

TIDES OF FLAME

number 21 early july 2012



FAGS
HATE
GOD

I
AM
A
FAGGOT

joy freedom rebellion



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



**QUEERS
FUCKING
QUEERS**

Last Saturday night, I went to meet some friends on Capitol Hill to go to a queer dance party in the street. I was excited to celebrate, dance and attempt to push the idea of pride weekend a little further away from its current state of corporate sponsored, assimilationist dismissal of all that is joyful, free and queer. I brought my bunny mask and wore my pink tights, as it seemed like just the sort of occasion to wear them.

There was supposed to be a sound system, to dance to. However the people who brought it decided to take off at the last minute, because there were cops on every corner, in every alley, on every street. They were afraid their equipment would be confiscated, which is understandable. A few of us discussed going home, sad to not be able to celebrate in the way we wanted to. An anti-corporate, free, all ages, semi-spontaneous dance party in the street seemed like the perfect thing to do on Capitol Hill that night.

From out of nowhere, we heard a saxophone wailing. I turned and saw a friend, a high school student, walking boldly down the street, playing his saxophone with wild confidence. Immediately, we all walked into the street, and joined him. Following him down the road, clapping, banging on makeshift drums, and yelling. After awhile, someone joined in with a small stereo and a megaphone. They played silly pop songs, and the crowd amplified them by singing/screaming along with them. We went on like this for about 30-40 minutes, it seemed.

When we neared the blocked off streets of the "official" pride celebration, our path was barred by a line of riot police. They were guarding the edge of the real pride party. Dancing and carrying on with the police wandering through our crowd got old, pretty quick. So we decided to move on, and walked a block or two towards Madison street. In doing this, we lost half of the people due to the other crowds. We decided to move on anyway.

When we rounded the corner, and started walking up the street, the police decided they had watched us have fun for too long, and saw that we were now more vulnerable, due to having fewer numbers. Without warning, they swerved their car in front of us, narrowly missing hitting the people in the front of the crowd. A few more cop cars pulled up next to the first to completely block off the street. As they jumped out of their cars, yelling, and aggressively swarming towards us, most instinctively moved out of the way. They yelled at us to get on the sidewalk, and started shoving people within arms reach. One person was shoved from behind while moving towards the sidewalk. She was forced to fall forward into three more cops, who immediately threw her to the ground and arrested her. It was very obvious to those around her, that she was thrown into their trap.

I walked up onto the sidewalk and figured the party was over, it was time to leave. I joined a friend of mine named Hudson on the sidewalk, and we were just standing there, sort of frozen, watching the police overreact to the situation. I felt relatively safe, standing there, on the sidewalk with friends nearby. I was proved to be very wrong seconds later.

Immediately after this, I saw a cop quickly rush towards us, from 10 feet away or so, and come within a few feet of my friend's face. He was holding a huge canister of pepper spray, which he proceeded to deploy as much as he possibly could, directly into Hudson's face and eyes. I was covered in the toxic spray as well. I was immediately disoriented and reached out to hold onto someone in front of me. A second later, I felt myself being pulled forward, and more chemical was sprayed, all over us, from every direction, it seemed. Every part of my exposed skin was burning with it.

My vision was pretty much gone after

CONTINUED ON PG. 6 ►

QUEERS FUCKING QUEERS SOLIDARITY MARCH

Last night [Saturday, June 29th] about 100 people gathered at Seattle Central Community College on Capitol Hill for a queer street dance party and march. The action was called in response to the suppression, assault, and arrest of 6 comrades last weekend during Pride at the 4th Annual Queers Fucking Queers (anti-capitalist, anti-assimilation) street party.

Of those who came to the plaza many were dressed head to toe in pink and black or carried pink and black flags. Music blared out of a small sound system and people took turns getting on the mic. The overall sentiment expressed was, "If you touch one of us, or mess with one of us then you'll be dealing with the rest of us" (more or less in those words). The police were neurotic and predicatively over-prepared by creating a fortress around the East Precinct with everything from horses to the SWAT team.

The march went on without incident. People mostly chose to simply hurl insults at the police and dance in the streets in front of them as their own act of defiance and lack of interest in the police spectacle. Midnight Jack, in act of pure stupidity and arrogance, appeared toward the end of the night and joined the police line where he received more harassment from the demonstrators than most of the police did.

