

A SEATTLE ANARCHIST PAPER

Tides of Flame

joy • freedom • rebellion



BO-RING!

issue 13 - mid january 2012

- MY SO-CALLED LIFE: TEEN GONE WILD • THE EARTH LIBERATION FRONT •
- CAPITAL HELL REVISITED • CRACK-SMOKING COP BLOWS OUT HIS BRAINS
- TWO ACTION REPORTS • REMEMBERING TURRITOPSIS NUTRICULA •

ABOUT

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Tides of Flame is a biweekly periodical which is part of an ongoing project of anarchist analysis and practice within the Puget Sound area.

We strive to live lives of joy, freedom, and rebellion, and for this, we are criminals.



*Who will revive the
violent whirlpools
of flame
if not us and those
that we consider
brothers?*

Come!

*New friends:
this will please you.
We will never work,
oh tides of flame!*

**This world
will explode.**

~ A. Rimbaud



Capital (cap-i-tal): Wealth in the form of money or property, used or accumulated in a business by a person, partnership, or corporation.

When a mob of people decided to camp in Westlake Plaza, it was no surprise that the surrounding businesses wanted them gone. The downtown retail core is designed to be a distraction and an escape for the tired hordes who arrive on the weekend, ready to spend their paychecks and extra money on palliatives for their crushed spirits and empty futures. To be reminded of the chaos, poverty and unpleasantness of the current economic and social reality throws a wrench in the entire shopping experience. The large businesses wanted the occupation of the plaza to be destroyed. With the amount of money concentrated in the downtown core, it makes perfect sense that the police would be ordered to constantly harass and assault the occupation of Westlake Plaza.

Once the occupation moved to the park adjacent to Seattle Central Community College, it was clear that the occupiers would face less stress and harassment. The small businesses of Capitol Hill did not have as much of a reason

to want the occupiers gone, given that Capitol Hill has always been a seedy place with garbage, homelessness, and drugs everywhere. At first it seemed there would be an equilibrium of some sort, but as the weeks wore on everything changed.

When confronted with a militant and chaotic occupation that would routinely send people onto the streets for demonstrations, the small businesses began to recoil. They did not like knowing that all of the people who are normally sleeping in a bush, under an alcove, or in a shelter were suddenly in the center of their micro-capitalist economy. Suddenly, all of the garbage on Capitol Hill was coming from the occupation and all of the violence on the streets was coming from the occupiers. Rather than accept and face the reality of the state of their environment, many small businesses began to vocally complain about the presence of the occupation. When confronted with a concentrated reminder of what capitalism does to people everyday, elite members of the small-business world chose to brand this band of people as scum, trash, and more importantly, a nuisance.

The local television networks would

Crack Smoking Cop Blows His Brains Out

The day after a veteran SPD officer announced his plan to place memorial plaques for the 58 police officers who lost their lives while on duty in Seattle, another heroic SPD officer lost his life while struggling to protect the community. On January 5th, 2012, Rick Nelson shot himself in the head (appropriately enough) on the John Wayne Trail in North Bend.

Earlier in the day, he had been booked into the King County Jail for stealing crack from evidence. After he was released, he drove into the woods and killed himself. It is unknown how many people Nelson sent to jail for drug-related offenses during his 21 years with the SPD, but it is clear that losing his easy access to crack cocaine and having to face his own hypocrisy drove Nelson to do the right thing: kill himself. We applaud Nelson's noble act and only wish that he had taken down some of his fellow swine with him.

Predictably, the SPD was quick to label what happened as a "tragedy." True to form, the gang-like SPD immediately began singing the praises of a man who was clearly deranged. Nelson's former partner, Brian Guenther, repeated the line being towed by his superiors: "This is a tragedy. Despite what some people will try and paint him as, he was a good man, a good officer, and we lost a great person today." This type of idiocy and denial has come to characterize the exceptionally corrupt Seattle Police Department. It is well known amongst many Seattle residents that in addition to drug and alcohol problems, many SPD officer are addicted to steroids, a chemical that does nothing to minimize the natural symptoms of their insecurity.

While the City Council prepares to allocate city funds to memorialize all fallen police officers, the local

NPR station, KUOW, is still sitting on a finished broadcast that details SPD steroid use. It is unknown why they have not aired this broadcast, but now would be the right time.

