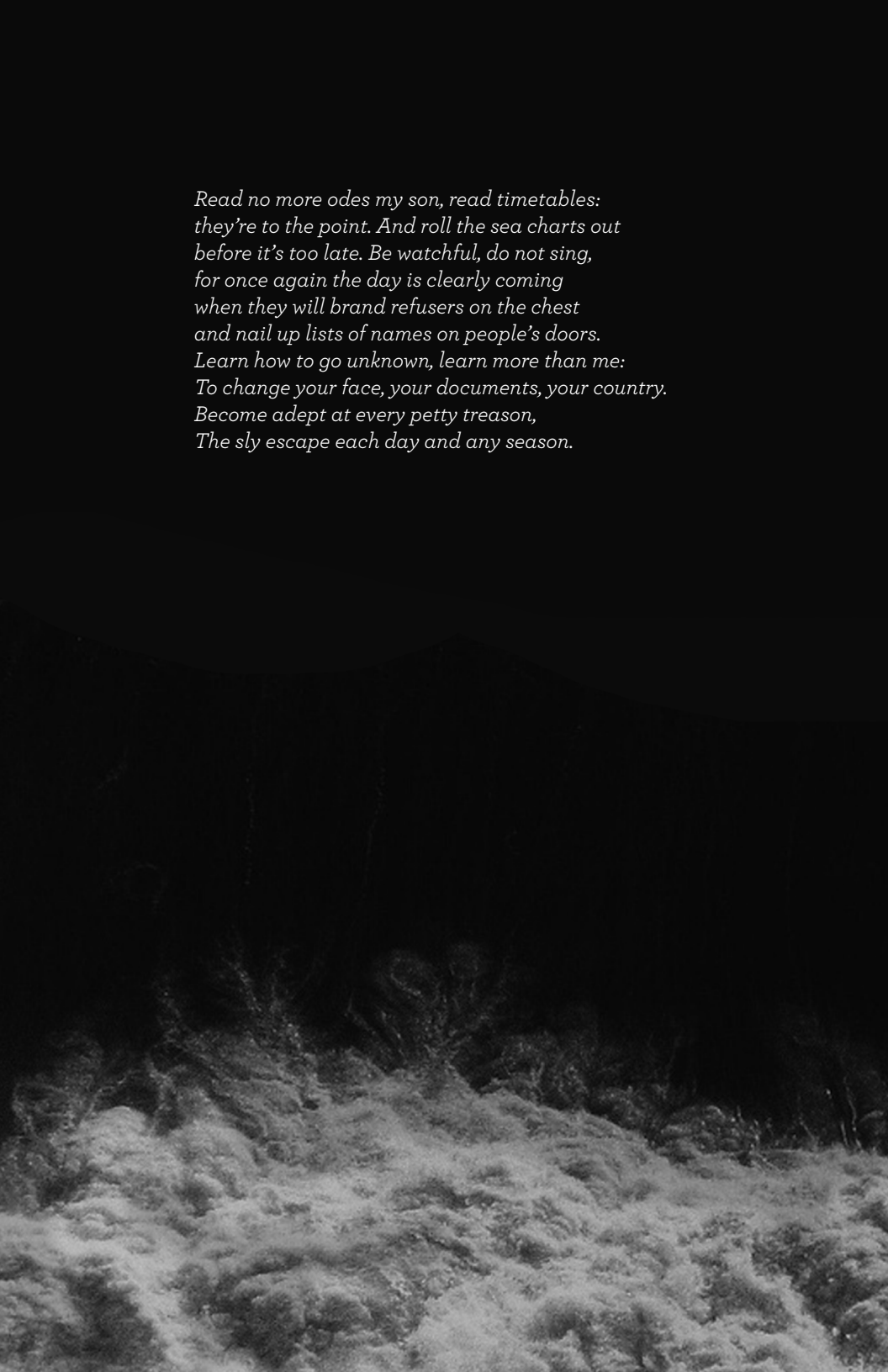


“

The program must be open. We have to dig deeply to show how things have been historically contingent... We must think that what exists is far from filling all possible space, to make a truly unavoidable challenge of the question: *what can we make work, what new game can we invent?*