Although, the night was quiet it was filled with joy for many and a collective feeling for some that people do care about their fellow comrades that were attacked and arrested last Saturday night and are willing to come together in the streets in express that, even in such a small gesture as dancing in the streets.

**DROP ALL THE CHARGES!
AGAINST THE CO-OPTATION
OF STRUGGLE; STONEWALL
WAS A RIOT AND SOME OF US
ARE STILL PROUD OF IT!
FUCK THE POLICE!**



Godless queers, revelers, dancers, and freaks parade through Capitol Hill, June 29th

COMMUNIQUE FOR MOLOTOV ATTACK AGAINST PORTLAND WELLS FARGO

SO MUCH TO BE FURIOUS ABOUT, SO MANY WAYS TO VENT

Forever in the footsteps of beautiful queers like CeCe McDonald,* we frustrated queers and dissidents refuse to take people's shit.

Endless solidarity to CeCe and the action she took to defend her life and safety, and endless disgust towards the state which has twisted her hardship of being assaulted against her with pointless and arbitrary punitive action, further risking her safety.

How backwards, to face brutal social bigotry as a trans woman of color on the streets only to be forced through a system of institutionalized racist trans-misogyny. In such an openly hateful environment, how are folks like CeCe expected to NOT be ready and willing to defend themselves?

As a small gesture of solidarity with CeCe, and all others who suffer under the hand of the racist, trans-misogynist capitalist state, a Molotov cocktail has been tossed through a large window of a Wells Fargo in Portland, Oregon late last night. The flaming bottle flew easily through the window spewing fire and glass into the building, a delightful and

brief escape from the monotony of the endless spectacle.

Banks like Wells Fargo continue to profit and flourish at the expense of people like CeCe, funding the police and prison industrial complex which protect banks' interest and profit through brute social control. Capital is such filth!

Solidarity also to those experiencing political repression here in Portland, by petty cops and worthless detectives who look to old cases and unsubstantial evidence in order to make examples of our comrades. And still, you pigs remain helpless in the face of our actions against you and the property you try to protect.

**QUEERS MAKE TOTAL DESTROY!!
...AND THEY WERE RIGHT --
(A)TTACKING IS SO EASY!**

Ed: As a direct consequence of this attack, Wells Fargo announced it was withdrawing from the Portland Pride Parade due to safety concerns.

**CeCe McDonald is a black trans woman who was recently sentenced to 41 months for manslaughter. She was accused of killing a white man who attacked her and her friends as they walked to the grocery store.*