We hope that 2012 will be the year that the SPD is utterly destroyed and disgraced. Nelson's suicide was an encouraging start! May all cops kill themselves and all prisoners go free, may Seattle liberate itself, and may this coming year be filled with joy, freedom and rebellion.

Recent Attacks Against Capital

There have been two notable actions in Seattle since our last issue. The first took place in the early hours of January 1st, 2012. A 23 year-old man (who is said to be an art student) climbed the fence of the construction site on 15th and Pine and proceeded to begin vandalizing the construction equipment being used to erect new, expensive apartments. Unfortunately, the nearby residents of these new, expensive apartments decided to call the police and report his actions. The police arrested him for malicious mischief and burglary, claiming that he caused over \$1,000 worth of damage.

We know very little about this young man other than what mainstream media has revealed. A KIRO broadcast interviewed a construction worker who indicated that the young man once lived in the construction area and was angered that his former home was being destroyed. The construction worker told the reporter that the young man called the area "*his home and we took his home away.*" A week before the action, the young man wrote on his Facebook account, "*I, and I trust others as well, wish to witness this world's end. And with that end, something new and exponentially more human to manifest. We can construct the most beautiful creature with the bones of a monster if only we can bring the beast to its death. There will be no need for tombstones, only for gardens.*" It is said that this young man lives on Capi-

tol Hill. If that is the case, and he reads these words of ours, we hope he shares with us his motivations and thoughts.



The second action was far more serious and far more shrouded in mystery. In the early morning hours of January 6th, 2012, an incendiary device was discovered in the ATM foyer of the Chase bank across the street from the Othello Light Rail station. Unfortunately, this device failed to ignite and was discovered by a patron of the bank at 6:37AM. The police arrived, sealed off the area and sent a bomb robot in to inspect the device. They determined that the device was in fact meant to burn down the bank and that this action was a serious attempt to strike at one of the biggest banks in the world. There is no indication as to who was behind this action, but it is clear that there are some individuals who want to strike against their capitalist enemies immediately. The media has played up the fact that this action could have hurt someone using the ATM in the middle of the night, but we trust that the authors of this act have no intention of harming anyone and that their objective is the total destruction of the capitalist world system. We have no way of knowing if this is the case, but we hope this is true. 🌀

The Earth Liberation Front: Part 2*

The Earth Liberation Front is a group of multiple cells acting throughout the world with these three objectives:

- 1. To inflict maximum economic damage on those profiting from the destruction and exploitation of the natural environment.*
- 2. To reveal and educate the public about the atrocities committed against the earth and all species that populate it.*
- 3. To take all necessary precautions against harming any animal - human and nonhuman.*

Just before Christmas in December of 1998, the northwest Earth Liberation Front cell decided to strike the headquarters of US Forest Industries in Medford, Oregon. At the time, the group was based largely in Eugene and it was from here that they planned their attack. The members of the group who decided to carry out this particular action were Jacob Ferguson, Kevin Tubbs, and Kendall Tankersley. After deciding on a date, the three decided they needed a fourth member, and so Kevin Tubbs asked his friend Rebecca Rubin, another member of the group, to help them.

They drove down to Medford, placed an incendiary device near the building and left. But the next morning there was no news of any arson. After scouting out the headquarters, Jacob Ferguson saw that the device was still there in plain sight having failed to ignite. He contacted Kendall Tankersley and asked her to retrieve the device while he drove on to Sacramento to be with his mother for Christmas. When Tankersley drove back to Medford with an anonymous person who knew nothing of her task, she decided to not risk returning to the building.

After Christmas, Ferguson and Tankersley arranged to meet in Ashland, just south of Medford. Ferguson had his young son with him and the three returned to the headquarters. Ferguson got out of the car, made a new ignition device, and then drove with Kendall and his son to Dunsmuir, California where they rented a hotel room. The next morning they learned on the news that their arson had been successful. The entire headquarters of US Forest Industries was destroyed for a loss of \$900,000. In the communique that

was released in the middle of January, 1999, the group wrote, "This was done in retribution for all the wild forests and animals lost to feed the wallets of greedy fucks like Jerry Bramwell, U.S.F.I. President. This action is payback and it is a warning to all others responsible that we do not sleep and we won't quit. For the future generations we will fight back." This last line is significant, given that Ferguson's young son was in the car and the fact that we are writing about them now, thirteen years later.

