

TIDES OF FLAME

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goodbye



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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

ALRIGHT EVERYBODY, WE'RE ALL DONE HERE.

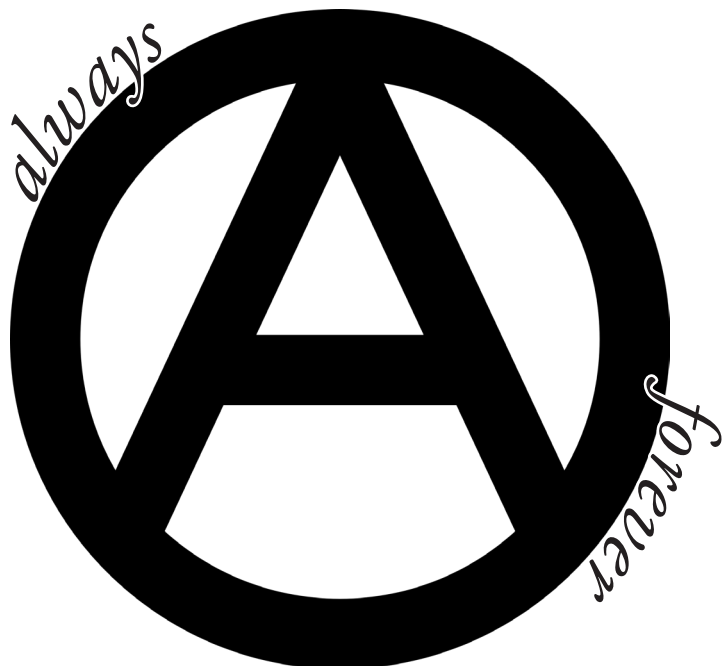
It's been a thrill. We've learned a lot, seen a lot, and had our minds blown a couple times. But to be honest, we're largely displeased with the Seattle we live in today. The best of us are stuck in the webs of work, alcohol, madness, and confusion. The worst are bloated with money, loving their new condos and the fancy restaurants that come with them, watching in wonder as Ballard or Capitol Hill are cleansed, homogenized, made perfect for investment, progress, and capital.

We think capitalism is shit, and if you love it, so are you. If you hate what's happening to your neighborhood but find yourself powerless to stop it, the first step would be to understand who is taking your power away from you. Are you resigned to being stripped of your dignity and agency? Or can you imagine a way out of the institutionalized humiliations and penalties you're forced to endure? Our bet is that you can figure out exactly what the sources of your problems are, eventually, one day. Hurry up, though, huh?

Anyway, moving on. Seattle sure has shown us its dark and nasty underbelly. But much to our surprise, that underbelly wasn't hidden at all. It was always there, most people just did a swell job of ignoring it. Ever since SPD cop Ian Birk murdered John T. Williams in the summer of 2010, the public has slowly become a bit more aware of the corruption, psychosis, and brutality that permeates the local police force. Unfortunately for us and everyone else who is poor and sad, all of that was old news to us and things are basically still the same. The cops just have shorter leashes now.

Last summer, the police raided a house where dozens of people from Seattle were having a party. But the dumb cops had no idea they had stormed into a gathering of psycho witches and spirits from hell. Even though they were able to beat and imprison some of them, the cops never escaped the curse that followed their foolish efforts. It fell all over them like lightning, from every direction. Perhaps the SPD will look back on 2011-2012 as the time the first shovels full of dirt began landing on their

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FIVE CHARGED IN MAY DAY MASSACRE

SEATTLE - Good citizens everywhere heaved a collective sigh of relief after five alleged window-murderers and window-murder sympathizers were charged November 20 with a slew of horrifying charges, including attempted window-murder, window murder, throwing a book at a police officer's head, rioting, and, most disturbing of all, kicking a police officer in the knee. These charges follow an intensive seven-month investigation into the May Day Window Massacre, the sad day thousands converged on downtown Seattle to engage in a day of unlawful, unruly protests against practically everything.

On May 1st, 2012, a day that has been successfully severed from its history and is now reserved for peaceful reformist protests, dozens of black-clad anarchist style vandals catalyzed an explosion of rage against several banks and corporations. On the heavily surveilled streets of Seattle's commercial core, the mob went on a window-

murder spree, causing several hundred thousands of dollars in damages to some of the wealthiest institutions of global capitalism. To the horror of respectable members of society, hundreds of angry wage-slaves laughed and cheered, some even joining the frenzy of destruction. A similar scene was repeated in cities around the world in one of the largest coordinated days of urban revolt in the last decade.

Fortunately for the forces of law and order, brave members of the media were standing ready to record any evil-doing. For their commitment to getting the video footage and photographs later used to identify several vandals, window-killers mercilessly attacked them with large sticks and home-made paint bombs.

After an early morning military-style SWAT raid on a Central District home and a public campaign aimed at finding snitches among the co-workers, friends, family members, and neighbors

of those photographed participating in the massacre, the authorities successfully scrounged up enough evidence to charge the May Day 5 with the aforementioned crimes against window-humanity. They will now be subject to a drawn out legal battle against a criminal justice system that must defend the status quo at all costs. The May Day 5 will be made into examples of what happens to you when you stop shopping and start smashing.

The prosecution will attempt to impose the harshest penalties possible, including large fines and confinement in a cinder block cage for a number of months. Again the state will mobilize its repressive apparatus to dissuade future acts of rebellion against law, order, exploitation, coercive state violence, alienation, catastrophic ecological devastation, and the sanctity of property. Insurgency again forestalled, the good citizenry will happily resume swallowing the shit funneled into their mouths. 🐦

For updates and more information, see: seattleantirepression.wordpress.com

JUDGE FINDS MADDY PFEIFFER GUILTY OF CIVIL CONTEMPT

On Friday, December 14, Federal district court judge Richard "Dickface" Jones found Olympia resident Maddy Pfeiffer guilty of civil contempt for refusing to provide information to the federal Grand Jury investigating anarchist activity in the Pacific Northwest. Maddy is expected to turn themselves in on December 26. Judge Dickface was magnanimous enough to allow Maddy the time to spend the holidays with their loved ones before they are forced to live in a cage for the duration of the investigation. It is possible that Maddy will be held until March of 2014.