supportcece.wordpress.com

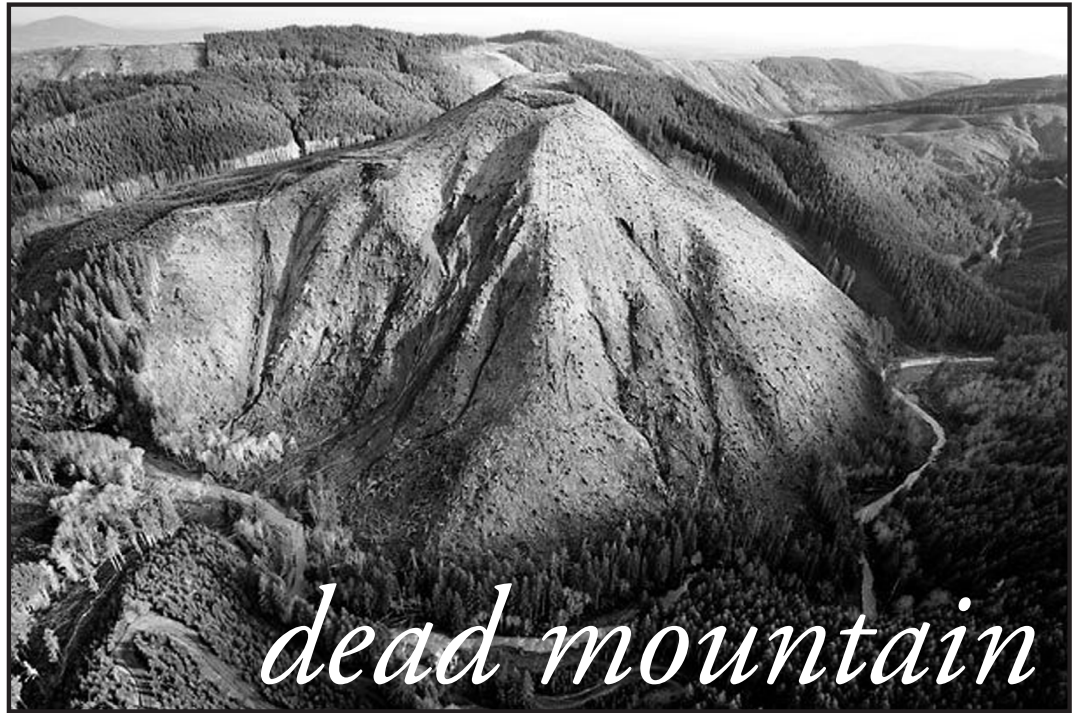
THE GREEN SCARE

Part 5 of the story of the PNW Earth Liberation Front.

After the final actions of the Northwest ELF cell in 2002, the strength of the national environmental began to fade. The tactical and theoretical unity of the anti-globalization era no longer kept people together and working for a common purpose. The majority of the mainstream support that had once bolstered the larger environmental network was slowly absorbed into green capitalism, becoming infatuated with corn-based fuels, windmills, and soy products. Simultaneously, the effort to discredit the data regarding global warming reached a disturbing high and was accompanied by the overt fascism being stoked by the Bush administration. It was in the midst of this counter-revolution, with the forces of order and reaction destroying the gains of the anti-globalization movement, that the FBI began what was to become known as the Green Scare.

It started simply enough. The FBI had a small lead and one suspect. His name was Jacob Ferguson, the young man who had also helped start the ELF cell. The FBI brought him in for questioning, threatened to put him in jail, and told him he would not see his son for decades. Although they only suspected him of a few minor acts of arson and doubted they could even connect him to them, the fearful Ferguson quickly revealed everything he knew about the activities of the cell. Much to the surprise of the FBI, this young man had participated in nearly every attack carried out by the cell. Totally consumed by fear, Ferguson agreed to act as an informant.

In 2005, Ferguson wore a wire and went on an FBI-funded trip across the country to meet up with his former



dead mountain

comrades. He went to New York City and recorded a conversation with Daniel McGowan in which he was able to manipulate his old friend into admitting guilt to several arsons. When Ferguson brought up the possibility of someone becoming an informant, McGowan replied that it would be “some Judas shit.” Ferguson conducted similar operations against Stan Meyerhoff, Kevin Tubbs, and William Rogers, otherwise known as Avalon. With the information that Ferguson collected, the FBI began to organize the logistics for taking down the entire cell.

On December 7th, 2005, the FBI arrested seven people in different locations across the country. Just over a month later, three more people were arrested in what the FBI called Operation Backfire. Josephine Overaker, Rebecca Rubin, Joseph Dibee, and Justin Solodnz were able to escape apprehension. When the captured members of the cell learned the extent of Ferguson’s treachery, the same fear that possessed him began to infect their minds. Having left behind their guerrilla activity, many of the former fighters had grown used to the comforts

of a normal and affluent life. It was the fear of losing this that drove the majority of the cell to begin testifying against each other.

The worst casualty of this betrayal was Avalon. Once he learned that most of his comrades were going to collaborate against each other, he wrote a simple goodbye note that read: *To my friends and supporters to help them make sense of all these events that have happened so quickly: Certain human cultures have been waging war against the Earth for millennia. I chose to fight on the side of bears, mountain lions, skunks, bats, saguaros, cliff rose and all things wild. I am just the most recent casualty in that war. But tonight I have made a jail break—I am returning home, to the Earth, to the place of my origins. Bill, 12/21/05 (the winter solstice.)* After writing this note, Avalon put a plastic bag over his head and killed himself inside his prison cell.

By the end of Operation Backfire, only Daniel McGowan, Jonathan Paul, Joyanna Zacher, and Nathan Block refused to testify against any of their former comrades or each other. All of the others made selfish and cowardly deals

ACTIONS IN SOLIDARITY WITH IMPRISONED EARTH WARRIORS

in order to preserve the privileges and comforts they had come to value over the earth they once fought to protect. Whether they betrayed each other or not, each convicted member of the cell generally received 4-7 years each. Except for Jacob Ferguson. He received no jail time.