In May of that year, different members of the group reconvened to plan another attack. Their next target was to be a meat company in Eugene. On May 9th, Jacob Ferguson, Stanislas Meyerhoff, Kevin Tubbs, Chelsea Gerlach, Josephine Overaker and (presumably) Joseph Dibee set out to burn down the Childers Meat Company. After Overaker and Dibee cut the fence, others placed and lit an incendiary device near a gas line in the building. As they were all driving away, they heard on their scanner that the fire had been reported. By the next morning, the building had been totally destroyed. In their communique released shortly after, the group wrote, "As long as companies continue to operate and profit off of Mother Earth and Her sentient beings, the Animal Liberation Front will continue to target these operations and their insurance companies until they are all out of business." Rather than claim this action as the ELF, they claimed it as the Animal Liberation Front (ALF), a sister international group.

Over the course of 1999, the group did not commit any other large actions. After having grown to be over a dozen

strong, the members navigated and agitated inside the growing links between the anti-globalization movement and the environmental movement. At the time, the potential for a mass revolt against global capitalism seemed pos-



Anarchist standing atop a building

sible. All across the world were millions of outraged people attempting to fight against the de-regulation of the global market and the destruction of their traditional ways of life. For the members of the ELF, this was their chance to bring the fight to capitalism itself. They did not want a more humane capitalism as did their contemporaries, instead they wanted its complete destruction and an end to its war on the natural world.

Their opportunity for displaying their views in a more social manner arrived in the form of the planned pro-

*This is the second part in a retelling of the story of the Pacific Northwest ELF cells. The first part is in ToF #11, available on our website at tidesofflame.wordpress.com

tests against the WTO conference in Seattle in the fall of 1999. Several of the original members of the cell attended the protests. Amongst them were other young people who had been brought up in the environmental movements and the struggle to save the Pacific Northwest forests. Daniel McGowan, Joyanna Zacher, Nathan Block and Susan Savoie were all to become members of the ELF cell and all contributed to the anarchist effort to directly attack the storefronts of businesses and banks, bypassing rep-



occupied during the WTO, 1999

resentation and moving directly into action. The now infamous Black Bloc began its corporate property destruction after the SPD had begun to pepper-spray and assault peaceful protesters blocking WTO delegates from their meeting. Despite this very clear sequencing, large segments of the unionists, mainstream environmentalists, and anti-globalization protesters were tricked into blaming the anarchists for the violence of the police.

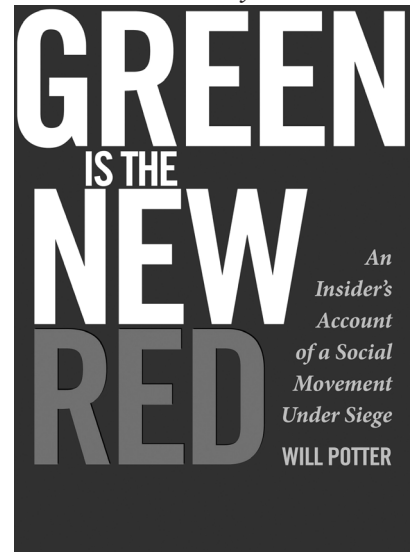
The smashed windows of the banks in downtown Seattle have until recent-

ly been regarded as the most heinous crime, oftentimes overshadowing the brutality of the police during those fall days. By the end of the WTO conference, the SPD had established a nightly curfew and invaded Capitol Hill. To the current and future ELF members present for the chaos, these experiences only cemented their conviction that the system they were fighting destroyed not only the natural world, but also human freedom, life, and joy. They knew the state would crush even the most minimal sign of disobedience.

To usher in the millennium, Jacob Ferguson, Stanislas Meyerhoff, Josephine Overaker and Chelsea Gerlach decided to burn down the Boise Cascade lumber company regional headquarters in Monmouth, a town less than a hundred miles south of Portland. On Christmas Eve, 1999, the group completely torched the headquarters of the company, causing them a loss of \$1,600,000. In their communique, the group said it targeted the company for its ravaging of the Northwest and its intention to set up operations in the forests of Chile. Their communique ended, "Let this be a lesson to all greedy multinational corporations who don't respect their ecosystems. The elves are watching. Earth Liberation Front."