The federal grand jury in Seattle is purportedly investigating the May Day protests, but it is widely decried as a witch hunt due to its focus only on the anarchist movement. Maddy will be joining KteeO Olejnik and Matt Duran

who are in prison for their own dedication to their principles and refusal to provide information to an investigative body that they view as invalid. Other grand jury subpoenants have chosen to leave everything behind in order to avoid the inevitable prison time they would receive upon refusing to testify. Both Olejnik and Duran remain strong in their resolve and appreciate the outpouring of support they have received from around the world.

Maddy writes, *"The state is trying to use broken windows as a reason to ruin people's lives. This is absurd, and I will oppose it to the fullest. This life-ruining system which they call "justice" is organized to defend property and capitalism. This system is against everything I believe in."* 🐦



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THE JAPANESE INTERNMENT

Or: a brief history of american fascism

In 1941, the federal government of the US was busy trying to keep its desperate and miserable population from rising up against them. The Great Depression had lasted for over a decade, bringing with it poverty, rebellion, and sorrow. In 1933, the same year that the Nazis came to power in Germany, the world economy had begun to recover. Unemployment in the US dropped from 25% in 1933 to 15% in 1941, in part due to the rearmament effort of the US military and the jobs that it created. Hitler had shown the world that fascism and war were the best stimulants for any economy, but in order to bring these countries out of the world depression, they would have to be ruled by a single authority. In the US, that authority was the federal government.

Throughout the Great Depression, the federal government created numerous programs to stimulate economic growth and increase domestic production. While many right-wing and conservative intellectuals will say this was an experiment in socialism that led the US into becoming a welfare state, we believe nothing of the sort. The federal programs of the 1930's were the equivalent of the planned economies created by Hitler and Stalin during the same time period. They were authoritarian measures created to place large geographical areas under a single authority.

All of the hungry and unemployed did not question the aid programs, the construction projects, or the newly created Social Security for two reasons: they had no money and no food. But behind all of this benevolence was something far more sinister than bread and work.

On December 7th, 1941, the Imperial Japanese Army attacked a US naval base in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Later that day, President Roosevelt signed Proclamation Number 2525, giving the Attorney General the ability to begin looking for foreign agents amongst the domestic population. The next day, all Japanese-American assets were seized and in the days that followed it was forbidden for them to possess cameras or arms. The

the land and turned it into a totalitarian police state. Nothing could be questioned. War was all.

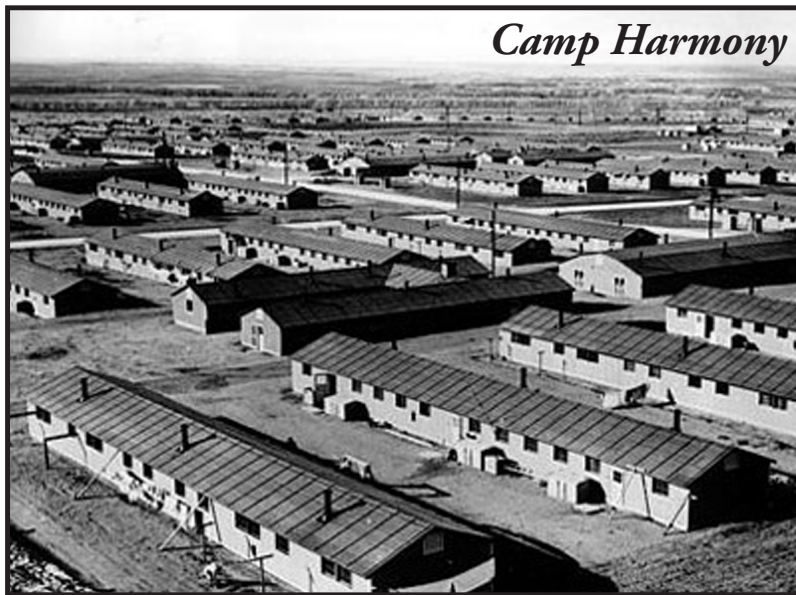
In Seattle, over 7,000 Japanese were rounded up, given a few days to liquidate or otherwise dispose of their remaining assets, and then were shipped south to Puyallup. At the time, the stretch of Jackson Street from 5th to 23rd was called Japantown, containing Japanese owned hotels, restaurants,

and bars. By the end of April 1942, its inhabitants had been removed to a concentration camp in Puyallup that had been dubbed Camp Harmony. From there, they were shipped off to the Minidoka Relocation Center in Idaho.

While they were gone, the population of Seattle began to ponder the fate of the newly imprisoned Japanese-Americans. Some openly called for them to be forced to do unpaid labor for the war effort.

Others publicly stated that the Japanese were an inferior race and should be kept in their camps even after the war was over. Only a few dared to contradict this racist hysteria. One Seattle newspaper had the following words on its front page for nearly thirty months: OUR OBJECTIVE: BANISH JAPS FOREVER FROM THE USA. Meanwhile, war production continued at the Boeing factories, thousands of young men from the city signed up to go fight in Europe or the Pacific, and press censorship became normal.

It would not be until 1945 that the prisoners would be allowed to return to Seattle. By that time, the rac-




FBI, under the command of the psychotic and eager J. Edgar Hoover, began ransacking thousands of Japanese homes and imprisoning whoever it deemed suspicious.

In January of 1942, the federal government began mapping out an "exclusion zone" on the west coast that would be cleansed of any undesirables. On February 19th, the president signed Executive Order Number 9066, authorizing the internment of all Japanese-Americans in what were then openly called concentration camps. It became a federal crime to resist any command given by the new military rulers of the US. In the span of only a few months, the federal government had taken over

ists had been stoking up anger in the city and using their presses to incite vigilante violence against them. Mayor William Devin, Dave Beck of the Teamster's Union, and Congressman Warren Magnuson all attempted to prevent the resettlement of the interned Japanese, spouting volumes of racist propaganda from their seats of power. Unsurprisingly, Magnuson now has a park in the wealthy Windermere neighborhood. However, despite he and his fellows efforts, the thousands of interned Japanese returned to Seattle and began to rebuild their lives.