ARCHIPELAGO

MIDWEST AREA v.0
EARLY SUMMER 2012

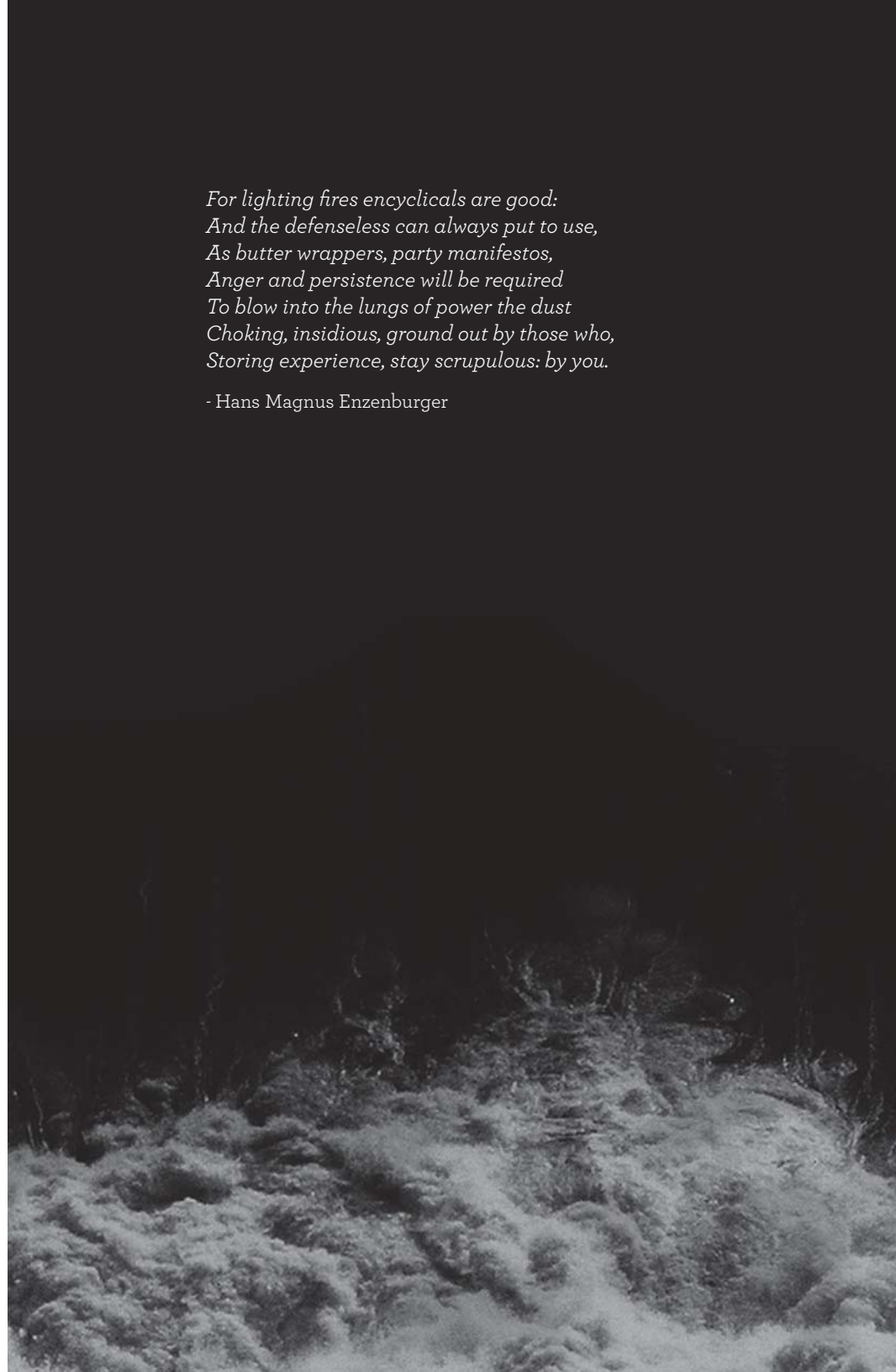


*Read no more odes my son, read timetables:
they're to the point. And roll the sea charts out
before it's too late. Be watchful, do not sing,
for once again the day is clearly coming
when they will brand refusers on the chest
and nail up lists of names on people's doors.
Learn how to go unknown, learn more than me:
To change your face, your documents, your country.
Become adept at every petty treason,
The sly escape each day and any season.*

*“Now are the woods all black,
but still the sky is blue.”*

*For lighting fires encyclicals are good:
And the defenseless can always put to use,
As butter wrappers, party manifestos,
Anger and persistence will be required
To blow into the lungs of power the dust
Choking, insidious, ground out by those who,
Storing experience, stay scrupulous: by you.*