Despite this, multiple other ELF cells continued to operate in the greater Puget Sound area during this time. On April 13th, 2005, an ELF cell burnt down a house that was part of a new golf course subdivision in Sammamish. They left a message painted on a bed sheet that read "Where are all the trees? Burn, rapist, burn. E.L.F." Between July 27th and July 29th, another cell burnt down two homes built in what had once been forests in Whatcom County. Starting on November 25th and lasting until the end of January, 2006, the ELF burnt down houses and construction equipment in Bothell, Kenmore, and Camano Island every week and half. While there is no direct confirmation, this offensive could be seen as retaliation for the arrests taking place during this time period.

Just as Briana Waters was being sentenced for her role in the infamous UW arson in March, 2008, another ELF cell burnt down four multimillion dollar Street of Dreams houses in Woodinville. This was to be the biggest environmental arson in the Puget Sound area and served as a reminder that the fight to save the planet still had life left in it. Law enforcement who responded to the inferno found a bed sheet nearby with these words painted on it: "Built Green? Nope black! McMansions in rural cluster developments are not green. ELF"

We will conclude the story of the Northwest ELF in a later issue. For now, take comfort in the fact that the dream some of them once had survived repression, suicide, betrayal, and entrapment. It lives on still in dozens of cells across the planet, fighting for the health and continuity of the earth. But that is a story for another time. 🐦

These actions took place on June 11th, the International Day of Solidarity with Marie Mason and Eric McDavid, two Green Scare prisoners. All communiqués were posted anonymously at pugetsoundanarchists.org.

Development Office Attacked

SEATTLE - Last night the Street of Dreams Corporate Office (located outside of Seattle) had its windows etched out and anarchist graffiti painted on it. This was done for June 11th, in solidarity with all anarchist prisoners including Marie Mason & Eric McDavid, in memory of Avalon and as part of the continual struggle against the destruction of the earth.

Loggers Association Smashed

OLYMPIA - On the night of June 11th in the sleepy town of Olympia, WA, we laid waste to the Washington State Loggers' Association building, breaking out all 24 of their windows and leaving the painted message "YOU ARE NEVER SAFE. GO LOG IN HELL (A)."

Roughly a decade after the fervent period of Earth Liberation activity that occurred in the late 90's and early 2000's, we find ourselves in a far more hopeless situation, immersed in an ever-deepening desert.

Some cling to the idea of hope and others view this as nothing more than a deceitful delusion. Neither narrative concerns us. What truly concerns us is that the living world around us is dying, and that the strength of our heart atrophies through inaction.

How many of us feel disgust being embedded in a concrete jungle, a suburban wasteland, an ocean of meaninglessness?

How many of us mourn the yawning devastation of a clearcut?

While smashing out two dozen windows was only a humble act of revenge in the face of the wholesale destruction of wild life, comrades, let us cease to be eaten up inside by our unactualized rage!

This is an international call to wage

war on all those who profit from the rape of the earth.

We greatly embrace and encourage those whose seeds of ferocious intentions have lain dormant thus far to burst forth and raze the cities to the ground. Those cities depend on an empire, a civilization that depends on the ensnarement and suppression of a wild world of meaning and beauty.

"For every action there is a reaction. So as civilization abuses and mistreats fire, fire will abuse civilization. Throughout modern history cities have burned – Rome burned. The civilized order will come to know the true purifying power of fire soon enough. Like wildfires whipping through forests clearing out all the dead wood, making room for new growth to emerge. Civilization will perish in a firestorm, clearing the way for life to sprout and grow unmolested."

This was done in solidarity with Marie Mason and Eric McDavid, Luciano "Tortuga," the Kimki Forest DEFENDERS, ALL ELF AND ALF PRISONERS AND FIGHTERS, THE INDIVIDUALS TENDING TOWARDS THE WILD, THE STILL IMPRISONED TED KACZYNSKI (UNABOMBER), and all those who acted in vengeance, in defiance, and who got away. May you forever run free.