Once the war was over and millions of lives had been sacrificed, the economy began to grow again. All across the world, money flowed and production increased. War had saved capitalism. The prosperity of the 1950's helped many Americans to forget the totalitarianism of the war years or at least to see it as an evil necessary in order to protect the homeland. But only those who chose to not see could succeed at becoming blind. In 1950, the Subversive Activities Control Act was passed, giving the federal government the ability to imprison and deport any undesirables. It also outlawed protesting in front of federal courthouses. All of this was done to protect the homeland from communists.

Japanese, communists, Arabs, and anarchists have all been subjected to attacks by the federal government. They always need some group to point at, some target to deflect popular anger on, some renegades to imprison. Fascism has lived within the US borders for decades now, although it is always obscured and forgotten. Never forget Camp Harmony. It has happened here before and it can happen again. Be vigilant, be smart, and above all, do your best to transmit the forgotten histories of Seattle. 

KING OF THE COUNTY



King County



King County

BEFORE AFTER

In an attempt to hide its ultimately racist foundations and functioning, King County Council passed a resolution on February 24, 1986, renaming King County to commemorate Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. rather than William Rufus de Vane King (1786-1853), the slave-owning vice-president-elect for whom the county was named in 1852. Then in 2007, as you may remember, King County changed its logo from a crown to the image of Dr. King now seen throughout the county. In photos from the day the County Council unveiled the new logo, this group of mostly-white, middle-aged, power-hungry fools is clustered around a large print of it, grinning proudly. Seattle, the emerald in King County's crown, again proved itself to be a stunning civic example of Dr. King's legacy: racial harmony.

Yeah fucking right. This all happened during a period in which gentrification was sweeping down Martin Luther King, Jr. Way in Seattle's Central District, with rapidly increasing housing costs pushing more and more black residents into South and West Seattle and many of them right out of the city all together. This process wasn't just some accident; it was encouraged by local politicians through programs like Weed and Seed.

"The CD used to be a red-lined black neighborhood. When Seattle began to make its 'post-industrial' turn in the 1990s, the CD's proximity to the city's commercial core made it increasingly attractive as a bedroom community for young urban professionals looking to settle down and raise a family. Under the cover of the war on drugs, the city was able to seize any property used for the repeated sale of narcotics (justified as a 'weeding out' of crack houses) and then to sell (or 'seed') those properties to younger, whiter professionals looking to buy their first home. This program of 'weed and seed' ensured that, between the 1990 and 2000 censuses, Seattle's 'black neighborhood' became majority white. Since then, the racial character of gentrification in the CD has gained complexity, with the neighborhood increasing in white population, though also becoming more diverse."*

As in several cities throughout the US, Seattle's Weed and Seed program funneled federal funding towards reshaping the physical and social terrain of entire neighborhoods to best expand profit-making potential. It was sold as a way to put a stop to crime but it really just relocated volatile "undesirables" out of prime real estate and into prison or the city's outskirts. Local administrators divided funding between policing and ostensibly "community-based" crime prevention programs within the nonprofit industrial complex. Starting in the early 1990's and continu-

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*"White Empire," Red Spark Collective. See the article for interesting maps charting demographic changes in Seattle.

We were sitting in front of Bauhaus, on the Pine side, lulled half to sleep but still overstimulated, talking about something, drinking coffee. A couple kids had just tagged on the notice of construction sign, the one reminding us that the cafe would be closed down soon so some developers could build a condo. I got up from my chair and went to see what they'd written. In bright pink letters their message read BURN IN HELL YUPPIES. A year ago I might have recoiled, thinking they were directing those words to me and my friends. But not that day, not at all. They were on my side, or I was on their side, and it was definitely winter, freezing, bitter.

"What do you think's gonna happen tomorrow?" Abigail asked, adjusting her glasses.

"What? 2012? Nothing. You'll go to work, I'll sleep in."

"You don't..."

She didn't finish. Right about then an old pick-up truck pulled over across the street, parking in front of the blue mailbox. It had a camouflage tarp covering a pile of garbage that was stacked in the bed. I remember thinking the three people who got out of the truck looked familiar, but then Abigail continued her thought.

"Fuck it, I'm not going to work tomorrow. What the fuck? Let's do something tomorrow."

"Besides sleep in, you mean?"

"I know, pretty tough, right? Figuring out how to make tomorrow not like today."

Across the street, those three people who I might have known were fiddling with the junk under their tarp. Cold wind hit my face, I looked down at my feet, and there was an OBAMA 2012 stencil painted on the sidewalk, already

YESTERDAY

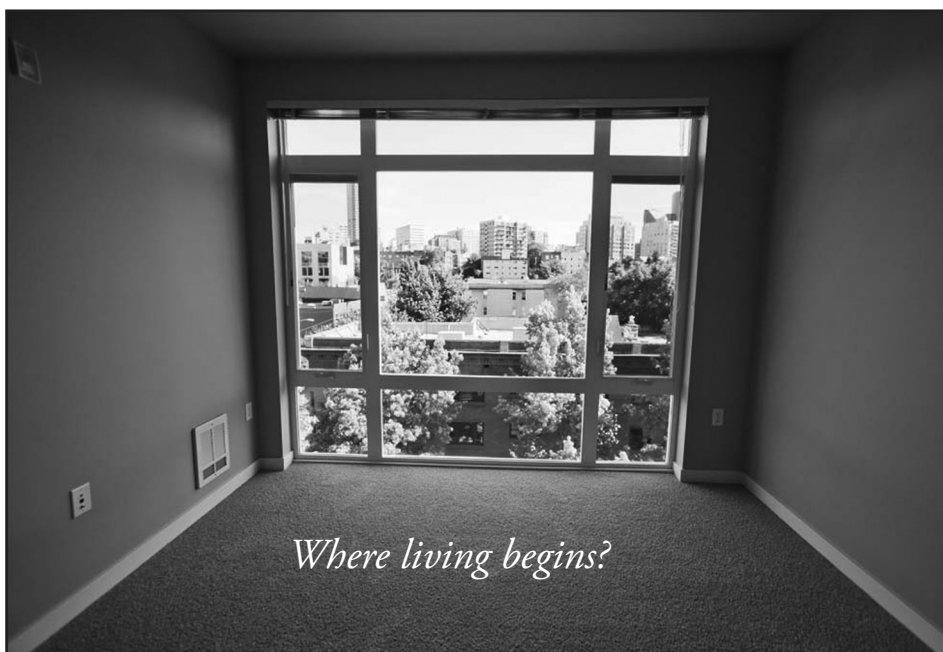
a little faded, covered in soggy leaves and cigarette butts.