And then, on New Year's Eve, the same four members hoped to trigger the type of Y2K panic that the capitalist media had been predicting. They drove out to the plains near Bend, Oregon and took down an electrical pylon for the power grid. As the tower began to fall, electricity arced across the sky and dust flew into the air. However, there was no disruption because the power was rerouted. North America continued to party as the 20th century became the 21st. There was no communique released by the group. On the morning of January first, this old crew of accomplices awoke to the future, unaware of what the next few years would bring. But that is a story for another time. 🐉

For more information, read *Green Is The New Red* by Will Potter



Anti-Diaz March Burns With Fury!

JAN. 14 - In response to a never-ending deluge of shit from SPD and it's pathetic, delusional leader, some energetic cop-haters organized a march encouraging the resignation of Chief Diaz and the prosecution of the officers the Department of Justice investigation found to be repeat users of excessive force. (This is not going to happen, by the way, unless things get *real* crazy—and at that point, we wonder why anyone would settle for these kinds of meaningless reforms?) The march convened at 23rd and Union for a rally and speak-out in which a number of people railed the police and lamented the news that former SPD officer Ian Birk will face no federal charges for murdering John T. Williams. It seems there truly is no justice—just revenge.

Soon the march (about 150 strong) moved down 23rd, turning left on Madison, then veering onto Pine at Madison Market to head straight for the East Precinct at 12th and Pine. The police, once again revealing their

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Cap Hell Revisited

◀ CONTINUED FROM PG. 2

literally film pieces of trash on the ground when they covered the occupation. The complaints from surrounding businesses never stopped once they started. It was as if a great secret had been revealed; now they knew what made the world so nasty, mean, and vile. The occupation was solely responsible for everything wrong in the neighborhood. Unfortunately, too many people began to believe this on Capitol Hill.

Prostitution, heroin use, rape, murder, and interpersonal violence (all of which happened on Capitol Hill both before and after the SCCC occupation) are just a few symptoms of growing up in capitalist society. They are part of an everyday reality that is kept underground and ignored. Acknowledging them entails the acknowledgment of the failure of capitalism. As long as any form of capitalism has existed, there has always been a poor subclass kept in misery in order to remind others of what will happen if they do not play the game. The occupation of Broadway and Pine threatened the feeble fantasy of a neighborhood living in the last days of a stolen prosperity.

Fortunately, there were many people who live in the neighborhood who threw themselves into the potentials and possibilities of the struggle. The warmth and comfort of their apartments did not sufficiently muffle what was going on in the streets. Instead, they actively participated in the temporarily free community and tried to help it transcend its inherent sickness. As people discovered in the camp, everyone living in this society has something wrong with them. Possessing either an opinion or a belief can be dangerous and risky in a world without laws and riddled with anger. The most diverse groupings of people from all areas of the city engaged in physical confrontations with each other over every conceivable reason. It turned out that it was not just the homeless or the addicts who could not control them-

selves, it was everyone!

Some dealt with this better than others. They tried to navigate the overflowing violence and rage rather than cage and destroy it as the police do. Some understood that the negative energy in the camp was nothing more than energy that could not quite reach its intended target: the rulers of the capitalist world. At its best, the occupation gave birth to very intentional acts of defiance such as the siege of the Sheraton during Chase CEO Jamie Dimon's visit, the fight with the police along Broadway earlier that same day, the occupation of various buildings, and the shut down of the Port of Seattle. At its worst, the occupation was a swamp of drugs, violence and misery. And naturally, of course, the anarchists were blamed for making the camp this way.

Now the park sits empty, as boring as it was before the occupation arrived. At night people are still getting high or getting drunk in the shadows while across the street and down the hill other people are getting drunk inside a bar or getting high in their apartments. The occupation was different for people who did not have a home. For them, it was a chance to have something, no matter how muddy and freezing it was. For others, it was a place to meet people and experience an unmediated reality that is usually relegated to the shadows.

The momentum of the struggle continues on in various ways, but that is another topic. This has been our attempt to remind our readers that the creation of the occupation on Broadway and Pine was not easy, nor was it always pleasant, but it was brutally honest and real. The occupation was a test for everyone involved. It revealed who was who and where people stood in relation to the system that we wish to destroy. It weeded out the deceitful and highlighted the determined. Nothing has been the same since the the occupation arrived on Halloween weekend. Now that it is gone, we hope you will take a minute to think about what you would do if anything similar were to happen

again. Nothing is going to calm down, if that is not clear enough already. This coming year will make the previous one seem calm. We hope you are ready for it. 🐉

It's been swell, Turritopsis!