**FOR THE TERRIFYING FREEDOM!
LONG LIVE ALL EARTH WARRIORS!**



"[Washington Contract Loggers Association CEO Jerry Bonagojsky] said he can't think of any particular issue that spurred the vandalism." - THE OLYMPIAN

QUEERS FUCKING QUEERS

◀ CONTINUED FROM PG. 2

this moment. They were now upon us, and shoving violently in every direction. Eventually they must have effectively pushed us into the wall of the building behind us. I only knew this because I felt cold brick on my side, which felt comforting for a moment. Anything other than the anonymous ogre bodies, hitting us from every direction, was comforting. That was, until one of them grabbed me by the hair and slammed my head into the building. For the first time since the chaos started, I could see something clearly. They were pretty little yellow and white stars.

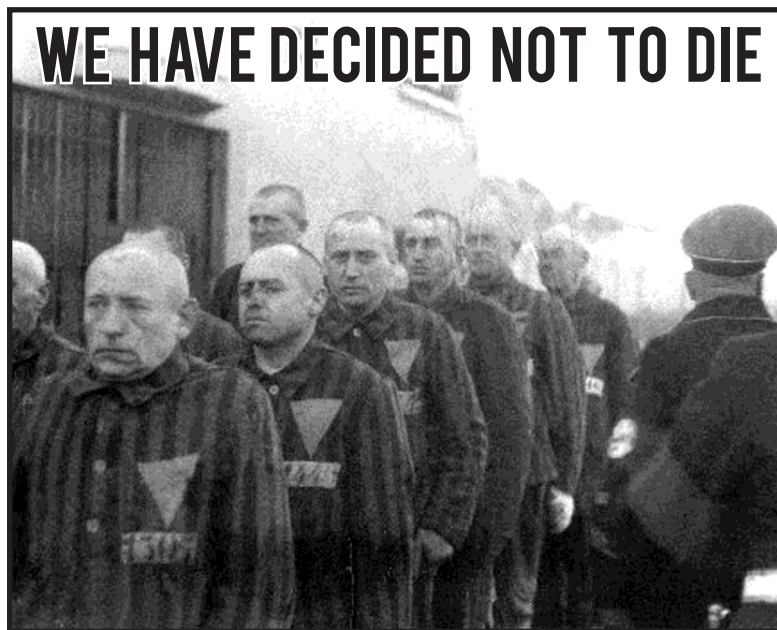
At this point there was clearly no escape. I felt myself get heavy and try to drop to the ground. I put my arms around my head, trying to protect my skull, and tried to pull myself to the ground. It was pretty easy, since they were also shoving me down at the same time. I curled up into a ball on the cement, with my back against the building, and just thought about surviving. Multiple bodies were upon me, knees and feet slamming into me and holding me down, pushing me further into the cement.

Again came more of the pepper spray, this time directly into my ear. It was so close to my head when it was sprayed, that it was forced to travel deep inside my ear canal, filling my sinuses and impairing my hearing.

I had taken my glasses off moments before I was surrounded, and was clutching them in my hand. One of the attackers stomped on my hand and crushed them into pieces. My other hand, which was pinned beneath me, was dragged out. My knuckles were bloodied by being scraped along the ground and handcuffs were placed around my wrists. I felt myself being dragged for at least 20 feet, off the sidewalk and back into the middle of the street. There they forced me up and made me walk. Everything hurt, I couldn't see a

thing and I could barely breathe. Along with 5 others I was shoved into a van, where I quickly made some new friends. One of them did her best to wipe the pepper spray out of my eyes, which were swollen shut at this point. I was in such pain, that it was almost impossible to breathe normally or talk. The ear pain I experienced for the next 24 hours was like nothing I have ever felt.

Around 1am we were moved to the East precinct, where we were held for about an hour or so. Hudson and one other person were held at the precinct for an additional 6 hours. This meant that they were handcuffed, cold and uncomfortable that



whole time. I later learned that Hudson's shirt and hoodie were ripped so badly in the police attack, that he was left shirtless in the cold cell. The rest of us spent the night in the holding cell at the jail, where we were unable to even lay down until we were booked around 7:30am. It wasn't until 1:30pm on Sunday afternoon that I was released on bail.