"Remember how happy everyone was on election night?" I asked, pulling my scarf over my mouth. "Then the next day we went to work."

"I just remember puking my guts out up the street there that night, by those condos. What are they called again, those ugly old things?"

"Lavir."

"Lavir. Right. Lavir. Yeah, let's La-



Where living begins?

vir, let's all Lavir!"

The old guy sitting next to us on the metal chairs looked up from his phone and nodded his head.

"Either of you live here back then, before they tore down the old blocks?" he asked.

Both of us shook our heads. Negative. He took a breath, like he was about to tell us a long story about everything that had changed in the neighborhood, maybe something funny, a few anecdotes about the good times, ultimately ending with some sad, mournful statement, followed by a puff on his cigarette and the resumption of his internet browsing. But he didn't say anything, he didn't have the chance. His eyes wid-

ened, I heard a loud clattering, and half the people who'd been sitting outside with us stood up and walked into the street.

They put ski masks on their faces and ran to help those three in the truck pull tires and wooden palates out of the bed. Everyone outside started making high pitched noises, sort of like monkeys, but I also can't remember the next few moments so well because I also want to tell you that it sounded like ten thousand bees suddenly buzzing around a fallen nest. And if I'm to believe Abigail, I was making some of those noises, excited

beyond belief at what was happening.

A lady wearing a neon green ski mask started pouring gasoline all over the tires and wood and it was right about then that the noises got louder. Car horns, the sudden and deep roar of the gasoline igniting, more high pitched screaming, like war cries, actual war cries coming from

these people's souls.

Without any lucid memory of how it came to be, I can tell you that Abigail and I were dancing in a circle at the intersection of Pine and Melrose, jumping up and down, suddenly warm, definitely alive, definitely awake. Street kids from up the hill were taking turns leaping over the flames and some of the people in ski masks were busy painting messages all over the ground like THIS IS IT and WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

And then I was back in Bauhaus, standing behind someone in a ski mask. She was holding a megaphone to her mouth and all the customers in the bottom floor were standing in a half circle

around her, some of them still holding their coffee cups.

“You know all of us! But you don’t recognize us! Not even in the mirror do you recognize yourself! We are here to remind you! Freedom is free! They have stripped away your power and tricked you into believing they are the same as nature, unstoppable and inevitable! Nature is not concrete, construction cranes are not trees, and you free! Fight for what you love!”

After that it was a flood of people, bigger flames, and the police.

I’d never yelled at the cops before, not even when they gave me parking tickets. It felt good to yell at them, even though they weren’t the development company. They looked scared, outnumbered, ready to run away from the smoke and shrieks and madness.

In the midst of telling the police to fuck off, I almost tripped on a river rock. There was a clattering noise and one of the ski mask people was dumping a duffel bag full of these smooth stones on the ground. Most of you already know this, but if you don’t, believe me. Everyone was throwing rocks, joyously, crazily, chasing the cops up the hill. Dozens of people swarmed around one of the abandoned blue cruisers then quickly flipped it over. Abigail and I kept walking up Pine and when I looked backwards the car was on fire and then the people in front of me started smashing apart the new condo and my last memory before the stampede was the window advertisement for the condo falling to the ground and the words LET’S LIVAR crumbling into tiny shards on the sidewalk.

Abigail and I got separated when the

police charged at us. I was running with a couple hundred others through the clogged traffic, past the burning cop car, back down to the cafe where the big fire was still burning and the streets were still filled with jubilant people. When it was clear the cops were content to guard the condo up the street, I started looking for her and there she was, standing by the fire, puffing on a cigarette, her head tilted back, eyes fixed on the black smoke rising into the sky.

I didn’t say anything to her, just stood at her side, content with the knowledge that this was what the end of the world looked like and it had arrived a day earlier than expected. You all know what happened that night, so I won’t bother explaining it. There’s nothing more to say. That was how it started and this is how it will end. 🐦

KING COUNTY

◀ CONTINUED FROM PG. 5

ing today, the city has spent millions of federal dollars on increased policing in the Central District, White Center, and Rainier Beach. Meanwhile, several new nonprofit organizations have appeared. These could at best address only the shallowest roots of horizontal violence and drug-use within Seattle’s poorest neighborhoods. The deeper roots have remained, and much of the so-called “crime” has simply migrated elsewhere. The Central District might now seem safer to the jumpy suburbans who’ve moved in, but the increase in gun violence tells a more complex story about what is happening in Seattle.

Humble as it pretends to be, King County is a center of world capitalism; it is an important node in the network of domination. Several large corporations, including Amazon, Microsoft, and Boeing, call King County home, and their influence has shaped the area’s social, political, and economic character. It is here, as in all urban areas, that stolen life has been condensed

into glass towers and mountains of shipping containers and miles and miles of rich neighborhoods. What makes this place unique is the lengths those governing it will go to disguise this fact. Seattle itself is a place where politically correct double-speak and capitalist green-washing have been perfected into an art.

