

These women are confirmed plainclothes police in the crowd during MayDay 2015. They were seen putting on radios and other police equipment before the march and retreated behind police lines when confronted.



If you see them at future demos please warn those around you and confront them if you are able.

CAUTIONARY NOTE TO PROTESTERS, RIOTERS, AND COMBATANTS: STAY FREE

- Do not keep the clothes you wore at the demonstration. Dispose of them securely. If you did anything that might have been illegal, or could be mistaken for someone who did, ditch those clothes before they become evidence against you!
- Similarly, do not keep any other instrument you used to commit a crime. For example, there are photos in the media of people breaking windows with visible, recognizable implements. Ditch those tools before they become evidence against you!
- Do not brag about rioting or other illegal activity, especially not on the internet or in texts!
- The police will be scouring Facebook and other social-media, looking for such boasts. If they arrest you, they will confiscate your phone and use information they find in text messages (including ones you think are deleted) as evidence against you. Resist the urge to brag to friends.

NEVER PROVIDE INFORMATION ABOUT OTHER DEMONSTRATORS TO LAW ENFORCEMENT!

This is most easily accomplished by not talking to the police at all.

STORMING HEAVEN

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FROM THE EDITORS:

This is a collection of some of the events that occurred in the Pacific Northwest between the night that the state of Missouri chose to not indict officer Darren Wilson in the shooting death of Mike Brown, and the beat-down handed out to a group of Nazis on the streets of Olympia by a crowd of 300. We chose this timeframe because we see a correlation, and we would like to share it with others and our future selves. There is a lot to be said about the crests and waves, peaks and falls of anarchists across this country and beyond, and often those who talk of these things express these events as a progression through history. Our intention is not to attempt to completely dispel this idea, but to challenge the fractured and linear thoughts on time that has been invoked.

To keep something from becoming history, “the past,” we must consistently speak of it in the present. We must learn to see the ways in which the moments that have passed always leave impressions on the shaping of the future. Vacuums are not real, and our actions cannot and do not live inside of them. If one were able to take a birds-eye perspective of the last five years in the Pacific Northwest, it would be clear how the demonstrations around the killing of John T. Williams, the generalized

anti-police activity of 2011, May Day 2012, Grand Jury Anti-Repression organizing, and the myriad of other anarchist activities, have brought us to where we stand today. The bodies changed, the groups disbanded and reformed, people moved in and out of the region, but the sentiments carried us forward; always dropping the silt that would become our shaky but ever present grounding.

This is why we’ve chosen this specific moment to highlight the actions of anarchists and others who dare to take defiant stances. Not all of the demonstrations or actions were called for or organized by anarchists, but they happened inside of a timeframe where the general sentiment of revolt makes it impossible to ignore the unspoken cross-references. The nights in the streets that were incredible, partially were so due to the way anarchists were pushed by non-anarchists, both into and out of action. This is not intended to be a list of victories, or a recapping of damages to businesses, but an exploration into the courage and conviction of those who came to oppose the fucked world they have been presented with. At times, this manifested as rowdy demonstrations leaving from Seattle Central, and at other times it was graffiti or nighttime attacks on structures of domination. All of it had hand in pushing us to where we stand today.

Included are not only the report-backs you can find on pugetsoundanarchists.org or other similar blogs, but also the anonymous personal narratives of participants. Of those whose eyes smiled at the sight of the smashed windows, of those who ran from the flash-bangs and projectiles hurled at them. The stories of those who went home disgusted at our failings, and those who've never felt more alive.

However, there is a reason we focus on action, on the nights spent in the street playing cat-and-mouse with the cops throughout Capitol Hill and beyond. It is because they are our most beautiful and most grotesque moments. As strangers we gather and make short, unspoken bonds of trust. *We will snatch you back as the police try to tear you away, we will warn you of the danger we see around the corner, we will carry you from the melee once you are saturated by pepper-spray, we will hold on tight as the flash-bangs roll past our feet.* And we will do it without any knowledge of who you are. Our willingness to put our bodies in danger for complete strangers simply because we have come together to fight the same thing is this beauty.

Over the last year, the fires that have been raging across this country for over 500 years have picked up an intense gust of wind, feeding their frenzy. We write this as the one-year anniversary of Mike Brown's death has just passed and those flames still rise the highest in recent memory. Since those two weeks in August, when we learned the name of a small town in St. Louis County, the names of those killed by the police have only grown. The war that has been raging against black communities has somehow intensified and become more asymmetric as open and unabashed white supremacists make a bold return. The temperatures keep rising, salmon keep dying and children's jails continue to be built, while those who hold opposition inside themselves continue to show up. There has never been

and will never be a promise of a better world, but those who have decided to rage against a slow death keep making their presence known.

We have a hope that this collection will both inspire movement and conversation. That when the rain is coming too heavy, or the forces of recuperation far too daunting, that we can look back at some of the things we were able to do together. The moments where all of the bodies became a blur, and the smiles extended from face to face without end. Where the cops retreated under the rocks and Nazis fled for fear of their lives. It is these moments that shape our present and our most immediate future.

The anti-Nazi protestors marched back to Percival Landing with much jubilation. Everyone in the march seemed pleased with the outcome. The condemnation of things turning to violence that might be expected was notably absent. A lot of people seemed to have a different threshold for violence when it came to Nazis. This was certainly the case with many of the spectators who came out of the bar to ask what had gone down. When told that the protesters had chased the Nazis out of town the typical reply was "Right on!" or "Fuck yeah!"

When the anti-Nazi march reached the landing the crowd picked up chants of, "Black Lives Matter!" A young twenty-something African American man who had been seen stepping out of one of the bars and overheard expressing some rather skeptical remarks about what the protesters were all about as they marched on City Hall, stepped out from the curb, raised his arms, and shouted the crowd down, asking to speak. When everyone fell silent he said in a loud, clear, voice, "I want to thank you all for showing up and standing up for something!" Everyone burst into cheers and picked up the chant of "Black lives matter!" The young man raised his arms, shouted down the crowd again, and spoke out again, "I see a lot of white faces out here." He paused for just an instant and then started to chant "All lives matter!" The crowd hesitated for a second, some skeptical, but then picked up the chant.

It would have been perfect if things had ended right there, but that isn't how things work in the real world. The crowd started to get furtive and restless. A truck trying to make its way through the crowd hit a bicycle and a scuffle broke out. The crowd started to disperse and then reports began to filter in from the police scanner that three trucks with about thirty Nazis had

been sighted on the west side of town and were headed downtown—and that a SWAT team had been deployed to intercept them. People tried to spread the word, but there was no pulling the crowd back together. The Nazis apparently continued to prowl around well into the morning spreading a lot of fear, but no other violence was reported.

At the end of the night our community had come together and run the racists off. Groups that often don't get on well, like the black bloc and some of the less militant parts of the activist community, came together and accomplished something.

Is what happened going to provoke more violence from the Nazis? It's hard to say.

Will the way things played out open up rifts over politics in the radical community? One can't help but hope not because we are going to need all the solidarity we can get to stay sharp and prepared to act decisively once again as a united community in case the Nazis do come back.

Citizen’s Defense Group. They had goatees and were wearing golf shirts and hats and kind of looked like somebody’s dads (which some of them said they were). At least one of these men was engaged in open carry, with a .45 caliber pistol strapped to his hip. One of their wives or girlfriends was involved in a heated argument with some of the protesters. The men seemed pretty relaxed. They were insistent that they weren’t racists and that they were the last people who would be helping out the Nazis. They also said that they were there to prevent property destruction, which seemed a little ominous given that they were packing

As the march crossed the railroad tracks onto Jefferson, the Nazis seemed to spontaneously appear out of the darkness. One of them had an American flag. There were about nine or ten of them. They were kitted out in the usual flight jackets, Nazi patches, and shaved heads. Most of them were masked up. Their leader was obviously Jascha Manny (username 1pariah on Stormfront), who had sent out the original call out to the fascists. He had a small strobing flashlight that was intended to disrupt anti-Nazi protesters’ ability to photograph him. Several of the Nazis were doing some sort of Bob Dylan thing with a series of signs that couldn’t be made out in the dark. They took up a chant of “White lives matter!”