While leaving the jail, I realized that they didn't give everything back that I came in with. They kept my phone, my car keys, my food stamp card, and my (very broken) glasses. When I asked, the jail staff said they had no record of any of those things. According to them, I didn't come in with those items. I eventually got a friend to bring me a spare set of keys and I drove home with swollen eyes, and no

glasses. When I got home, I called the SPD evidence department and asked about my missing items. They told me they had no record of any of these things being attached to my name. Told me to call back later, and maybe they would turn up.

So, effectively, the police stole my main mode of communication, transportation, food, and my vision.

The police are playing a game, and enjoying themselves. Trying to do their best to harass, intimidate, and destabilize anyone who stands up to them, and to the system that they protect. It is a common police tactic to accuse people

of assault whom they have assaulted, and accuse others of trumped up charges to legitimize their force. When brought to court, these charges are often dismissed by the judge or never even filed. Or worse, the charges stick. This is often due to poverty and discrimination within our court system, and people have to do time or go on probation because of it, severely interrupting their lives.

Hudson's assault charge was dismissed almost immediately when he went to court. The judge scoffed at the SPD's evidence on him, which solely consisted of a one sentence handwritten note.

Earlier in the week, I attended a public meeting, in a public building and was arrested for "trespassing". It was a meeting between the mayor and the people of the Central District, at the African American Heritage Museum to talk about violence in the neighborhood. When the meeting turned into a discussion and calling out of the issues the mayor was ignoring, such as the privatization of the museum, and the idea that it should belong to the community, the mayor left, and the police kicked us out. After we were asked to leave, I was walking out of the building

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A WORD TO THE SEATTLE SUPERHEROES

We don't know much about you, other than that your leader is from the suburbs and that you all attacked a kid with Down's syndrome on May 1st. But we think it is a fair assumption that the majority of you are very interested in comic books. Given that you all have taken to roaming the streets looking for broke and desperate drug dealers, perhaps it is also fair to assume that all of you have read *Watchmen* by Alan Moore at least once. If this is true, and if you found inspiration in that comic, then it pleases us very much to let you know that Alan Moore is **an anarchist.**

However, as you most likely know full well, the superheroes depicted in *Watchmen* are extremely fallible people ridden with insecurities and mental disturbances. They collaborate with the police and the military to suppress the populations of the US and Vietnam, they rape their colleagues, and generally sell each other out. The most powerful of them becomes an emotionless shell. Alan Moore presented a group of people who ultimately betrayed themselves and those they claimed to protect in order to preserve the status quo of capitalism. Only one of them remains true to himself, and he ends up dead.

You clearly missed the point of his

story, given that you are currently engaged in the same idiotic activities as the worst of his characters. We would recommend not only that you reread *Watchmen* but that you also revisit his seminal classic *V* for Vendetta. Unlike your sorry band of losers, those who donned the Guy Fawkes mask and went on the street with nothing but their voices and bodies during the past year are far more the superheroes than any of you could ever hope to be. Often times they risked everything and faced down a brutal opponent in order to express their rage and hold the streets.

Some of them even started hacking into computers and stealing dirty information on corporations, police, and politicians. These people, calling themselves Anonymous, wear the mask of V and fight against all who keep us enslaved. In case some of you failed to notice, Anonymous went after your leader, Phoenix Jones. You are all clearly hated by a lot of people, and if want a clue as to why, we refer you to the words of Alan Moore, the anarchist:

And I think that if the mask stands for anything, in the current context, [the voice of the people] is what it stands for. This is the people. That mysterious entity that is evoked so often – this is the people. 🐉

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

***Tides of Flame* is one year old!**

What the fuck! So much has happened in the last year. Our first issue debuted after last summer's riotous *Queers Fucking Queers*. Since then, things have only gotten crazier. The hockey riots in Vancouver, the Chase bank on Broadway getting smashed again and again, military vans in Everett going up in flames, noise demos in front of the juvenile detention center, uprisings all over the world, the slow crumbling of SPD's PR image, the Occupy Seattle saga, the Oakland Commune, the West Coast Port Shutdown, May Day... we've written about it all. We've made predictions that have come true and we predict that we'll continue to do so!

A big thank you goes out to all who have contributed articles, printed and distributed copies, and participated in the moments of rupture that make this paper worthwhile. We hope that *Tides of Flame* has inspired readers to act, for all of this would be pointless if it was not arming new comrades with dangerous ideas and indestructible passions.