With the change in King County’s eponym and logo, the image and myth of Martin Luther King Jr. was once again used by the state PR machine to cloak systemic racism, buff capitalism’s rougher edges, and usher in acceptable forms of resistance to both. The County should have just kept its old symbolic reverence for authority and white supremacy; it would have been more honest. 🐦



To read more about Martin Luther King, Jr. and the legacy of compulsory pacifism, see *How Nonviolence Protects the State* (Peter Gelderloos) and also *Smash Pacifism: A Critical Analysis of Gandhi and King*, available through Warrior Publications.

warriorpublications.wordpress.com

NEW YEAR'S EVE NOISE DEMO

in solidarity with

GRAND JURY RESISTERS

8:30-10pm



Noise demonstrations are meant to break the isolation of prison by breaking through the walls with the sounds of solidarity. In a very real way, this small gesture can remind those on the inside that they are not alone and that there are many of us out here who are fighting alongside them.

Bring noise-makers, signs, pots and pans, your sound system, flyers, banners, etc.

SEATAC FEDERAL DETENTION CENTER

2425 S. 200th St.

THE INSIDE STORY: JELLY SQUAT!

...the fact that the squatters will get off with no punishment makes this indignity hurt even more.

Exactly one year prior to my typing this, give or take an hour or two, a few dozen people walked, tailed by cops, down the middle of a busy street, to an empty house, broke in and claimed it, not knowing if it could even be kept for a few minutes. A few minutes became a few hours, a few hours became a weekend, a weekend became two months, and countless unforgettable moments that both challenged how much we were willing to risk to do something cool with an abandoned building and gave new meaning to the phrase “party politics”.

Besides *Tides of Flame*, all the usual news crews were talking about us. On the day of our eviction, I saw us on King, Kiro, Komo, and Fox, heard about us on NPR, read about us in *Seattle Weekly*, *Seattle PI*, *Seattle Times*, and *Central District News*, who'd been stopping by for updates somewhat regularly. Even Garfield High School's newspaper, *The Messenger*, had done a write-up on our squat, complete with interviews. I even know of two 'zines that have printed pieces about the fish clique: Using Space, from The U.K. (twice), and PHolX, from Phoenix. People from Portland, Canada, the East Coast, etc., came by and said they'd heard about the squat and wanted to check it out. I'd seen us on TV, and now I've heard about us when I've traveled. It almost seems ridiculous to print something *else* about it, but most of what's been printed and broadcasted are lies, and I was convinced to type this up by another former resident who was at the squat less frequently than some, and who felt like even they didn't have the complete picture of everything that went on there.

It was that same person who, one year and a couple hours ago, asked if I was coming on the march, as I walked past, on my way to a friend's tent at the Oc-

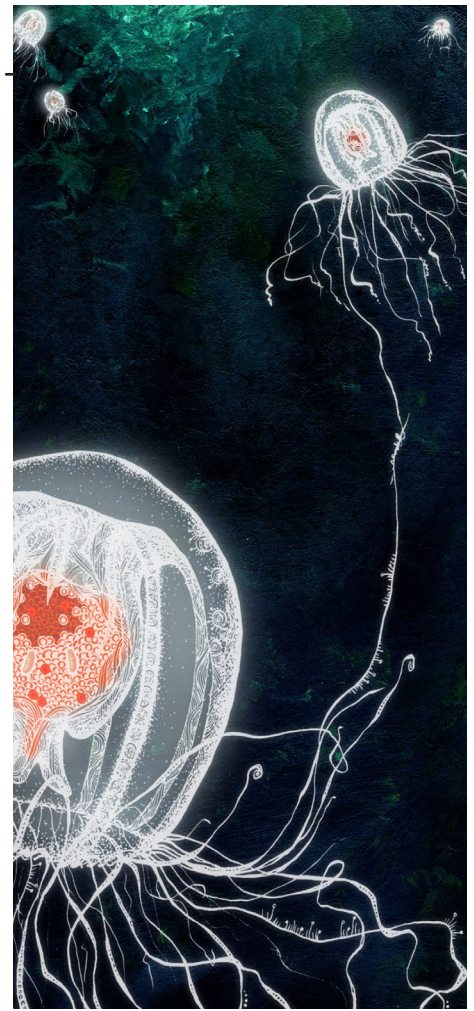
King 5 News on the eviction of the *Turritopsis Nutricula* collective (23rd & Alder)

cupy Seattle encampment at SCCC. I'd seen it on facebook, probably RSVPed, and forgotten about it, but didn't have anything else planned that day, so I grabbed my backpack and went along.

Break in. Party. Fox. Barricade. Party. Komo. More break ins, more houses. King. Party. Fight. Port shut-down. Party. Kiro. Fight. Party. Fight. Party. Cops. Media. Media. Media.

12 bedrooms. About 25 people, on average. Long nights, busy days, and a gorgeous view of Seattle from the second floor. It's impossible to really explain what it was like to live in that house, but I can't help wanting to try. That house became the backdrop for some of the most exhilarating, depressing, infuriating, and inspiring moments of my life. Two intense months pass, months of partying, fixing up the house, organizing with other squatters, opening more squats, defending the one we had, and participating in other actions around Seattle, and then we're finally evicted. The media never stopped watching. Every other morning, there was a knock at the door, from Fox, or whomever. Trying to find something they could use against us.

Corporate media tends to go one of two ways to delegitimize dissidents: it makes them out to be either drunk hippy crackheads, or violent, sociopathic hooligans. Ironically, in our case, they went with the former. Stories of a mythical crack pipe and other nonexistent intoxicants, as well as bottles of urine (vinegar irl) allegedly found in the house's wreckage, blew up, while no one commented on the (actual) flying bullets, machetes, or fist-fights. To be clear, The T.N. squat was 1. a sober house, 2. frequently cleaned and sanitized, 3.



Turritopsis nutricula: the immortal jellyfish.

roach and rodent-free and 4. the most violent house I've ever lived in (which, having previously lived with S.H.A.R.P.s and gangsters, is saying something). Not surprisingly, though, every time I looked in the comments of any news story about us, Seattle seemed convinced that we were going to die from choking on our own vomit, needles still sticking out of each arm, lying face-up in a pool of spilled beer in an unlit, trashed room, infested with cockroaches and rats. No one ever warned me about death-by-gunshot. No cautionary tales of SWAT actions. Just lethal hangers.