CENTRAL DISTRICT - Well, Turritopsis Nutricula, the immortal jellyfish, has died and is now reborn. The squat on 23rd and Alder was raided by a small police-military unit, equipped with assault rifles and an armored vehicle. Cops seem to be obsessed with piss and shit, given that they always think it's going to get thrown on them. (Evidence of a guilt complex?) They told the media they'd heard on 'social media' that the evil demons inside the building were planning on throwing human waste at them and leaving booby-traps (like in the movies). Of course, when they got there, they found a bunch of sleepy people and naturally felt the need to point their guns at them.

Later, the media filmed the evicted squatters digging through their belongings that had been tossed out on the sidewalk by the police. They portrayed this salvaging as proof of the squatter's filth and debauchery, but in reality, things were obviously quite different. Inside the immortal jellyfish, a small group of people, constantly increasing and decreasing in size, lived hectic and joyful lives. People went out in the day, got food, brought it back to share, joked, laughed, played music, talked about all manner of insane subjects, loved each other, hated each other, and lived freely.

Denmark West, former employee of Goldman Sachs and Microsoft and current executive at BET, was the legal owner of the house. He claimed that his deceased wife's goal was to turn the long-vacant, half-finished property into affordable housing to "better the

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My So-Called Life

An irregular column detailing the misery, banality, and absurdity of everyday life in capitalist society.

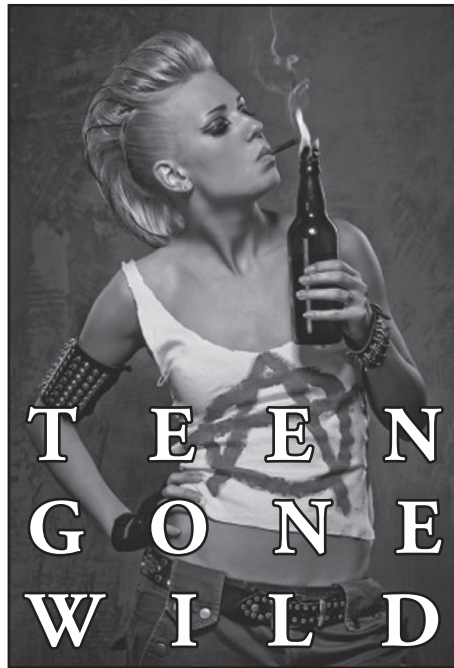
In today's society, capitalism has taken over the world. Greedy bankers and a selfish government have tried to take over every single life available. There are few who won't let the capitalist bastards take over their lives. I would have to say I'm one of them; I will not let them take my life over due to their mass greed.

As a 17 year old I am looked upon as a less capable, or less wise, but what ageist person is to tell me I am those things? I know how the world works, and it is not in my highest interest to keep it going the way it is. Don't mind my less than average writing skills, I will not deny that, but I will try to tell you what my opinion is.

If you aren't too familiar with capitalism, here is a short description of my knowledge of it: Capitalism is an economic system or theory in which the means of production and transportation are controlled by the "Higher Power" which in this case is the government and the wealthy (bourgeoisie). These people don't give a damn about a single life under themselves. In reality we are just a number to them, a slave, and a steady income.

If you are 16 years or older you are bound to have a job in today's society, working to make money to pay bills, buy necessities, and whatever else you need in your daily life. What most don't realize is they aren't working for their benefit. They're working to survive and work as slaves to make the rich richer. Though you may not think you are doing this, you are.

If you work for a large corporation and make minimum wage (or even more than that) you are contributing to the higher wealth of that company. What they pay you is nothing compared to what they make off of you. Without your labor their company would be in



the shit hole; it wouldn't exist.

Modern day slavery does exist and it is something that needs to be demolished. We are slaves, whether you like to think so or not.

The way that I choose not to contribute to this capitalist hell is not to have a job. Not to have a boss. Work by the means of my own production. For example I make art for a living, not only because it is my passion, but because it is a way to get along without having to work for another greedy boss. No it isn't steady, but it is better than knowing that you are helping those pricks pay for their fancy cocktail parties. Knowing that they have millions of dollars that could be going to someone in desperate need. A child is starving somewhere, cold and alone, and they don't give a damn.