The crowd moved forward with the black block crew, some of the unmasked antifa types, and a bunch of the Black Lives Matters folks in the lead. Somebody shouted “Congratulations, you’ve got a shitty strobe light!” The crowd took up a chant of, “You’re not welcome! You’re not welcome!” About then all hell broke loose. An older gentleman from the march with long hair and a beard moved in between Jascha Manny and the protesters and started to try to de-escalate things. Before he could really get a word out Manny punched him

in the mouth, then everything went crazy.

Pepper spray was fired in both directions. Somebody let off a fire extinguisher at Manny. He appeared to think it was pepper spray because it seemed to faze him for a moment. The skinhead with the American flag hit a girl that was charging him with the flagstaff. Another girl in black, who was masked up, struck a guy with a golf club she had attached a black flag to. People were exchanging blows everywhere. A brick flew over from the Nazi’s direction. Rocks and bottles were flying both ways and glass could be heard shattering as the bottles impacted.

About that instant, the Nazis broke and ran, with most of the crowd from the protest in hot pursuit. While all of this was going on the cops were cruising on both side of the melee in their SUVs. It appeared they would surround the crowd, but instead they faded off to the east and west. The Nazis made it to the end of Jefferson where they were parked, and piled into a white truck, some of them leaping into the back as the truck was already roaring away. People were all around them smashing the windows out and bashing bodywork. Someone yelled “They are smashing the hell out of that truck!” and laughed. The truck screamed away to the east, the crowd shouting, “Black lives matter!” as the Nazis fled into the night.

The crowd started to move back towards 4th Avenue, probably worried the police were going to move in. As it moved by the Fish Tale Brewpub the manager stepped out from the curb and grabbed a chair from somebody who had taken it from the sidewalk seating area to use it as a weapon, shouting “Give me that!” Someone in the crowd yelled back “You should be proud of your chair! It did some good service upside some Nazi’s head!”

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LINKS

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WHAT WAS FERGUSON?

from Fire to the Prisons Issue #12

On August 9th Ferguson, Missouri Police Officer Darren Wilson shot and killed 18 year old Michael Brown. Brown's body was left, uncovered, in the middle of the street in a pool of his own blood for over 4 hours.

Almost immediately, those close to Brown and others from the neighborhood began to gather. Images and information flooded social media sites and the crowd swelled. Videos of grieving and irate residents brought more people out of their homes and into the street. State media and politicians arrived with the police quickly following. Local police followed by state police and eventually national guard were deployed in a perplexing display of aggression and militarism. Instead of shocking the grief stricken and enraged population of Ferguson, Missouri to return to their homes, the inverse response sparked what became the largest anti-police uprising in a generation.

Nearly two weeks of rioting and demonstrations followed the actions of the police that night. Volleys of tear gas and formations of riot cops pushed against ad-

hoc groups forming in the streets. These groups pushed back with rocks, bottles and live ammunition. Anti-police rioters looted stores and attempted to burn down their own neighborhood in a move that confused and shocked the national audiences watching on the nightly news. Crowds demanded 'justice for Mike Brown' and a public release of the killer cop's identity. Night after night, residents and those wishing to show their solidarity and support defied over whelming police numbers. They ignored dispersal orders and defied curfews, stole each other back when snatch squads moved in, washed the pepper spray from each others eyes. In a cascade of seemingly foolish maneuvers, police agencies escalated their forces, vastly underestimating the vehemence of the crowd. Each night it returned, claiming more space and effectively repelling police from entering their neighborhood.

On November 24th, 2014 a grand jury in the State of Missouri decided against indicting officer Darren Wilson on any charges. What followed were weeks and months of riots and demonstrations throughout the country. This is a small chronology of some of them...



space in face of the Nazis. They wanted bodies to step up help them hold the space.

Saturday the 30th was the kind of beautiful day we get in Washington in May when we are fortunate. The temperature was in the mid-seventies at Percival Landing, which sits on the very south end of Puget Sound. The sun was starting to set over the Olympic Mountains in the background behind the group of several dozen #BlackLivesMatters folks and supporters who had arrived by around seven.

Word on the street was that a car club that follows a band called Black Top Demon out of Aberdeen were supporting the Nazis. Their lead singer, Joe Ty, had been involved in supporting the Olympia PD at #BlackLivesMatter protests and members of the group had been seen acting pretty cozy with the Nazis at protests. Many known Nazi skins in the area followed the band. Members of the club were overheard talking about heading down to mess with the protest at nine.

Over time the crowd continued to grow until around 200 protesters were on the scene. A few suspicious looking folks seemed to be scoping out the protesters. A freelance reporter with a camera had set up across the street. There was a fair size crew of anarchists kitted up in black and masked up or ready to mask up. Most of them were from Olympia, but there were people from antifa in Portland and Seattle that had heeded the call for support against the Nazis. It is worth noting that several of them, both the locals

and out of town folks, were people of color, women, or transgender. Several people on the landing expressed that they were happy to see this crew, when the imminent prospect of getting pounded by a bunch of Nazis with no police intercession seemed really likely.

Everybody seemed to expect that the Nazis and their supporters from the Demons were going to hit the protest right at nine. The police were nowhere to be seen and it kind of felt like they were hanging the protesters out for the Nazis. Nine rolled around and the fascists were nowhere to be seen. Thirty or so minutes



a white supremacists sign covered in their own blood

later the rally became a march down 4th Street headed for City Hall. At this point a few Olympia PD SUVs and some bike cops had showed up and moved into crowd control mode. Along the way to City Hall, a fairly large, long-haired blond, drunk man came out and seemed intent on picking a fight with anybody willing to oblige. People at the scene reported that he punched a man in a wheelchair. Several marchers expressed the sentiment that there were people in the crowd who were on the other 'side' keeping tabs on the march.

The protest made its way to City Hall in fits and starts. When it arrived everybody stopped and started chanting, "Black lives matter!" This lasted for about five minutes and then the march changed directions and headed back towards Percival Landing. As the march headed down towards Jefferson some marchers encountered a clean cut group of three or four guys from the South Sound



from pugetsoundanarchists.org

On May 21st police officer Ryan Donald shot Bryson Chaplin and Andre Thompson, two young African American men accused of attempting to steal beer from a local supermarket. One of them had apparently menaced him with a skateboard. Ryan shot him. They fled to nearby woods then reemerged and were both shot by the cop. Chaplin ended up in critical condition in the hospital and Thompson in serious condition.

While the circumstances remain cloudy, it was abundantly clear that the lack of proportional use of force placed the shooting within the spectrum of systemic police violence that leaves hundreds of young black men dead—dead from police shootings at a rate 22 times higher than whites. #BlackLivesMatter protests supported by white allies in our overwhelmingly Caucasian community started immediately. The first night the protesters were attacked by drunken counter-protesters supporting the police. Disturbingly, the following night the counter-protestors were joined by Nazi skinheads and other openly racist supporters.

The sentiment among many in the radical community was “We can’t tolerate Nazis in our town.” A rally was called for at Percival Landing at 9:00pm on the evening of the 30th via a Facebook event. An hour or so later the event disappeared. The reason was that organizers had learned that the Nazis planned on attacking the event and were concerned that people who had ‘joined’ might be targeted. It turned out the anti-Nazi protest was going forward. A meeting was called for White and White passing allies to discuss possible responses with people of color (POC) and other people from targeted groups in the community who were organizing in response to the impending Nazi threat.