- Hans Magnus Enzenburger



ARCHIPELAGO

A Journal of Midwest Anarchy
Issue 0 - Early summer, 2012

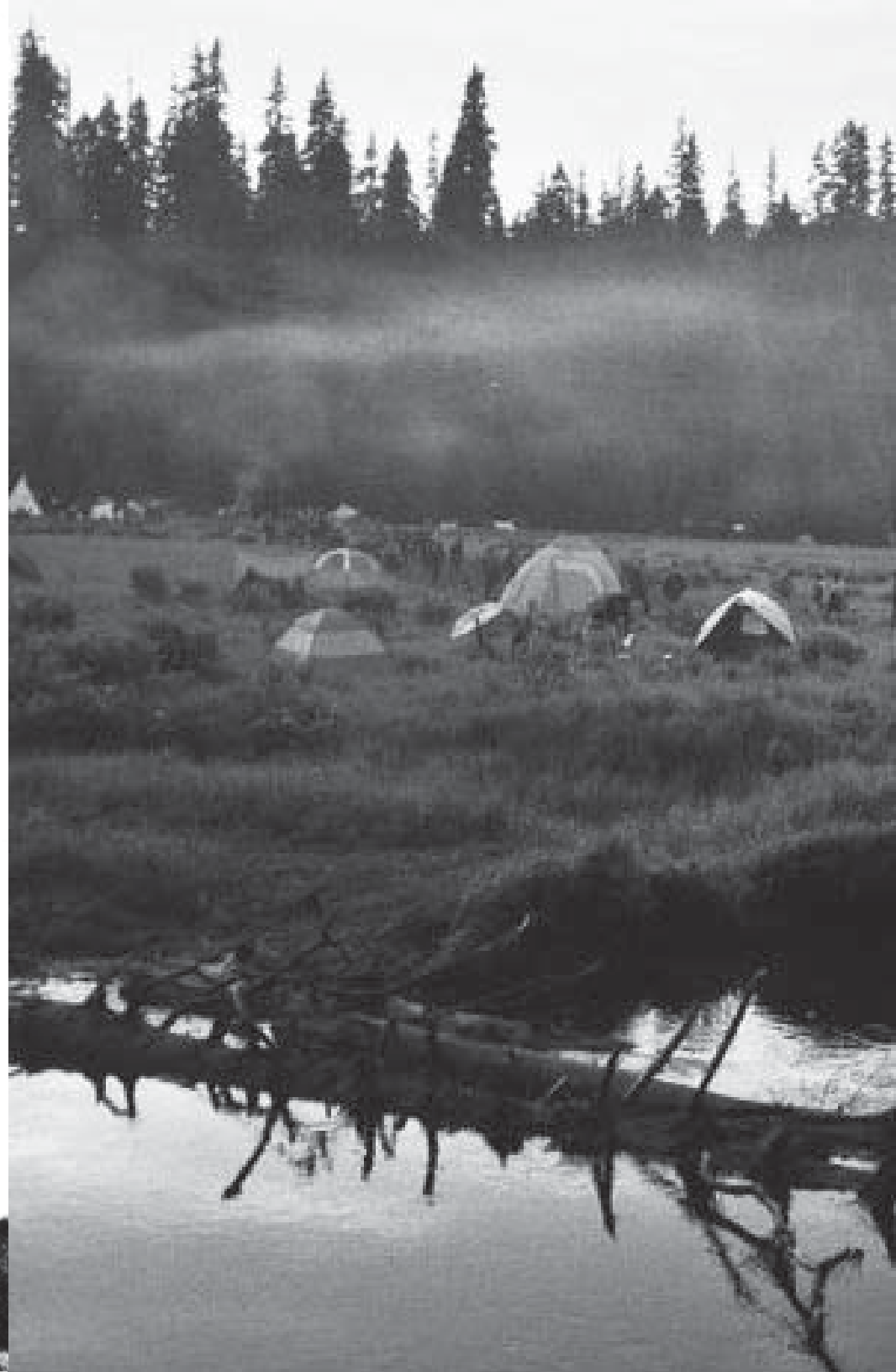
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contact: archipelago@riseup.net







walls, our enemies will have not fully succeeded in this sinister task. Of course we're reminded of the absence of our comrades daily, but we hope that this yearly day of solidarity can be a starting point for keeping them in the minds of a greater number of people more regularly.

Last year, events and actions occurred in over 30 cities across the U.S. and internationally. The expressions of solidarity, from a public noise demonstrations and events across the US to fundraiser dinner shows in Israel, and actions of sabotage from as far away as Russia and Peru, were impressive. (A dossier of actions from last year, as well as information and material for this year are available at <http://june11.org>).