We do this because we love it. We do this because we hate that our dreams are so often caged in words, made real only in brief, beautiful bursts of revolt.

To comrades near, far, old, and new,
To joy, freedom, and rebellion,

To tides of flame!

UPCOMING EVENTS

SATURDAY, JULY 7 - 1PM

SELF-DEFENSE SEMINAR

Come learn how to fight back!

@ The Wildcat (1105 23rd Ave)

MONDAY, JULY 9 - 11AM

DEMO: STOP THE NEW YOUTH JAIL

March of resistance to halt the construction of the new youth detention center.

@ 12th & Alder

TUESDAY, JULY 10 - 1PM

ANARCHIST CLASSICS READING GROUP

@ The Wildcat

SATURDAY, JULY 14 - 1PM

RADICAL HISTORY OF THE CD

@ The Wildcat

SATURDAY, JULY 14 - 6-9PM

DINNER AND FILM - KANASETAKE: 270 YEARS OF RESISTANCE

A film about the 1990 indigenous uprising against the Canadian government @ The Wildcat

MONDAY, JULY 16 - 6:30-9:30PM

PRISONER LETTER WRITING NIGHT

@ The Wildcat

FRIDAY, JULY 20 - 7PM

MOVIE: LIVING UTOPIA

A film about Anarchists in the Spanish Revolution @ The Wildcat

SATURDAY, JULY 21 - 1PM

WORKERS' RIGHTS 101: HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELF AND OTHERS ON THE JOB @ The Wildcat

FRIDAY, JULY 27TH - 5:30PM

OPEN CAGES TOUR

A traveling animal liberation festival @ The Wildcat

L@S QUIXOTES RADICAL LIBRARY now has regular open hours on Sundays and Mondays from 3 - 6pm at **The Wildcat.**

WWW.THEWILDCAT.ORG

QUEERS FUCKING QUEERS

◀ CONTINUED FROM PG. 6

with the rest of the small crowd. A cop grabbed my arm, as well as a few other people around me, pulled us back into the building, and arrested us. I had to spend the night in jail, but when I went to court no charges had even been filed.

One of the things that angers me the most about this, is that by the time the charges are dropped, the public has forgotten about it. So, in their minds, whatever the cops did to arrest us must have been justified. Many people don't seem to understand that often, the police ARE making shit up, and using their power in all kinds of abusive ways. It is hard to see this, until you are face to face with it, and it JUST KEEPS HAPPENING.