Organizers from the POC community expressed two distinct desires for help from the White activists. First, there was concern that individuals in the targeted communities not involved with the rally would be at risk. A plan had been worked out for safe areas at two local businesses and people were needed to do foot patrols to escort people who might be targeted, provide rides, and to keep an eye out for trouble. Secondly, there was a group of people of color identifying with #BlackLivesMatter that desired to go to the landing and hold

Nov. 24TH: NON-INDICTMENT NIGHT

originally published on Pugetsoundanarchists.org

Two separate meet-up points were called for the Seattle area on Monday after it was announced that Officer Darren Wilson would not be indicted for killing Mike Brown. The first met at Westlake at 6 and the second met at Seattle Central at 7. Around 7:30pm the two crowds converged at Pike and Broadway swelling to about 200-300 people. There a moment of silence was held for 4.5 minutes, representing the four and half hours that Mike Brown’s body laid uncovered in the street after being shot. Afterwards, the crowd began to march towards the Police Precinct at 12th and Pine, where a brief confrontation happened with the police who were manning the barricades they had set in front of the precinct. At this point a conflict between protesters in the march also erupted, there was a clear sense that many different groups were trying to shout each other

down, with many people in the crowd openly arguing in the streets. After about ten minutes people continued shouting and chanting and setting off roman candles. As the crowd set off in the direction of downtown people began to chant, “fuck downtown lets go to the CD.”

As the march moved towards the Central District people chanted, screamed, set off fireworks, and dragged things into the street. Eventually, the march made its way to the Garfield Community Center where the city and police were holding a “community meeting” to dialogue about the no-indictment decision. This space was an obvious attempt to keep people off the street and keep anger funneled into “positive change” in the wake of the grand jury decision. The motivations for people in the crowd to enter the meeting were varied, but no one was fooled by this obvious attempt at co-option. A portion of the march continued inside the building

and demanded that the police leave the discussion. Meanwhile, outside the rest of the march gathered and there was a brief confrontation with a police cruiser, as fireworks were shot at officers on bikes and in cars.

Around this point a suggestion was made to take the freeway. At first, this seemed like a far-off goal as the crowd was still a considerable distance from both I-90 and I-5, but as the march made its way further south into the Central District this seemed like a more and more realistic possibility. There was a brief standoff with the police at Rainier and Jackson, during which a smoke grenade was thrown at a line of bike cops (the bike cops instantly scattered). Politicians from the RCP tried to pontificate over their bullhorns about their bullshit pretty much every time the group stopped in an intersection, but were repeatedly met with personalized jeers and told to shut up. The group

continued toward downtown on Jackson and the atmosphere was excited and jubilant. As the march got within a block of the freeway ramps people started jogging and tried to rush the line of bike cops who were blocking the ramps. After being turned away at the off-ramp, they ran the other way to the on-ramp and were again met with a line of bike cops. At this point a tense stand-off ensued. The police fired pepper spray canisters and flash-bang grenades into the crowd, and the crowd returned antagonisms, throwing road flares, fireworks, traffic cones and other projectiles.

Prior to the exchange of projectiles, the crowd was divided between those who desired to expand the scope of the conflict beyond a limited call for “justice” for Mike Brown, and those who intended to compartmentalize and manage the conflict. However, after the pepper spray and flash-bang grenades, more and more people could be heard chanting “Hands up, shoot back!” rather than “Hands up, don’t shoot!” Disparate elements within the crowd came together to keep each other safe, to wash out the eyes of those hit with pepper spray, and to push back at the cops. There was a palpable change in attitude; “This is about Mike Brown!” changed to “Fuck the police!”. The line of bike cops succeeded in pushing the crowd off of the on-ramp, but people managed to make it onto the highway anyway from another entrance about half a block up.

Many seemed apprehensive about taking the highway and the cops came around and prevented the majority of the group from making it onto the highway. But the 10 or so people who made

it on brought northbound I-5 to a complete stand-still. They were closely tailed by police and briefly detained. At this point the rest of the crowd was watching and following those on the highway from up above. A giant mortar firework was thrown from above into the middle of a group of cops, successfully distracting them as the rest of the group moved past. One person was arrested on the highway and was charged with reckless endangerment and criminal trespassing. After the rest of the group got off the freeway, everyone joyfully regrouped at the next ramp and turned back up toward Capitol Hill.

On the way back to the hill the energy of the crowd, while still divided, was distinctly angrier. People had been peppersprayed and the echoes of flash bangs still rung in many people’s ears. Traffic cones, outdoor signs from businesses and other objects were dragged in the street in an attempt to keep the back line of police vehicles from advancing. Nearly the entire march had been flanked by bike cops using the sidewalks, people in the march responded by strategically moving dumpsters and other debris to block the sidewalk and keep the police at bay. As the crowd wound



about rowdy street conflict is that you lose yourself in the momentum of it. Part of you screams out with anxiety while another jumps for joy at the prospect of striking back against the forces that destroy you daily. What were we on May Day? What was I on May Day? I think that many of us experienced something that language can’t represent.

We were apparently “black clad anarchists, skate bros, downtown street kids and militants from a variety of politicized movements,” according to a report back. We can use these labels to describe some of who was there but this falls so short of encompassing the complexity of the beings and how we were together in the streets that night.

Maybe you read this and you ask “What do you mean when you refer to ‘We?’ Well, perhaps you are not part of the ‘we’ that is being referenced—you don’t have to be. Your question may come from an admirable premise as the collective identities available to us in this world are utter shit. The family, the workplace, the nation—“We” is so often a tool of control. But so is “I”—the forms of individuality and collectivity offered to us within this society are as shitty as the society that created them. The ideal of the rational consumer, the autonomous individual, the self-made man. All these fantasies must be discarded if we want to try to communicate.

To say that we were in the streets is not to say that we were a homogenous one, but that we were in some way together in some common tasks for a brief moment. But why get caught up on how to describe the moment. It was indescribable and we want more!

The resonance and beauty of what we experienced this May Day gives us power, even if, and perhaps because it cannot be explained. If you, like me, dream of lawless moments like May Day growing in frequency, intensity, and duration, until power and control can no longer limit our desires, let us not wait. Seize that memory and attack!





At one point, a crowd of people moved past a Starbucks that had been boarded up in preparation for the day's festivities. People swarmed in and started clawing at plywood in an attempt to rip it apart and get to the windows. I heard a voice on the sidewalk nearby say something like, "What is it with anarchists and Starbucks? From '99 to May Day they really want at those windows."

Later on, when the cops were driving us up Capitol Hill away from downtown, I remember they had a line of pigs blocking off a freeway overpass. A wide variety of folks, some masked and some not, jeered and taunted the line, but it seemed like we didn't have much of a chance of getting downtown. Then we heard a yell from up the hill: "Get the fuck out of the road, dumpster coming through!" The sea of people parted as, with a bit of help from a few comrades, a dumpster began to roll down one of the steepest hills in Seattle, headed straight for the line of pigs. I shrieked with delight about what was about to happen. I saw a pig move in to grab the dumpster and stop its quickening descent, then a masked figure tried to wrench it free to allow it to fulfill its destiny. The pig lifted his rubber bullet gun as another pig moved in and the masked figure backed away. The crowd let out a sigh of collective disappointment and continued up the Hill in spurts of running and destruction.

Eventually the police corralled people into the Seattle Central plaza, and in what has now become a May Day ceremony a fire was started in a trashcan and signs, garbage, and black flags were all engulfed in flames.

Now that May Day has ended, I feel the crushing weight of work and the daily humiliations of living in an authoritarian and oppressive world. I read the news and the police have taken another black life. I look outside and new condos rise up faster than I can even keep track of. The march of development threatens to irreparably poison the land and the water. If I walk down the street and don't see any cops in sight, today it does not feel like a Temporary Autonomous Zone, because whether they can be seen or not, the State and its lackeys are in control. But I carry with me that memory of rupture and possibility and can wield it as a weapon against the forces of domination.

But why wait for May Day? There is nothing truly special about May Day beyond the collective intention that we have created for it. If we want a demo on any day to pop off, all that we need to do is hold close those memories of shattered normalcy and charge ahead.

One of the things that is so enchanting



its way back uphill businesses including a Wells Fargo Bank were attacked with projectiles while RIP Mike Brown and FTP were spray-painted along the route. Eventually the group found itself back in the same confrontation that started the night at 12th and Pine. The group had dwindled to less than 100 and was focusing its attention on the police precinct itself until it eventually dispersed of its own accord.

