploited by outside interests because of their willingness to rise to any challenge put in front of them. This has caused too many folks to fall through ever widening cracks of capitalism. I say, it's time we rise to challenges set by the proletariat that benefit the proletariat.

U. Gene Dabs

THOSE WHO ENTER SHALL
REMAIN WITHIN THE
MOUTH OF HELL

La Commune d'Appalachia

by Old Man McGucket

I esteem my own ancestors for their efforts to help their neighbors. To hear my Daddy tell it, Momma's grandmother saved his infant life. The whole family was down sick in the same cove where Grandmother lived. She took care of the whole family and treated Daddy's pneumonia with a poultice of fried onions. Funnily enough, they all moved to another nearby cove together, where my parents ultimately met and married. For me, Cornbread Communism is firmly rooted in community, as Appalachia has long persisted through its commitment to solidarity and mutual aid.

I firmly believe that capitalism has robbed us of our rich communal heritage, forcing us to toil long hours, in service to bosses who care only for profit. Once, we knew everyone in our neighborhood and worked together to meet everyone's needs. Heck, when I learned to drive, I felt it essential to be able throw up a hand in greeting, just as everyone else did. Now, fewer and fewer people do so, because we don't know each other. Any more, if I find out a neighbor has passed away, it's by the signs the funeral homes put out by the road. I long for deeper connection, to truly support my neighbors, to stand with them in times of need. I hope for restoration, for bringing our tradition of care into the present. Let's bring that spirit of solidarity up to date, leaving behind any racism, sexism, xenophobia, and bigotry.

La Commune Cont'd

Now, more than ever, is the time to join our communities together, to support those struck down by the evil of capitalism. It's time to pull on our galluses, hitch up the mule, and, once more, till the fertile soil of solidarity. There's plenty of planting and harvesting to do before the fall of capitalism comes round.



OK, but Why Cornbread?

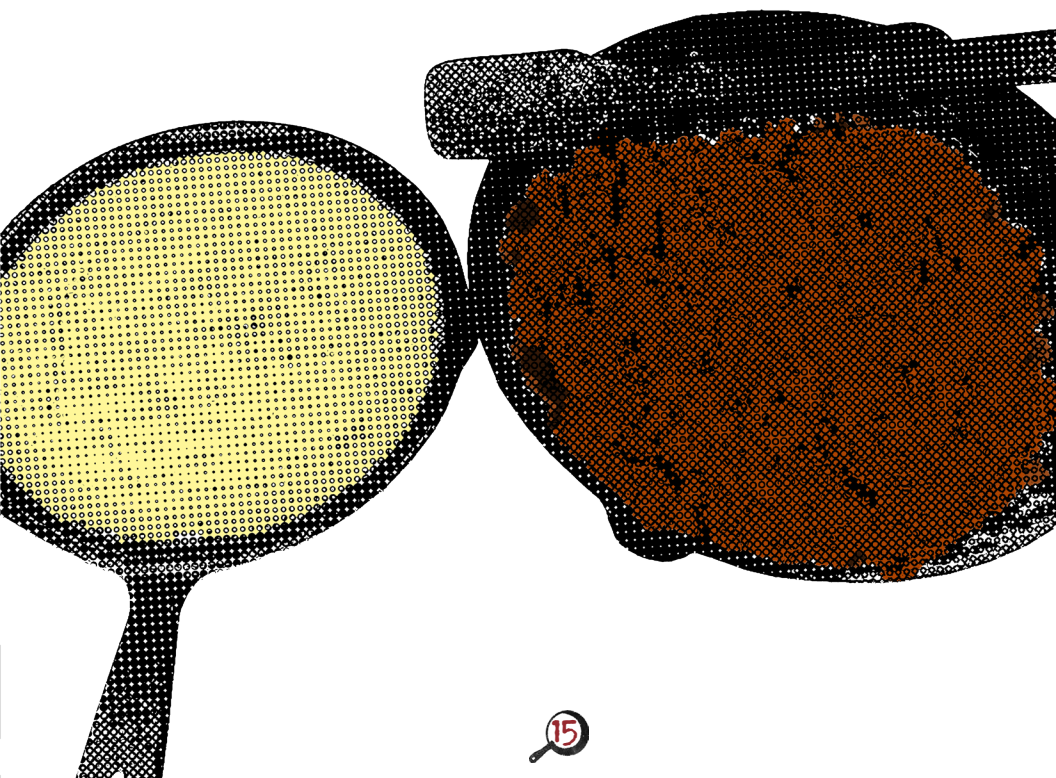
by Mothmin

Cornbread is a culinary symbol of Appalachia, our home region. Socialists have ignored rural peoples' struggles for far too long. Attention to Appalachia is crucial for a more effective movement. We say "cornbread" so that other communists take a gander at our work and problems.