I would also consider myself an anarchist. The government needs to be abolished. It is so hard to change one's mind, and it takes a lot of effort. With the help of comrades we have a chance to change the shit hole of a place we live in. In my experiences I have had people (friends and family, or even randos) tell me that what I'm doing, what were doing isn't going to work. They say it didn't work last time, so why should it work this time? I know that I do not have the answer, nor does anyone else. The only

way is if we keep trying. We keep pushing for change. Until the day I shall die I will fight for equality and freedom in this world.

Something I recommend doing if you don't want a job, and you don't want to contribute to capitalism, is to squat. Squat your heart out. Find a vacant house or building and make it your home. It's beautiful, it's a way to live the way we should all have the right to a home. As part of the Turritopsis Nutricula Collective [the squat at 23rd and Alder recently evicted by police], I have learned a lot about squatting. It is quite fun, but also very serious. So I suggest you read up on what you're doing and learn some stuff, especially if you're not willing to go to jail. I'm not promising that a squat will last forever, because in most cases they don't. Not for as long as most of us would like, but we all know this. When it's dead and gone, move along.

Another thing you should do is be present at any and every event that you can make it to. Every person counts. Rallies, marches, protests, actions, etc. You as a single person may not seem to be much of a contribution to change, but you are. It is very important. Every single person there is independent, but when you all come together as one it is a wonderful thing.

The things I have said are obvious, but need to be remembered. By retelling these things, people will hear you. And they will be inspired to go out and change the world into something they know is right. It's what I did, and it's something I hope you will do, too. ✨

Fuck homework; read a book!

- *Work by crimethinc*
- *The Coming Insurrection*
> available online
- *The Rebel's Dark Laughter*
> anarchistlibrary.org
- *Illuminations* by Arthur Rimbaud
- *Towards the Destruction of Schooling*
> anti-politics.net/school
- *The Dispossessed* by Ursula K. LeGuin
- > [anarchist sci-fi!](http://anarchist-sci-fi)

Turritopsis

◀ CONTINUED FROM PG. 6

community.” However, just down 23rd, one of his properties is being rented at prices that cannot be afforded by most low-income people. We do not know all the details of his other properties and who lives there, but the media’s focus on West’s supposed “good intentions” obscures the fact that he is a member of the ruling class who has spent his adult life as a capitalist stooge of the highest order.

The occupiers of the house did nothing more than expropriate from a gentrifying corporate executive landlord and turn the property into free housing for homeless people and youths. **Turritopsis wasn’t “affordable,” it was free.** This is direct action. For nearly two months, the house functioned smoothly, though not without problems, like any other household. And

then the police came with their armored truck and their guns and their bomb robot. They destroyed the jellyfish, dispersed it, sent it away. But on the 14th of January, a torch-lit march left 23rd and Union and rampaged to the East Precinct. Most of the former occupants of the house were there, screaming like crazy. Soon, there will be a new social center in the Central District. The jellyfish will never die.

Anti-Diaz

◀ CONTINUED FROM PG. 5

seething guilt complexes and fear of retribution, barricaded the streets in a one-block radius around their stronghold, inconveniencing countless thirsty folk headed for the nearby liquor store.

Along the way, marchers strung a large “ACAB” (All Cops are Bastards) banner from a traffic light using some sort of in-

genious pulley system, and a number of trash cans and dumpsters were pulled into the street... and then back out again. It seems that some Seattle protesters don’t really mean it when they chant, “No justice, no peace!” preferring to fulfill the police’s peace-keeping role themselves, obsessively restoring order when anything goes amiss. To these people, we suggest *just not caring!* Unless you intend to sell all the uncontrolables out to the cops or murder us yourselves, **we’re not going anywhere.** Improvised barricades are meant to slow down the cops trailing a march. So, please *chill out!*

As the march neared the precinct, dozens of flaming torches materialized, igniting the night and warming the crowd. It was so medieval! But this time, instead of burning the castle down, the protester-peasants dispersed after hurling only insults at the creepy little soldiers guarding their dungeon.

Anti-police protesters march with torches towards the East Precinct on Capitol Hill - January 14, 2012.



pugetsoundanarchists.org
anarchistinternational.org
anarchistnews.org

theanarchistlibrary.org
continualwar.wordpress.com
waronsociety.noblogs.org