An over-arching theme of the evening was the divides between those wishing to control or manage the conflict and narrative and those who wished to highlight the fact that Ferguson, from the beginning has been about more than just Mike Brown. The riots in Ferguson back in August, and those last night are clear indications that the generalized rage against all police institutions has reached a tipping point. This conflict of intentions was made clear at the outset of the march when people shooting fireworks or chanting "fuck the police" were confronted as "white co-opters" of the black community's response to the death of Mike Brown. Similarly, a sound system, brought for the entire march to use was deemed "offensive" by some and prevented from being used. This and other tactics of control are emblematic of groups from the Left and individuals wishing to push their own personal and political agendas instead of creating space for the varied reactions to this and any police killing. Some of this stranglehold was coming from organized political groups like the RCP, but some also came from individuals. These tensions, although somewhat alleviated by the police pitting themselves against the crowd as



a common enemy after the attempted highway blockade, were maintained throughout the march.

There is no singular role anarchists play inside of these moments, the aims achieved are as varied as the

desires expressed. When confronted with the internal and external policing apparatuses such as were evident last night the best thing to be done is to help hold space open for anyone wishing to engage. This can be done by consistently confronting those interested in managing these demos. A semblance of this was attempted last night in both physical and verbal confrontations with those with megaphones and in maintaining an antagonistic presence. If repeats of the level of escalation seen last night and beyond are going to be possible, it will be necessary to keep showing up and not backing down even when a percentage of the crowd is hostile to its grip on the larger body being wrenched from them.



Nov. 28TH: BLACK FRIDAY REPORTBACK

originally published on Pugetsoundanarchists.org

In honor of Mike Brown, and in response to the grand jury decision not to prosecute Darren Wilson, protests and disturbances occurred across the country on Black Friday. Protesters invaded malls and shopping centers, shut down public transit, halted commerce, and demanded vengeance for Mike Brown and all victims of police shootings.

In Seattle, several events were called for, but all blended together in a 5 hour long roaming march and disruption of Capitol Hill and downtown. Energy was high, as was antagonism against the police and business as

usual. What follows is a partial account—the authors were not present for the entire event, and could not have seen everything in any case. This is from our perspective, but more perspectives, and more reportbacks, are always desirable.

Earlier in the day, protesters met at 1 PM at Westlake and disrupted shoppers, clashed with police, and padlocked the doors to the mall. From there, they marched up Pine Street to meet up with a march called for at 3 PM at SCCC. This march aimed to disrupt certain businesses that have been calling for more aggressive policing targeting East African youth on Capitol Hill—The Comet Tavern,

TIMELINE OF ANTAGONISMS

June 30th 2014: Police Kill Oscar Perez-Giron at SODO Lightrail Station

July 6th: Rally and Vigil at SoDo Lightrail



SHATTERED NORMALCY

a personal look back at MayDay

May Day 2015 was one of the best days of my life and I think no report-back could possibly fully encompass why. So much happened and there were so many different experiences a linear recounting of events would not convey what I remember. I keep replaying scenes over in my head and ruminating on missed opportunities and narrowly escaped catastrophes. Could I have been arrested that person if I hadn't hesitated? What if we hadn't linked arms? What if that rubber bullet that zoomed over my head had flown

just a little bit lower? What if we had had more rocks?

May Day has reestablished itself as a rowdy anti-authoritarian tradition in Seattle. Despite the best repressive efforts of mayors, Federal Agents and regular old pigs, fires burn, windows break, and screams of joy erupt in the streets each first of May. And that, friends, is something to celebrate!

This year's party was both chaotic and ecstatic. Despite those thoughts of missed opportunities and what ifs, the experience that many of us shared on the first can warm our cold, jaded bodies into action. Seeing throngs of people shake off fear and malaise and

attack manifestations of power and control makes clear how thin the veneer of social peace really is that this society rests on.

There are so many memories of triumph that run through my head: Urban Outfitters getting smashed the fuck up, police getting hit with projectiles, at one point the police were occupied elsewhere and a masked companion turned to me and said "Look at this little temporary autonomous zone we've got here!" I took a moment to look around and I couldn't see any police in sight...then I saw someone dressed in all black running at full speed, metal sign in hand, and launched it through a store window. I turned back to the person next to me and we made eye contact and despite our masked faces I knew we were both grinning ear to ear.

In that brief moment without cops, waves of people passed by the rows of parked media vans and took the opportunity to smash out windows. Someone threw a firework inside of the broken window of the KIRO radio van, followed shortly by someone with a huge steel chain whipping the desecrated vehicle. Everywhere I looked, people were spray painting circle A's and ACAB's.



from painting and had a giant circle A painted on him instead. Eventually after a few more police charges the last of the crowd dispersed.

The atmosphere across the country has shifted, nearly a year ago everyone saw Ferguson explode in anti-police violence with other cities across the country following suit. Not even a few weeks ago Baltimore burned in the largest riots a major East Coast city has experienced since 1968. In this context Seattle has seen some of the largest demos and most intense street clashes in recent memory. These demos brought varied crews together night after night in what has become an unspoken level of confidence amongst a large amorphous body of antagonists. This May Day, black clad anarchists, skate bros, downtown street kids and militants from a variety of politicized movements came together with an aim of keeping each other safe and wrecking as much shit as possible.

In total 16 people were arrested and they will need immediate and continued solidarity. The bonds of affinity created while attacking the police or watching each others backs in moments of riotous vandalism should not be forgotten.

HERE'S TO THE NEXT ONE!



Caffe Vita, and Lost Lake Diner were three major targets.

On the way to the Comet Tavern, the group—200-300 strong at this point—stopped in an intersection to make speeches and discuss racist businesses and police murders in Seattle. Many people spoke about the role racist policing plays in maintaining white supremacy, and its connection to capitalism and colonialism. When a speaker drew attention to the police murder of John T. Williams in 2010, the crowd turned their antagonism towards the police line, chanting “Shame! Shame!” and “Give Us Your Badge! Give Us Your Guns!” The police withdrew to the sidewalk, and the crowd proceeded to have four and a half minutes of silence, commemorating the four and a half hours that Mike Brown’s body lay in the street in Ferguson.

After the moment of silence, the march continued on Capitol Hill, where

protesters entered and disrupted businesses and continued giving speeches in the streets. Energy was high, and the crowd decided to march down Pike Street to Westlake Center, intending to disrupt the Christmas tree lighting ceremony. The crowd

reached Pike and Boren, and was met by a cordon of police in riot gear blocking their way. Protestors pushed forward against the police, deploying umbrellas in defense against pepper spray, and then quickly ran towards Pine Street, attempting to outflank the



July 7th: Banner drop for those killed by Police

July 17th: Eric Garner is choked to death by NYPD. Nationwide protests begin

police. The bicycle cops were faster, however, and re-formed their line before the crowd reached them.

At this point, the energy in the crowd was high, and the anger against the police was palpable. People began preparing for pepper spray—putting on goggles and masks, deploying umbrellas, and screaming at the police. Some attempts were made to break through the police line, and scuffles broke out as protesters grabbed bicycles from the bike cops and hit cops with umbrellas. Some people were snatched and then de-arrested. During the scuffles, cops set off a flash bang and some weak chemical weapon. The crowd stepped back, but nobody panicked and nobody ran—everyone was more prepared and less afraid than on Monday night. One person—a young black man—was grabbed by the police and beaten badly before being cuffed.

After the second failed attempt to push through the police line, the crowd ran the opposite direction, up a steep hill and down a short alley. A game of cat and mouse ensued, with protesters making their way carefully down several steep flights of stairs, under an overpass, and up a second flight of stairs to emerge in Freeway Park near downtown. Despite the narrow paths, the crowd did a good job of staying together, and individuals posted themselves up at various junctures to direct the crowd.

As the crowd emerged into downtown and neared Westlake Center, we poured into the busy streets and captured the attention of hordes of Black Friday shoppers. A line of bicycle cops attempted to stop the crowd from getting to Westlake, but they were quickly surrounded on two sides by protesters. The crowd became more antagonistic, and the bicycle cops, surrounded by an overwhelming, increasingly angry crowd, eventually withdrew and let the crowd pass. It was clear that this was their only tactical possibility at this point; outnumbered and surrounded, with no way to get backup from the heavily armed riot police a block away, any attempt by the riot police to disperse the crowd would have ended with tear gas in downtown Seattle on the busiest shopping day of the year.