I wonder what they would have said, if they'd been there when one collective member threw another resident over our water barrel...or when one occupant was expelled from the house for being a pacifist. I wonder what they'd say about #4 on our “House ‘Rules’” list: “No Non-

violence,” or about the death threats issued to us by one guest who was physically removed for misogyny, or about the police shotguns in our faces at 4AM.

And I wonder what they'd say about the neighbor who came over to start shit, taking the advice from the local black radio station, then after meeting us, decided he liked us, and called that radio station to tell them they had us all wrong, and that more people in the neighborhood should be involved in projects like ours.

I was at the house every night, and at least part of every day, from the moment we took it, to the moment it was taken from us. Most of what I consider to be the most significant moments there, of course, weren't reported by media, and probably weren't known very far outside our circles of friends.

Everyone knows we had issues with some of our neighbors, but most don't realize exactly how bad those problems were. Considering that many of the people who organized and lived in the house were people of color, many being from the Central District, and that all of us were working class and actively opposing gentrification (some of us in multiple ways), and that the reclamation and occupation of the house was partly an anti-gentrification project, it was a little surprising when a neighbor came in to pick fights because they viewed us as white yuppie gentrifying invaders. Especially since a long-time community organizer from the CD, who happened to be a mutual friend of the house and this neighbor, was there and trying to point out those fallacies to him at the time. And it wasn't exactly unexpected, but definitely irritating as fuck, that he dealt with his cognitive dissonance by simply referring to all the black people there as “Uncle Toms” and attacked them for living with us “european klan devils.”

And I somehow still wasn't surprised when he said that “Black people are the

superior race, and all others will be subservient to their black masters.” It was beautiful though, that people stood up to him, fought him back and forced him out. I don't know if he had a part in it, but it was only a day later when some other neighbors knocked on the door and told us to get out of their house, after claiming it was their dad's house and he left it to them in his will (even though the owner of the house, Denmark West, is very much alive—his wife died years ago, but unfortunately he's still around, turning profits for BET). After we refused, and informed them the house was ours, they tried to push their way in, but another collective member and I forced them out and barricaded the door behind them. Later that night, we got a



call from a friend a few blocks down the street, saying that there were around 10 people wearing red bandanas, heading toward the house, so we called our friends in the neighborhood, and dozens of people came over, ready for whatever.

We didn't know who was coming, or what they were planning to do. And they didn't know that we knew they were coming, or how much support we had. As people were still showing up, the group we'd been warned about-- some of whom had tried to force their way in earlier-- showed up, and started yelling to get out of the house. A few friends outside (people who knew them) tried talking with them to convince them to go home. It didn't work. They tried to kick

the doors in, and when they couldn't, they threw a rock through a window.

In response, about 40 people mobbed out of the house, holding axes, machetes and guns. After they took off, we didn't have any more problems for a while, until some other neighbors broke another window of ours, seemingly for fun, and a bunch of squatmates chased them down 23rd Ave. One of the neighbors took out a gun and started shooting at the squatters while running away. No one was really injured. Only one person was grazed, in the ass. That was the last time we had any violent problems with the neighbors, though other neighbors still talked shit and tried other methods to force us out.

Particularly the next door neighbor, who was in the business of repossessing houses, or some shit like that. My favorite was the time a family in the apartment complex next door (on the opposite side of the repo neighbors) set fire to their apartment, called the police, and told them we did it, then singled out one girl in particular, who hadn't even left the house yet that day. That didn't accomplish anything other than making them look silly as hell, but the complaints to the Department of Planning and Development did.

Denmark West, worried about a lawsuit, in the event of police raid-related injuries incurred on his property, refused to authorize police action to remove us...until the DPD started fining him for every day we stayed in the house, on the grounds that the house was “unlivable”. His initial hesitation to send the police after us, though, granted us tenant status, and meant he had to have us evicted. We fought the eviction, and got it pushed back a few times, and when an eviction date was finally set, we resisted it the best way we could think of: we threw a party! The house swelled with people all night. We had a DJ and a dance floor, food and drinks, and more people than could fit in the 2-story, 12-bedroom house. The police did come, looked around from ▶

◀ CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PG.

the sidewalk, asked some people outside to keep the noise down, and left. It was over a week later, at 4AM, after the excitement had died down, when they blocked the streets for 3 blocks in every direction, and came back with SWAT gear, tanks, a bomb robot and gas-powered saws, and kicked us out at gunpoint. If there's a moral to that story, I guess it's something like "never stop partying."

I gotta wonder what all those news site trolls would say if they knew what it was really like to live there. I mean, I'm a bit curious, but I don't mean to imply that I care what they'd say. You can't expect honesty from gentrifiers, or the media, and nothing any media source or commenter can say could ever diminish the experience of living in that house, or the importance of anything I saw happen because of it. I'll never forget walking through several rooms, seeing friends gripping axes, poles, machetes, hammers, a pickaxe, ready to defend themselves from a group of (presumably armed) people outside, trying to break through our castle locks...I'll never forget seeing rival gang members cooperating and defending the same house...I'll never forget our door being cut down by rabid cops with a gas-powered saw, a robot, a couple of urban tanks and a bunch of shot guns. Going home to a high-profile squat, after participating in a port shut-down and getting hit with a flash-bang grenade, hearing a young friend tell me that the jellysquat was the first place they'd been that they felt was really free of ageism, celebrating Christmas in an expropriated house, with stolen electricity and water, amazing people and way too much food (from all the gifts people brought), and partying all night with 80 to 100 friends, to stave off an eviction, are some of my favorite memories. And one year later, I still haven't O.D.ed!