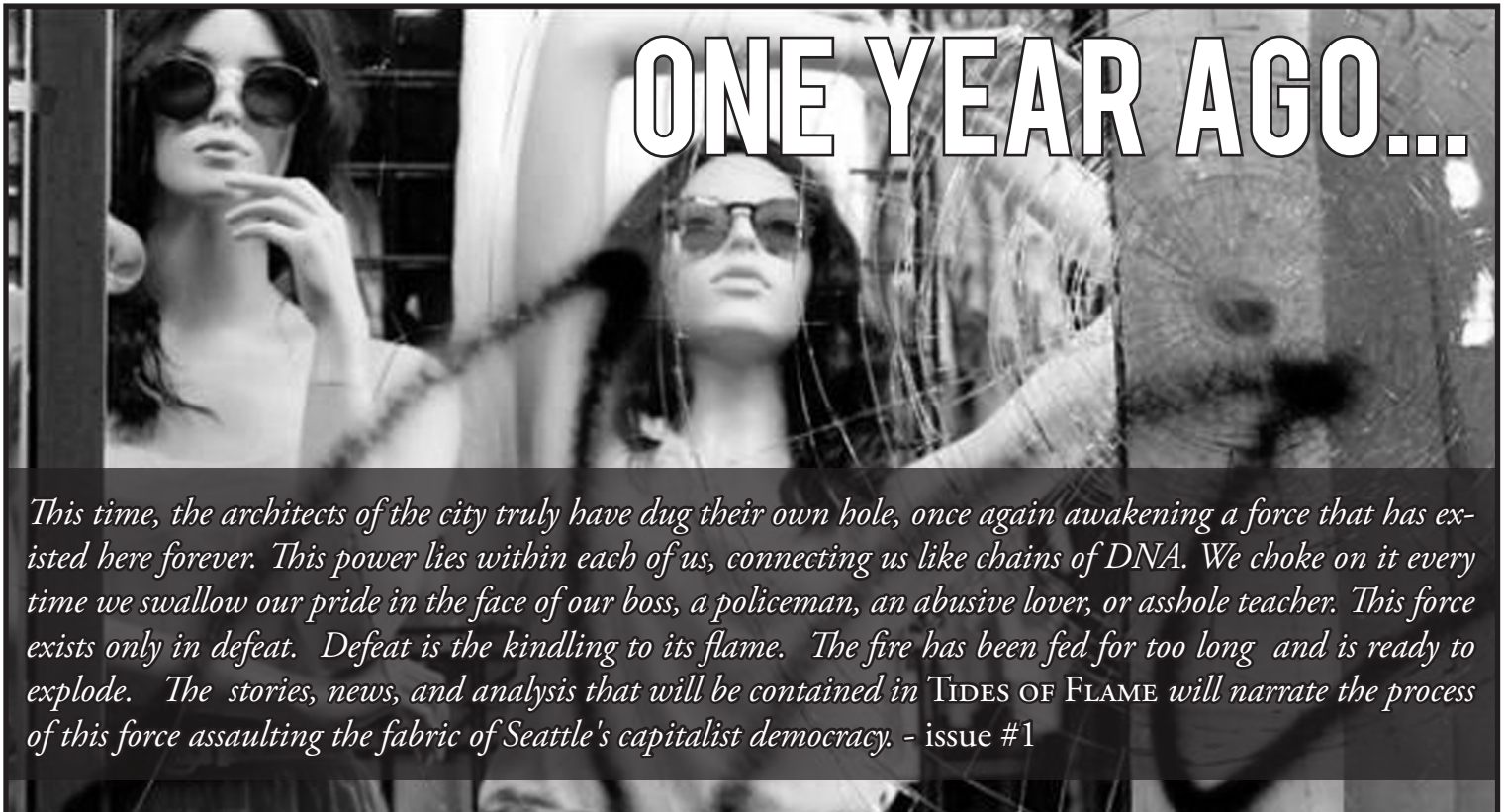
This was highlighted for me by my trip to the doctor's office, the day after I got out of jail. I wanted to get my ear checked out, and document my other injuries (head trauma, abrasions, bruises, muscle strains, and chemical burns in a few places) with my regular doctor. This is a doctor who has on multiple occasions had very caring conversations with me about my mental and physical health. When I told her why I was there, and that I was assaulted by the police, she seemed confused, distant. She asked me what I did to make them do this to me. When I tried to explain what happened, she cut me off, multiple times. It was like she just couldn't quite fathom

how a cop could possibly do that without me deserving it somehow. This reminds me of a feeling I had when I was trying to tell someone about being sexually assaulted years ago, and not only did they not believe me, but they told me that I must have asked for it. This is a disgustingly common way of thinking.

One very important point to make here, is that this type of brutality (and much worse) happens everyday to people of color, trans*, and homeless people. I am not any of these things. However, I am a queer who didn't conform to the mainstream pride celebrations, and that has become enough of a reason for them to beat on me and think they can get away with it. The worst thing is, that many of those most affected by police violence never get their voices heard when something like this happens. No one believes them, and no one cares.

The police love to use this kind of collective denial to their advantage, and they want people to keep quiet about it. They'd like us to shut up, and carry on with our very regulated, permitted and planned out lives. There's something wrong when anyone who wants to blur those lines, or question those regulations, are squashed and immobilized, even for just dancing in random places like we were that night.

Also, I lost my bunny mask during the arrest. So if anyone has it, let me know. 🐰



This time, the architects of the city truly have dug their own hole, once again awakening a force that has existed here forever. This power lies within each of us, connecting us like chains of DNA. We choke on it every time we swallow our pride in the face of our boss, a policeman, an abusive lover, or asshole teacher. This force exists only in defeat. Defeat is the kindling to its flame. The fire has been fed for too long and is ready to explode. The stories, news, and analysis that will be contained in TIDES OF FLAME will narrate the process of this force assaulting the fabric of Seattle's capitalist democracy. - issue #1

pugetsoundanarchists.org
anarchistinternational.org
anarchistnews.org

thewildcat.org
theanarchistlibrary.org
waronsociety.noblogs.org