The group soon reached the tree lighting ceremony and flooded into the main plaza in front of Westlake Mall. A bizarre scene ensued; the cops had lost the initiative, and had no option but to let the angry mob flood into the plaza in front of Westlake Mall. As we chanted “Black Lives Matter!” and “Justice for Mike Brown! If We Don’t Get It Shut It Down!” the Christmas music continued and the emcee for the event continued making his banal announcements, at one point apologizing to the children present for the disruption. The initial spectators, forced to the sidelines, had nothing to watch but the angry, shouting crowd, and while the band played on, nobody gave it much mind.



a snatch squad moved in and tackled one person to the ground, prompting an immediate response of projectiles and direct attacks from the crowd. People began throwing rocks and whatever they could find at the re-forming police lines. Others bashed cops in the head with wooden flags in a valiant attempt of solidarity. In an effort to disperse the crowd, the police began pepper spraying and throwing a fuck ton of flash bangs - a tactic they would use many more times throughout the evening, always garnering the same response of a barrage of projectiles from the crowd.

This first arrest cemented the already incredibly confrontational tone of the crowd. The police were able to split the crowd into two large groups but were unable to disperse it. One group was trapped north of the police line while the other found itself on a street with almost no police presence but rows of waiting media vehicles. This lucky group smashed the windows of at least 3 news vans while camera crews ducked for cover. Large objects were thrown at reporters and those trying to interfere with the vandalism. As no police moved into the area, the now

divided march began to snake around Capitol Hill. Eventually the two parts joined up again and began tearing down construction fences and putting dumpsters and piles of debris in the street. Attempts were made to set a dumpster on fire, but it was put out.

The march wound around Capitol Hill, as some continued to drag dumpsters into the street while others vandalized cars and broke the windows of businesses on the ground floor of new condo buildings. In both defensive and offensive moments projectiles smashed officers and their cars as they held their lines. At one point, a dumpster was pushed to the top of one of the steepest hills in the neighborhood in an attempt to strike the line of cops nearly two blocks below. Unfortunately, the police moved in quickly and forced the crowd back away from the dumpster.

The police were able to split the crowd into two large groups but were unable to disperse it.

The vandalism continued as the groups were split and re-converged on neighborhood back streets. Eventually, one step ahead of the bike cops, the reformed march made its way back onto the main thoroughfare of Broadway. An Urban Outfitters and a grocery store had almost all of their windows broken out. Once heading back south on Broadway the police made a few more arrests. Each time the crowd responded with violence but were unable to make successful un-arrests. A few blocks later, back at Seattle Central the march took over the square and lit small trash can fires, while openly painting on the building itself and the statues outside. Some idiot attempted to block people

July 18th: Lightrail Station sabotaged in night-time attack

August 22nd: Banner drop in Solidarity with Ferguson rebellion

July 18th: Nissan dealership attacked in solidarity with comrades in Mexico

ANTI-CAPITALIST MARCH REPORT BACK



There are as many perspectives on May Day as there were participants, this is but a small collection of them.
from pugetsoundanarchists.org

It shouldn't be a surprise that this year's May Day Anti-Capitalist march got wild. The media had been in scare tactic over drive and police press conferences urging calm began nearly a week before a single person hit the street. For better or worse, the city has developed traditions around the 1st of May in Seattle. The media creates a climate of fear around posters and runs a constant stream of stock footage in an effort to sensationalize "what might happen?" The police hold press conferences about their improved methods for both neutralizing the crowds and minimizing property damage, all the while decrying 'a few bad protesters' that might ruin an otherwise peaceful day. While much of the ritual of media sensationalism and police demonstration of force were repeated verbatim from previous years, the crowd this year was unswayed and more confrontational, more angry and more prepared.

As usual, the march began at Seattle Central College, a space often used as the meeting point for antagonistic anarchist marches. It's never clear what draws numbers to an event, but an understanding has been established that if you want to be at the rowdiest shit that day, then Central is the place to be. By 6pm over 150 people were milling about, some in bloc, some not, while supplies were passed between hands and tensions grew.

***"This is no longer demonstration management, this is a riot."
- Police Chief***

After some time the march headed north on Broadway, completely flanked by bike cops in riot gear. More pigs waited in marked and unmarked vans throughout the Capitol Hill neighborhood and helicopters circled overhead. The threats of a well outfitted response to past violence made by both mayor Ed Murray and police chief O'Toole were not empty ones. After only a few short blocks the first sound of breaking glass could be heard as the march passed the Bank of America.

Near the end of the obvious commercial district the march, now with about 250 people, made use of side-streets to turn around and come back south on Broadway. As it passed construction sites along the route people started to drag debris and street signs into the street in an effort to thwart the phalanx of bike cops behind them. Seemingly out of nowhere,



During this time, a small scuffle broke out within the group of protesters, revealing underlying tensions. One person began shooting a roman candle at the band on the third-story balcony, attempting to disrupt the music and ensure people could speak. Another person, a self-appointed white "ally," grabbed the firework and threw it on the ground, where it began shooting into the crowd and making people panic. It is interesting to note that this dynamic occurs over and over again whenever peace police try to manage struggles. In the name of nonviolence, he grabbed a fellow protester, struggled with them, and ended up causing more strife within the crowd. This is the ultimate logic of the peace police: those to be feared are fellow protesters, and any use of force against them is justified in the name of maintaining legitimacy, while any force directed against those who actually ruin our lives—the racist police, the centers of capitalist consumption—is condemned as

violent and irresponsible. The police do not need protection from us—we need to learn to fight back against them, and to keep one another safe.

After 20 minutes or so of standing and chanting in the square, the crowd moved into the mall. Another brief scuffle occurred as security guards tried to hold the doors shut from the inside, but they were quickly overpowered, and the crowd poured into the mall. We took escalators to the third floor, chanted, and threw flyers about Mike Brown and the racist police all over the mall. The crowd soon reached the third floor, and stormed the balcony with the PA system. The media has reported that a children's choir, who had been performing at the time, all burst into tears as the crowd chanted and screamed from the balcony. The children were apparently sad that their Christmas festivities had been disrupted. Other people were apparently sad and angry that the police keep killing people. The PA system was unplugged multiple times, and someone managed to get on the microphone and begin talking about Mike Brown.

Eventually the riot police entered the mall and made their way to the third floor, just in time for everyone to leave. We all returned to the first floor, continued chanting and talking, as some people laid down in the middle of the mall for a "die-in." Eventually everyone poured back outside, re-joined the rest of

November 28th: Black Friday Shopping disrupted in Seattle and nationwide

November 24th: Non Indictment of Officer Wilson sparks riots across the country

the protesters who had remained in the plaza outdoors, and gradually dispersed.

The march easily lasted for five hours, and disrupted businesses, traffic, and shopping from Capitol Hill to Westlake. The general mood was both antagonistic and eloquent—those who spoke illustrated the connections between police murder, slavery, prison, and white supremacy, and people were quick to confront the police when the time came. While there was a vocal minority of “peace police,” their confrontations mostly took the form of telling people not to use fireworks or move dumpsters. Nobody ever argued that the cops are on our side, or that they are people too; everyone was united in their hatred of the police. Likewise, when confrontations with the police occurred, there was little attempt by internal forces to manage protesters; no-one seemed to mind the police getting stabbed with umbrellas, but some people were horrified to see a dumpster move into the street to prevent the police from following, or to see fireworks set off to disrupt an event. This is a step forward, certainly. It is also worth noting that there was no unified condemnation of “the anarchists” or “outside agitators”, though the media still revels in talking about the disruptive “men in black masks.” While certain people took to confronting people in masks whenever they did anything mildly confrontational, others were quick to come to their defense, and pointed out the role anarchists played in pulling people out of clouds of pepper spray

on Monday night. While the media like to paint a picture of “good protestors of color, bad white anarchists,” the reality was much more complicated, with a significant portion of the crowd wanting to get rowdy.