Btw, if we're keeping score, I'd call it a victory on all accounts: Over the course of two months, the jellies helped open half a dozen squats, defended the most

public and high-profile of them in court and on the street, set up a small library and communal kitchen, open to anyone, vandalized a bunch of yuppie shit, and helped organize a loose squatter network in and around Seattle to help with eviction resistance. And of course, the pigs didn't want us in the house to begin with, but there were no consequences whatsoever for taking it. Just incredible memories. And afterward, we just went to the next squat. 🐦

ALL DONE

◀ CONTINUED FROM PG. 2

dead organization. Just before the rest of their gang goes mad with despair, we hope that they remember just what disgusting fuckers they were to the people they policed.

But you know what else happened in the last year and a half? Everything! It was like a hyper-dimensional object passed through the dull hum of the city. We have so many fond memories, but what about the building that was taken over on 10th and Union last December? Do any of you remember that? All those crazies climbing on the roof and building barricades and painting on the walls and blasting music? Yeah, well, that didn't last; some shitbag yuppie who works at Neumos frantically called the police, and a SWAT team arrived to clear the building. Yeah, that sounds pretty fucking stupid, right? Well, right after you go spit on the bastard at Neumos who has no imagination and no spine, go walk around the corner and you'll see what's there now: condos rising into the air.

Sometimes, when we're desperate and sad, we'll go crazy at some party or on the sidewalk, we'll drink too much or get too excited and make a scene that is so abrupt it will make us happy again. But it is best when it happens with hundreds of us, thousands of us, all together,

no longer just crazy and sad but also joyous, rebellious, and free. This is best.

And let us assure you, chickens, once enough people are able to muster the courage to act together and get rid of the entities that rule over them, the destructive frenzy will be followed by some panting, some laughter, an intense feeling of love and connection with each other, and the desire to do it all again. And the reason you'll want to do it again is because there is so much to destroy and it is only when the world is healing that our lives will be whole again. In between these frenzies there will be creation because we all will do what we can to take care of those we love and manifest a world that does not resemble this one, something we are all capable of, every day.

We'll be honest, we didn't grow up here. Only a handful of the contributors did. Most of us have lived here off on and on for a while. Some have settled down. All of us are generally tired, angry, and waiting for any cracks to appear in the walls. But let's be real for a second. These aren't our neighborhoods. Why aren't you all defending what you love? Do you love money? Do you love stupid architecture? Do you love the idiots you vote into office? Is your boss really your friend? Are you really going to be passed around all your life to whoever is feeling generous enough to buy your time and body? Maybe it's love that is the issue, then? Maybe they've stolen that from you as well. Maybe you've just forgotten.

Well, we're clearly the people to tell you what is, huh? No, sorry. But we do know that once you feel it again, you'll know how to fight, to keep what you love free and safe. We know how hard it is, how hollow it can make you, but trust us, it gets better when you realize what you have to do and set about doing it. So long, thanks for everything, keep it real, keep it going, never stop, spread chaos, live freely, love your body, and be there next time.

Forever yours,
The witches and spirits of
Tides of Flame 🐦

THANK YOU

In no particular order, we would like to thank everyone who read *Tides of Flame* and found something worthwhile inside its pages; Matt, Kteeo, Maddy, Steve, and every other Grand Jury resister and non-cooperating prisoner of the social war; the Seattle Commune for materially and psychologically supporting us in our efforts; Brendan Kiley of *The Stranger* for being a good man and a fine writer; the CCEJ and Bent for obvious reasons; Left Bank Books; the former residents of Turritopsis Nutricula and all Seattle squatters; the Seattle Solidarity Network for pissing off landlords and bosses; all the various writers who have contributed to the newspaper over the last year and a half—your words have made this possible (and sorry for the edits you got mad about way back when); Ed Mead, Mark Cook, everyone who still fights, still resists, still struggles after all the heartbreak, broken promises, and shattered dreams; the Highline for getting us drunk and holding anarchist events; the Cockpit for allowing anarchist debauchery and madness a couple times; the wage slaves of Bauhaus and Hot Mama's for not throwing out all of our magazines; The Wildcat for being what it is; UMOJA Peace Center; Omari for keeping us in the loop; Puget Sound Anarchists dot org for keeping everyone up to speed; Christopher Frizzelle of *The Stranger* for giving us a positive review once; GLITUR; the Grrrl Army, the Oakland Commune for inspiring us; anyone who ever printed and distributed this paper just because they liked it; all of the fantastic nighttime rebels (stay wild & free!), our comrades, our families, and each other.

+FUCK YOU

Everyone who voted for the tyrannical and murderous system we still live under; *The Stranger* for encouraging its readers to vote yes for a new condo/jail on 12th and for encouraging mindless consumerism and distraction; every single facet of governance in Seattle, especially the corrupt and vile employees of the SPD; every stupid liberal who legitimizes police terror and violence with their inane words and shallow thinking; every right-wing psychopath that cheers when the state kills someone; Mayor Mike McGinn for being a worthless, lying maggot; the city council for sniffing his ass while he shits on everyone; *The Seattle Weekly* for being a worthless pile of crap; Jonah Spangenthal-Lee and Sean Whitcomb for being disgusting pig lovers; the architects of the Capitol Hill Seattle blog for promoting and encouraging gentrification; Central District News; all of the developers that have destroyed Capitol Hill; all of the rich idiots that allowed them to; loss prevention agents and rent-a-cops in general; all snitches everywhere, especially those who incriminated people now facing charges for May Day; Phoenix Jones and his pathetic stooges; and YOU if you're an asshole.

WE HEARD SCREAM- ING

[T]he silence about the now-chronic death spree speaks loudly. The pathology is too close to the question of the very nature of modern mass society. U.S. data, by the way, is increasingly duplicated in other developed and developing countries. Evidently, the more technological the society, the more likely carnage will occur. And this cuts across cultural differences by and large, underlining the importance of the technological factor.

Technology can't be said to be the only factor, but it is very much related to what I think is the bottom-line reality behind these near-daily rampages: the disappearance of community—face-to-face community. When community is gone, or nearly so, anything can happen—and anything does happen.