The farm-and-food economy has been a site of class-based exploitation for much longer than the industrial or service sectors: feudalism, the closing of the commons, plantation slavery, sharecropping, the hacienda system out west, and contemporary exploitation of migrant labor. Although the mountain south is not immune to this exploitation, we're also home to a more liberatory type of agriculture – the mountain homestead, the forest farm. Cornbread is an independent poor people's food. Mountain farmers found barely enough flat ground to grow enough corn to get their families through the winter. Enough to make some whiskey if they were lucky. Cornbread stands for independence from markets, for the freedom to not engage in buying and selling except for luxuries. The cornbread farm is a reminder that another world is possible because it was actual – there can be a type of rural life, a type of farm economy, that's not reliant on exploitation and destruction. Cornbread is a political symbol, as-well-as a regionalist symbol.

Why Cornbread? Cont'd

Cornbread is also a symbol of solidarity, of unity-in-diversity. Beans and cornbread are a staple of white Appalachian cuisine, of black soul food, and, in a slightly different form, of Latin American cuisine. Cherokee bean bread is a cornbread. It's a symbol of our solidarity with campesinos worldwide. The power of racism and colonialism in America is directly oppressive, of course, but it is also indirectly oppressive – it disrupts our ability to organize with each other and support each other. It might sound a little grandiose, but we believe that cornbread is a foodway that can help forge solidarity across these oppressive structures.



Italian Beans and Cornbread

by Mothmin

INGREDIENTS (with vegan substitutes):

One 32-oz can San Marzano tomatoes, or the equivalent in fresh tomatoes.

A pinch or two of fennel seeds

Around a cup or two of cooked beans. I usually use pintos, but cannellini beans work great

A single Italian sausage or two (subst. Vegan or vegetarian sausage)

Two cups cornmeal

1 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. baking soda

1/2 tsp. baking powder

1 egg (subst. 1 tbsp of flaxseed meal or chia seeds and 3 tbsp of water)

1 1/2 cups buttermilk or soured milk (subst. 1 1/2 cups non-dairy milk and 1 1/2 tsp. apple cider vinegar)

1/2 stick butter (subst. same amount of non-dairy butter)

Beans and Cornbread Cont'd

Heat the oven up to around 450. Mix the salt, soda, powder and cornmeal in a bowl. Feel free to add some fennel or red pepper flakes or whatever you want. Crack the egg into the bowl, pour in the milk and mix it thoroughly. If you don't have buttermilk, you can sour fresh milk by adding a tablespoon of apple cider vinegar to the bottom of the measuring cup before pouring in the milk (same process with vegan substitute). White vinegar works too, or lemon juice if you don't want the added flavor of cider vinegar.

Get a cast iron skillet and put the butter in it. Melt the butter in the oven, and then mix it into the batter. Pour all the batter into the skillet, and bake it for 20 minutes or so, until it gets brown at the edges and on the top.

Meanwhile, brown the sausage in another skillet. If the sausages come in links, take the casing off before browning so you're frying it like loose sausage. You really don't need very much sausage; it's just for flavor, like salt pork in traditional brown beans. If you can't get your hands on good sausage, don't even worry about it. When the sausage is mostly cooked, add the tomatoes. Optionally, add fennel, oregano, and/or red pepper flakes, depending on your tastes and the taste of the sausage. Simmer until it gets relatively uniform in texture, breaking up tomato chunks as needed. Stir in the beans when it's ready.

Serve by putting the cornbread in the bottom of a bowl of the beans, or pour the beans over the cornbread, or whatever. I don't need to tell you how to eat beans and cornbread, do I?

SHOPLIFTING:



PROPAGANDA
OF THE DEED

Fighting Words

by Sacco

Megaphone barkers, television suits, and mewling newshounds speak about rural folk with mouths full of pitch. Confounded and derisive, they paint us on asphalt from a street-pigeon's view: "HILLBILLY, REDNECK, TRASH," staples of the dominant narrative of Appalachian folk.

Of course, we know these terms not as disparaging, but a point of pride in our shared revolt against robber barons, despots, coppers and copperheads. Our fore-kin, bound together by red bandanas, mined the hills of ore. They were tossed out as to nutriate the badland for would-be masters. Disparate but alike in marginalization, they poured the cast to forge something viable for their own. They then seasoned the skillet with the blood of centuries-struggle, so that we might one day be truly free.

Now we stand in the nexus of the rat-king, where bigots, fascists, and capitalist swine have met to make their homes. Again metropolitans have offloaded their litter, so that we take out their trash. But, despite centralized control over printer, press, and pundit, we own these words and our story. We do not simply write "Resist" — we live it.

Seize the
More!
high ground



When the
Chickens
come to
roost

Все звезды

от громить рот

Кто-то однажды сказал мне, что мир собирается
бросить меня
Я не самый острый инструмент в сарае
Она выглядела немой, пальцем и большим пальцем
В форме «L» на лбу

Ну, наступают годы, и они не прекращают
приходить
ФРС на правила, и я ударился о землю
Не имеет смысла не жить ради удовольствия
Ваш мозг становится умным, но голова тупеет
Настолько много, чтобы сделать так много, чтобы
увидеть
Итак, что не так с тем, чтобы взять задние
улицы
Вы никогда не узнаете, не пойдете ли вы
Вы никогда не будете сиять, если не будете
светиться

Эй, теперь ты - Звезда, играй, играй
Эй, теперь ты рок-звезда, получишь шоу за
деньги
И все, что блестит, золото
Только стреляющие звезды разбивают форму