The past week has seen demonstrations happening almost daily in Seattle, with hundreds of students walking out of high schools earlier in the week and marches blocking the streets nearly every night. It is unclear what the next steps in this struggle are – if this energy for daily marches and open antagonism with the police can be sustained. It is unclear if and when the anger over the grand jury’s decision will begin to normalize and people will return to the regularity of their lives. We know that there can never be justice for Mike Brown or any of the other thousands of people who have been killed by the police. We just hope that people stay mad and keep fighting in whatever way they can.



All Out For May Day

MAY 1 2015

6PM

BROADWAY AND PINE

SEATTLE

WEAR BLACK

Join us in the streets this May 1st at 6pm for the annual anti-capitalist march. With its roots in the labor movement, May Day continues to this day as a riotous celebration of revolt against bosses, landlords, work, and property.

On May 4, 1886 in Chicago, someone threw a bomb at the police during a strike in a fight for an 8-hour work day and in protest of the cops killing several workers the day before. Seven cops and four humans were killed. Subsequently eight anarchists were arrested and convicted of conspiracy. Four of the anarchists were hanged and another committed suicide in prison. This is the origin of May Day.

More recently in Seattle, hundreds of anarchists and other anti-capitalists converged on downtown on May Day 2012 and lay wreck to banks, businesses, and a federal courthouse. The State responded with perhaps the most significant repression against anarchists in the NW recently and deployed a federal grand jury to disrupt, misdirect, isolate and neutralize a growing sentiment and practice of anger and attack against hierarchy and domination. Despite the efforts of the state, anarchists remained strong and defiant and no one was ever charged with the crimes being investigated by the grand jury.

Let’s continue a lively, joyous tradition of defiance to capitalism, the state, hierarchy, and domination! May Day is our day!

*December 1st: Westlake Demo in
response to Ferguson*

*December 6th: Student Walkout from Garfield High
School blockades highway and fights police*

APR. 28TH: JUVIE CONTRACTOR TRUCK BURNED

from pugetsoundanarchists.org

Early in the morning on April 28th flames engulfed a truck in a construction site across the street from the King County Juvenile Detention Center on 12th Ave. The construction site is a new development being built by Spectrum Development Solutions, who are responsible for gentrifying 12th avenue and are involved in building the new youth jail. The truck's tires were slashed, it's fuel lines were cut and then it was completely destroyed by fire. ;)

This was done in solidarity with rebels fighting the police in the streets of Baltimore. In the wake of the rebellion in Ferguson last year, Baltimore has also erupted into riots sparked by yet another brutal police murder. Buildings and cars are smoldering, stores have been looted and the police and media have been attacked repeatedly, often having to run for their own safety. The media backlash of rehearsed condemnation is so obviously a farce to all of those who find inspiration and encouragement in these moments.

Sometimes the rationale of this prison society manifests in the killing of young black men in the street (Freddie Gray, Mike Brown, Eric Garner and so many more), everyday it manifests itself in the mass imprisonment of black and brown people. No matter what, this society thrives on death. Fuck the murderous, racist police, fuck the media and fuck anyone who is helping to build this prison society.



Solidarity Banner
Drop with Greek
Comrades on
Hunger Strike



Nov. 29TH: ANTI-CAPITALIST RESPONSE

originally published on Pugetsoundanarchists.org

Rather than engage in a war of attrition with the RCP, some anarchists decided to call for a distinct demonstration in solidarity with Ferguson rebels for Saturday night November 29. The call-out was titled "Ferguson's burning. What's Seattle gonna do?" The intention was to create a space where people could act their rage however they saw fit, instead of trying to manage and control popular anger for a narrow political platform.

A crowd of about 60 people (most of whom were dressed in all black with faces covered) met at Seattle Central Community College on Capitol Hill at 10pm. There were at least three large banners with anti-cop slogans painted on them, and a noticeable absence of protest signs and placards that permeated the week's previous events.

The march departed from SCCC and went north on Broadway. As has become common in the last couple of years, cops on bikes flanked the march on both sides. The cops allowed demonstrators to take (and keep) the street, but the wall of bikes had a definite effect of preventing marchers from doing much other than marching in the street at first.

Everyone marched north on Broadway, then circled a block and went south on Broadway again. Drunken cheering was heard passing the Highline (Capitol Hill punk bar for punks who can no longer afford Capitol Hill). At Union Street the cops tried to prevent the march from going East, at which point people turned around and jogged through a maze of police vans and back around the corner to Pike. In the process someone threw a paint bomb at the driver's side window of an (occupied) police van. The paint bomb was followed by a rock

December 15th: National Call out for NYE noise
demos released

December 2014: A dozen East Precinct officers are
given Body Cams in a test program

through the same window, which reportedly hit the pig who was driving the van in the face.

As the march made its way up Pike, some people succeeded in blocking off the bike cops by pushing construction barricades to block their path. The bike cops were incredibly slow to respond to being fenced in, and seemed very confused about how to dismount and push their way out of the newly fenced-in path. Another rock was chunked at another police van, but only succeeded in denting the exterior.

The march took a right on 13th Ave. More rocks were thrown at the Bank of America but no windows were broken (aim for the corners). The police still had not managed to regroup their bike flank by this point and were lagging behind.

On Madison the march turned down the hill, to the right. The police seemed worried that the angry crowd would go back to the Pike/Pine corridor, and formed a line of bikes to block off 12th. In their haste to block the street, they either didn't notice or didn't care about the Ferrari dealership (later referred to as a "local business" on the SPD blotter) left completely unguarded on the corner. One of many large windows on the dealership was busted out, sending shards of glass raining down on a luxury car.

After the attack on the Ferrari showroom the march became a game of cat and mouse with the cops. At points it seemed that the cops were allowing marchers to go where they wanted, other times they seemed to be funneling everyone to a particular place, but the bloc was strong in numbers and in outfits which allowed people to remain anonymous and free while still causing trouble. By the time it got to the back entrance of the QFC parking lot many people had split off from the march. No one was arrested.

This march was the rowdiest that Seattle has gotten in a couple years, and definitely the rowdiest that things have been since the police began their strategy of letting people take the street by lining the sidewalk with bikes. The themes of this march were markedly different from other events around Mike Brown's murder in Seattle. While more propaganda to hand out would have been useful, many people did a good job of not allowing the narrative to get narrowed down to a single-issue campaign. Calls for justice for Mike Brown are painfully limited - what could justice even look like in a world ordered by capitalism, the state, the police and their necessary pillar of white supremacy? We refuse to settle for half-measures and reforms; it's all got to go. People did a great job of looking out for each other.

Take care of each other and let's do it again!

*New Years Eve Noise Demo outside
of Juvenile Detention Center*

*February 10th: Police in Pasco Washington shoot and
kill Antonio Zambrano-Montes*

PRISONS ARE THE NEW PLANTATIONS

*Reportback from disruption of the Sustainable Prisons Project
from pugetsoundanarchists.org*

On May 22nd and 23rd, The Evergreen State College in Olympia hosted a conference for the "Sustainable Prisons Project," a disgusting attempt to make modern-day slavery palatable to those who are superficially concerned about green eco sustainable whatever bullshit. A prison that recycles and has a garden, or where prisoners rehabilitate turtles and have a tree in their cell, is still a prison. It is still a form of slavery and torture and a tool of the state and white supremacy.

On April 22nd approximately 20 people showed up to disrupt the conference. There was a banner that said "Fire to the Prisons" and one that said "Prisons are the new plantations - Fuck the SPP." Many people carried pots, pans, drumsticks, and other noisemakers. The group attempted to go in the main doors to the conference on the fourth floor of the library but was thwarted by some prison-lovers guarding the doors. So the noisy prison-haters instead went back outside, jumped some railings, and went across the roof to a courtyard outside the conference room. Hilariously, the cops were physically unable to jump the fence. Perhaps gravity was acting a little stronger on them.

We banged on the doors and windows of the conference room, held the banners up to the windows, and screamed and chanted. A couple of prison-lovers came outside and tried to have dialog and convince us that we're all on the same team. When pressed, however, they admitted that they wouldn't want to be locked up in solitary even if there was a tree in the cell.