As community heads to a vanishing point, social ties and human solidarity are lost, of course. Nihilistic [sic] acts, including shootings, are symptoms of the isolating emptiness of mass society. How could it be otherwise?

The antidote lies in finding a basis for a renewal of community: moving away from the technified wasteland of ever more massified and dispersed society. We must not stumble on with what passes for political dialog, a discourse that addresses almost nothing of real consequence. The shocking scandal mounts and it is past time to look at what society is fast becoming and why. - John Zerzan

PAY ATTENTION TO NEW ENERGY INFRASTRUCTURE

We don't have a lot of time or space left to really get into it, but we wanted to put at least a little something out there, to cast a spell and to give a warning.

Energy companies are scheming with the Canadian and U.S. states to greatly expand fossil fuel extraction and transport infrastructure throughout this bioregion (and far beyond). As the economic crisis deepens, the capitalists are in a frenzy to find new ways to turn a profit. This has nothing to do with "energy independence" and everything to do with making money and keeping the system running. Expect mounting resistance.

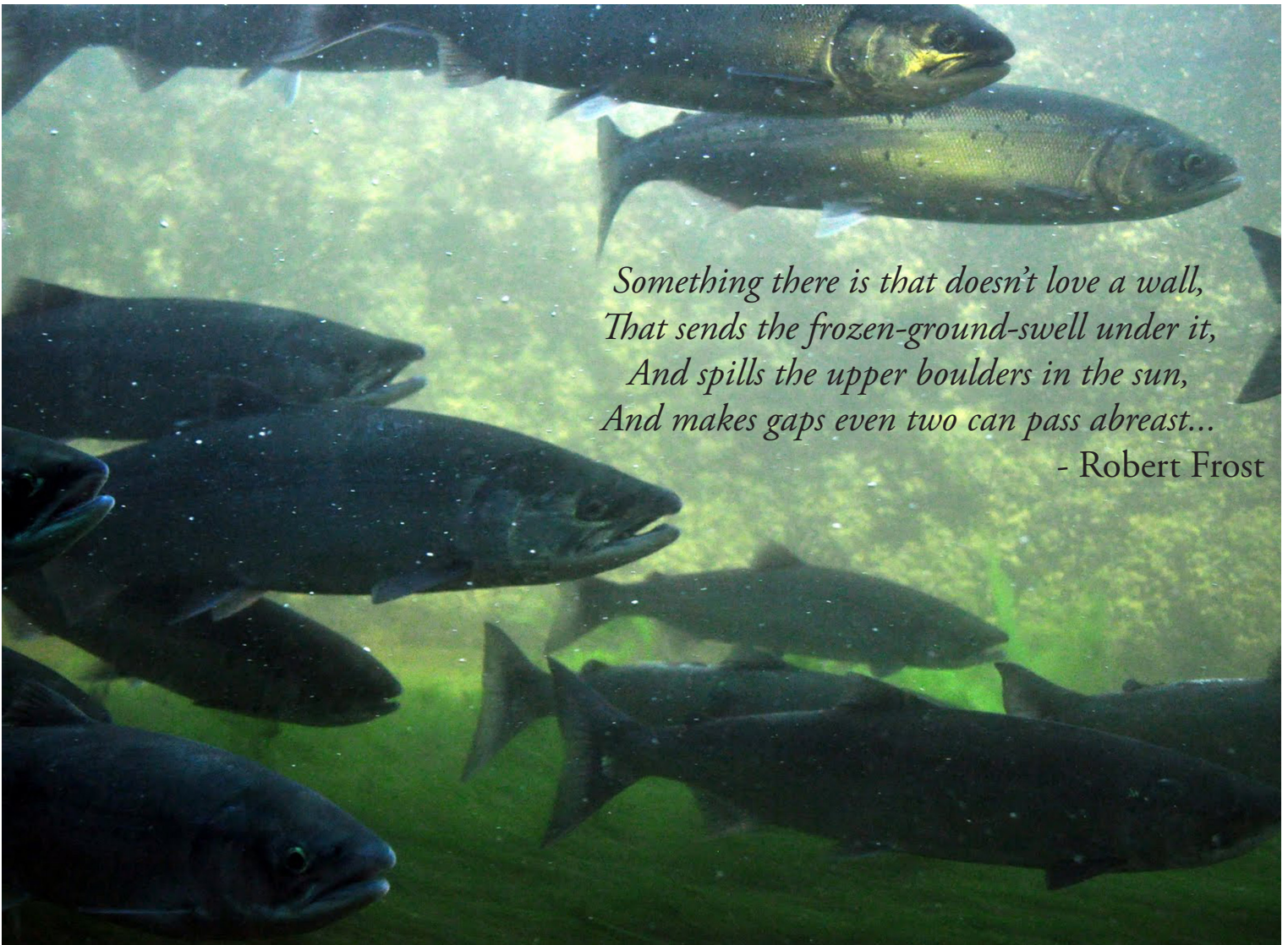
Indigenous anti-colonial forces have thus far been at the forefront of several interconnected struggles against natural gas and tar sands oil pipelines. (unistotencamp.wordpress.com) But, despite industry green-washing and politicians' promises of well-paying jobs, more and more people are joining the fight. Could some kind of rural Occupy 2.0 be brewing? But way better? Blockades, wilderness encampments, a new generation of warriors? It has already begun.

We look at photos from forest battles in the Nantes, France, Zone à Defendre and see images from our own future. (zad.nadir.org)

The expansion of fossil fuel infrastructure can only mean further ecological devastation and dangerous, unhealthy jobs. Spectacular, large-scale industrial accidents like spills, explosions, and burst pipelines are inevitable. Even worse are the mundane catastrophes always spilling from tail-pipes and washing from the streets into the fragile waterways that support all life.

This is going to be huge.

Pay attention and prepare to fight. 🔥



*Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast...*

- Robert Frost

pugetsoundanarchists.org
blackcoffeecoop.com
anarchistnews.org

thewildcat.org
theanarchistlibrary.org
saynothing.info