The conference attendees shut the blinds on the windows so they wouldn't have to see us, but everyone immediately swarmed inside the room, still banging and screaming. Someone grabbed a mic from up front and ran around the room yelling "fuck prisons!" over the PA until the mic got shut off. We screamed and made noise for a few more minutes, then the pathetic campus cops showed up. The pigs were pretty meek and unable to control the situation, and resorted to trying to grab spoons and drumsticks out of people's hands. At this point we decided to leave on our own terms. A big stack of fliers was thrown in the air on the way out. Here's what the fliers said:

"PRISONS SUSTAIN NOTHING BUT THEMSELVES. So today, we have slavery, although slavery has been abolished. The structures of society that required slaves have remained intact. And in one hundred years, prisons may have been abolished, but we will still have prisons as long as capitalism remains intact. For a world without cages. (A)"

All in all I was pleasantly surprised by the level of antagonism and new faces at the disruption. If you want to read more straight from the pigs' mouths about how they justify greenwashed slavery, here's their website:

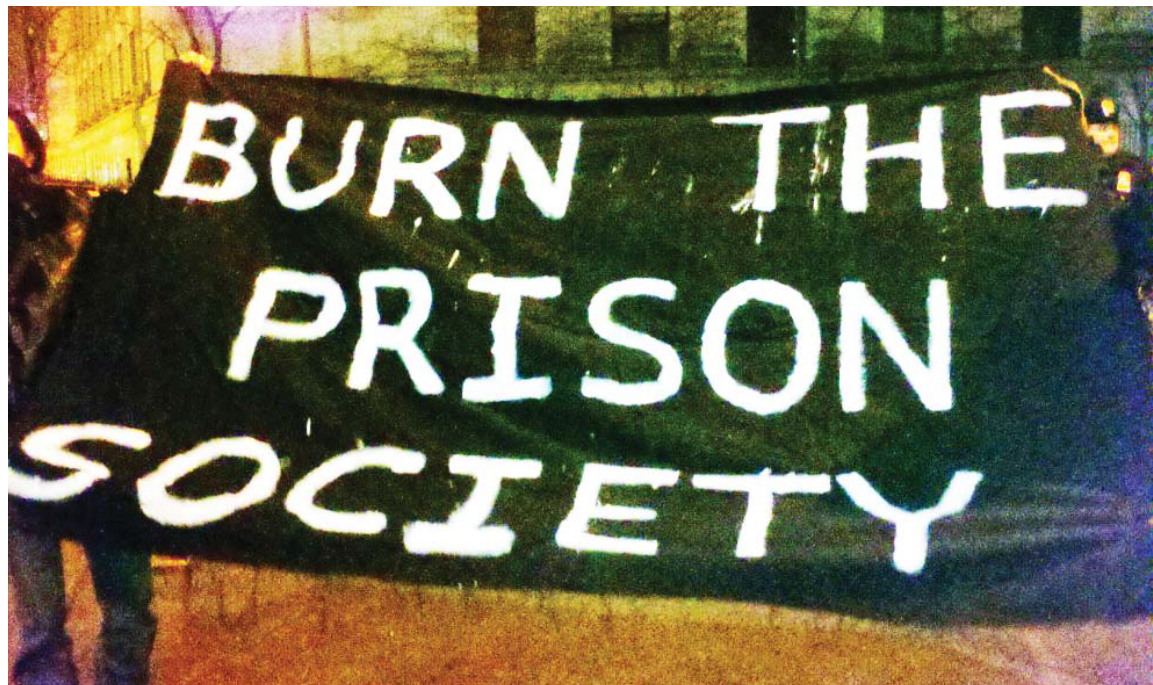
www.sustainabilityinprisons.org

the crowd as we continued to chant. The small fire also drew the attention of a police car that had been passing by and short while later three cops walked down Spruce and eventually into the middle of the crowd. One cop tried to assert her authority and demand that people stop lighting things on fire and setting off fireworks. "It's fine if you want to express yourself but this has to stop" she said, anxiously looking around the crowd for someone who was listening to her. We responded by continuing to chant, wooing loudly and refusing to acknowledge her presence. She kept looking around and trying to find someone to

listen to her, but we just stared past her and yelled "woo" with an air of disaffection. She tried to talk to one person who was wearing all black and a mask without much success and then paced around the crowd for a while with two other cops looking frustrated. The paper bag finished burning and we decided that since the cops had come, it was time to get moving. We marched around the jail once and then dispersed.

These types of small noise demos have been common in the last few months. I've heard a number of times about people deciding to have impromptu noise demos after events that have taken

place near by. Because they are unplanned or at the very least kept off the internet, people in these demos have been able to talk to prisoners inside through the walls and in some instances play songs that they have requested or call friends for them and pass along messages. The last year has been filled with big spectacular marches with street conflict, windows getting broken and people fighting the police. This is great and I want more of it, but I also want to remember the small things that pull us together, make us tighter, that make us feel strong and show support for people who are locked up behind the walls of jails.



originally published on
theunreasonabletimes.wordpress.com

had a squad of riot police posted outside. In all, the newly armored police squads outnumber protesters by at least 3 to 1.

SPD's Strategy

What we witnessed last night, was a well planned and well executed maneuver by the Seattle PD to effectively inhibit the protestors from moving freely throughout the city. For the first time since the protests started a week ago, the police effected the course of the movement. Before Monday night, the police actually acted as an enabler for the protesters, directing traffic and blocking roads to let the protest move, stop, then move again. It is clear that the protest's success on Black Friday has prompted the city to take stronger measure to ensure that there is no disruptive behavior that could negatively effect business in the downtown area. Before the protest even began, all the large retail stores downtown

As the protest began to move from Westlake Center towards 4th and Pine, police moved swiftly on bicycle to block Pine, turning the marchers north on 4th towards Olive Way. Before the marchers even arrived at the intersection of 4th and Olive, riot police lined all intersections essentially funneling the protesters east on Olive Way towards Capitol Hill. At this point it was clear that the police had a plan this time around, evidence of this was just the sheer number of police as well as a police convoy of about six cars that followed the crowd. As soon as the protest turned on Olive, squads of police on bicycle moved ahead of the protest in a leap frog fashion setting up road blocks on all

February: SPD launches youtube channel for "all" body cam footage

Call in every Monday against Juvie Campaign initiated

avenues along the street, keeping the protest moving in one direction. This continued, only stopping once at 8th Ave, then moving on until the crowd reached Boren Ave, which is where the protestors attempted to turn around and make their way back downtown. The riot police on foot and bicycle armed with sticks lined the street blocking the way. The convoy that had been following stopped and a few vans emptied to fill in any gaps in the police blockade. This is where the first stand off happened between the protesters and police. For about ten minutes protesters chanted and stood face to face with police, prompting one cop to request that the crowd back up a few feet. After another five minutes, protestors asked the police to let them back downtown. Protesters moved to the sidewalk in hopes that the police would let them through the line, but this ultimately failed. The crowd began to disperse, somewhat dispirited with groups of people walking towards Capitol Hill. The protest had temporarily ended, choked to death by swift police tactics.

The Arrest

After the protest dispersed at Boren Ave and Olive Way, I moved back down Olive towards 8th Ave. When I arrived at the intersection, the police had grabbed and arrested a male pedestrian, 22 years old according to the SPD reports. A female witness was pleading with police yelling “Why are you arresting him!?” The intersection was clear, with only one

police van and about six officers on bikes in the street. About ten pedestrians watched from crosswalks, with one male witness saying the police grabbed the 22-year-old as he walked up the street towards where the protest had been. The female witness later told me that he was arrested for “simply walking down the street,” and that the police had threatened to arrest her if she did not return to the sidewalk. The protest reconvened back at Westlake Park, where they blocked traffic on Pine Street.

What Now?

For me, the make or break night for the protest was Monday. Being able to follow up the Black Friday protest is a good barometer of the movements strength and momentum. Although the police completely out foxed the protesters, being led by college aged youth, I doubt last night did much to dampen their spirits. However, last night was a learning experience for all those who participated and perhaps a rude awakening. If the movement is going to continue, it’s going to take a higher level of organization and creativity. Being outnumbered by police is also not a good sign, but last nights showing by police may embolden those who decided to sit this round out. The police tactics were clearly trying to shield the downtown retail space in efforts to avoid Black Friday “part two” and although they were successful, I doubt at this juncture, it was a decisive blow. It will be interesting to see going forward how the protest responds.

MAR. 28TH : JUVIE NOISE DEMO
a personal reflection

On the night of March 28th at around 10pm there was a noise demo at the King County Juvenile Detention Center. It was publicized by word of mouth and flyers but was kept off of the internet. Earlier in the day, there had been a “people’s tribunal of the justice system” that was put together by some leftist organizations. Despite skepticism about the tribunal, some people had gone and handed out flyers inviting others to come to the jail and show their support for those locked up inside.

That night, I arrived a little late, partially because I felt skeptical that anyone was going to show up and I wanted to be able to make sure I wasn’t going to be the only person standing on the side of the street awkwardly waiting. As I walked down the middle of Spruce Street on the south side of the jail, I heard fireworks and saw a crowd of about twenty or twenty-five people yelling and banging on whatever was near them. A small handful of the crowd had masks on, but the tone was not particularly confrontational. I was overjoyed to find a small energetic crowd where I had half expected to find no one.

As I approached and joined the demo, some people in the crowd passed around fireworks and lighters, others made make shift drums out of trash cans and sign posts, a small child ran back and forth through the crowd screaming with a plastic sword raised over his head and everyone chanted “Let the kids out, lock the guards in, fire to the prisons, fire to the prisons”, “we love you, we support you, you are not alone” and at other times “our passion for freedom is stronger than their prisons.”

For such a small and relatively mellow demo, the energy was chaotic in a way that made it feel really joyous. I think that this was partially due to the fact that we could see the people inside through the windows. In the past, when noise demos at the juvie have been called publicly on the internet, the jail has moved everyone out of the cells near the street and turned on floodlights around the outside wall, making it impossible to communicate with anyone inside. On this night, they didn’t know we were coming and we were able to see people inside pounding on the windows, pressing their hands against the glass and trying to communicate back.

After about thirty or forty minutes someone set a paper bag on fire in the middle of the street. The bag burned calmly in front of

*March 28th: Noise Demo
at the Juvie*

*May 30th: Olympia area
White Supremacists beaten by anti-racist mob*

*May 22nd/23rd Sustainable Prisons Conference in
Olympia Disrupted*

**WARNING GIVEN
TO RESIDENTS
OF MAGNOLIA**
from pugetsoundanarchists.org

On Thursday the 12th of March, letters were delivered to areas of the Magnolia neighborhood where various individuals involved in the new youth prison project live or have property. Pictures of these individuals were included alongside a letter strongly suggesting they cease the project that profits from the imprisonment of children. The letter implies that various details are known about the lives of those involved in the design and construction of the youth prison, as well as those who made the decision to go ahead with the project and that the conflict surrounding this project will be taken to their comfortable neighborhood if they continue down this path.

They're fucking scum and they're on thin ice.



**GRAFFITI SEEN AROUND
OLYMPIA**

**DEVELOPER'S HOUSE
VANDALIZED**
from pugetsoundanarchists.org

Last week the words “No New Jail” were spray painted on the the front of Jake Mckinstry’s house at 2219 N 59th Street in Seattle. Jake works for Spectrum Development. Spectrum is building condos along 12th ave. They are also working with the city to build a new youth jail in the same area. Spectrum’s role in building the jail is to organize and oversee the development of the jail.

FUCK JAKE & FUCK JAILS

*May 21st: FTP March in downtown Oly
in response to the police shooting*

*May 22nd: Pro-Police demonstrators are joined by
open white supremacists in downtown olympia rally*



**“protesters become
violent, throw
rocks at police”**

Saturday, protesters of the recent Ferguson decision marched throughout downtown Seattle.

Seattle DOT tweeted updates, disruptions, and traffic delays in the morning and into the late afternoon. At around 4:00 p.m., Seattle Police advised that protesters had become

violent. The demonstrators, who had initially gathered at Garfield High School, split into groups.

One group split off and tried marching onto State Route 99 along the Alaskan Way Viaduct. When police blocked the crowd from entering the viaduct, police say some protestors ‘pushed against officers and began throwing rocks.’

Shortly after the rock throwing, another protester was arrested near 1st Avenue and Bell Street, after pushing an officer and then jumping on his back.

At around 4:30 p.m., officers said 150 protesters had arrived at Westlake and Denny, and were still occupying the road.

A third protester was arrested for assault at around 5:00 p.m. on Saturday. Officers said the third arrest occurred near Denny Way and Fairview.

By 6:00 p.m., many of the protesters had dispersed, and Seattle DOT advised at that time there were no longer any confirmed road closures.

In all, seven protesters were arrested at the end of the march, according to police. Five people were arrested for assault, and two were arrested for pedestrian interference. All seven will be booked into the King County Jail.

*April 19th Freddie Gray dies after 7
days in Baltimore Police Custody*

*April 21st Daniel Covarrubias is
killed by Lakewood, WA Police*



As New Year's festivities began to pick up momentum throughout Seattle, a small crowd gathered in front of the King County Juvenile Detention Facility located on 12th Ave & Alder St, responding to a callout that had been posted and flyer for weeks prior. Some wore masks, some did not, and as numbers grew people took to the street and sidewalk to march around the juvi. There was not a specific push to stay in or keep the streets, given that there was an unspoken yet seemingly accepted intention that this evening was dedicated to bridging the walls of isolation that keep incarcerated youth from freedom.

People chanted, shot fireworks (often at the building), played instruments and banged on pots and pans and the occasional dumpster. As the demonstration circled around the block of the building on the corner closest to Capitol Hill, the phalanx of bike cops that were accompanying the demonstration would work itself much closer and effectively cut people off from a direct route towards the neighborhood hosting ignorant party-goers and potentially a repeat of the chaos inflicted by anarchists during the Anti-Capitalist Ferguson Solidarity Demonstration in late November. Although an impressive reinforced-banner was present, it was never used to take the street when there was an offensive presence of bike cops.

April 26th Rioting erupts in Baltimore from protests over Gray's death

May Day is a riot in Seattle

Multiple times throughout the noise demonstration, silhouettes of prisoners inside the juvi could be seen banging on the windows, and a sign was hung in the window that read "We love you guys." Being able to see that our expressions of solidarity were heard and resonated within the souls trapped inside the juvi gave us a moment of jubilation and was celebrated with cheers and more noise.

As momentum within the demonstration began to die down, there was debate of whether or not to move towards the parties and ruckus up the hill around the bars. There were multiple calls for the "People's Microphone," the shout and chant-back tactic of expressing ideas to a large crowd that has been borrowed from the days of Occupy and mass assemblies, which were often ignored and seemed to create confusion as some participants were more intent on creating noise for those inside the juvi. Without much else, the demonstration peetered out and people slowly dispersed.

A much smaller contingent of protesters continued to work its way up 14th Avenue toward Capitol Hill, initially making use of the reinforced banner to hold the street. As numbers dwindled the group was pushed onto the sidewalk and cops soon outnumbered marchers. Those remaining were able to slip away into the crowds of party-goers on Capitol Hill.

When responding to a call for a noise demonstration at a prison or jail, what does that actually mean for social rebels and subversives? When there seems to be momentum for a rebellious gathering that was intentioned for one thing to become something else, what are ways to encourage that shift that can simultaneously throw off the suspicious dogs of authority while not confusing participants and fellow solidarians? Furthermore, what are some ways to keep noise-demonstrations, specifically demonstrations intentioned to communicate solidarity with those held captive, lively for the participants so that our chants do not peeter out into mere mutterings? These reflective questions are asked so as to push the limits of our creativity in an exaggerated struggle for freedom, and to better keep the hounds of authority and power off our tails. While this event may seem rather small and trivial to produce far-reaching questions, it is these moments where we can experiment and play with our possibilities.

May 1st: A banner is dropped over I-5 in memory of Daniel Covarrubias

May 21st Olympia Officer shoots and wounds Andre Thompson, 23, and Bryson Chaplin, 21 in West Olympia