The heyday of the E.L.F. and A.L.F. in the United States is over. We're moving into a dynamic period of growing social antagonism, and need to make sure that prisoners such as Marie and Eric are not left behind or forgotten. Solidarity for them should not be relegated to prisoner support specialists or those who knew them personally—their absence is of importance to all of us, and support for them should be generalized. The struggle to free Marie, Eric and others is the struggle against the society that not only creates and maintains prisons, but also commits the environmental devastation that Marie and Eric raged against.

To other comrades facing or serving long term imprisonment: we send warm greetings to Eat and Billy, undergoing trial in Indonesia for acts of sabotage; to those comrades in Greece currently imprisoned or facing long sentences relating to Revolutionary Struggle and Conspiracy Cells of Fire cases; Billy, Costas and Silvia in Switzerland; Tortuga, Freddy, Marcelo and Juan in Chile and all those implicated in the Caso Bombas; All other non-cooperating Green Scare defendants in the U.S., some of whom are about to be released: Daniel McGowan, Sadie, Exile, Jonathan Paul and the recently re-captured Justin Solondz. These are just a small sampling of cases, but unfortunately we could go on and on. We have no definition for what “long term” imprisonment could mean - every moment the state steals our loved ones away from us is too long.

Organize an event or action on June 11th, this year and every year. Let's fight together, for the destruction of this prison society and to help remind our comrades they're never alone!

EDITORIAL NOTES

ar•chi•pel•a•go *noun*, from the Greek ἀρχιπέλαγος

1. an expanse of water with many scattered islands
2. a group of islands
3. something resembling an archipelago; especially: a group or scattering of similar things.

An archipelago of small parks within the city.

We're pleased to present the preliminary issue of *Archipelago*, a journal of Midwest anarchy. We do this, not to affirm some idea of the Midwest as a strictly-bounded geographic area or to affirm 'the anarchy' as a static ideology— rather than align ourselves with a political position that bases itself on a program or utopian vision (read: *anarchism*), we want to engage with and subvert the chaos, *the anarchy*, that exists around us. Furthermore, we wish to acknowledge what ties us together: our separation from the coasts, our relative isolation from one another, our penchant for troublemaking, and our desire to overthrow everything in this terrible world. And, although we often find ourselves adrift at sea without a navigable course, lines of affinity occasionally appear to us with startling clarity, contributing to a burgeoning collective intensity and helping our islands seem a little less distant from one another.

While this journal will mainly focus on points of conflict that present themselves around us and that we involve ourselves in, we also want to draw lines between our struggles here and those in other places; coast to coast, across borders and oceans. We conjure inspiration and strength from our comrades everywhere, however, we don't want to place them on a pedestal just because their actions appear more spectacular to us. We're waging war on the existent here and now; we continue to experiment and process, to understand and convey these things as well as we can. There isn't one way to overthrow empire or for us to see our cities in flames, but rather a multiplicity of positions and approaches that can bring us closer to the moments of rupture we long for.

When acknowledging our positions, it would be disingenuous of us to ignore certain reference points that've taken shape over the last few months. We've seen something worthwhile emerge through the efforts of new groupings who have come together in the wave of occupations that occurred last fall. Something takes form, for example, in public demonstrations that we would have deemed impossible just a year ago, or in the ability to intervene and find just enough traction to move toward *something* together. This increasing momentum has not come without great difficulty: the occupations' tendencies towards bureaucracy and populism, along with the ideologically charged and incessant debate on violence has lead us, sometimes, toward cynicism and withdrawal. Regardless, there have been many successful collective actions, and because of this we keep coming back. Could this ideological mess be working to further a current of resistance, one that cannot only grow and spread disdain, but also take on a life of it's own?

It would also be a failure if we didn't recognize and attempt to sort through our complicated positions toward activities and attacks that are formulated within closed circles of people, often under the cloak of night. Years of conversations and experiments around these matters have brought us no closer to any resolutions, but have instead created a web of tensions that we're constantly either skirting around or becoming entangled in. We can't deny the exciting, practical, and often curative nature of these attacks, but we remain highly critical of late-night whispers as a singular strategy; such occurrences are fundamentally insular, a single flower in an endless desert, blooming and wilting often without notice. And while each clandestine move might provoke outside observers to

and cameras. The government also paid for the transportation, bomb materials and provided bomb recipes. When the government felt that they had gathered enough information, they swooped in and arrested Eric, Lauren and Zach. No actions had been carried out. Lauren and Zach, under pressure from both the state and their families, collaborated with the government, while Eric remained strong and did not. His case went to trial and he was convicted and sentenced to 20 years in prison. Although jurors in the trial later stated that they didn't understand the case and didn't think the trial was fair, all of Eric's appeals have failed.

These two arrests are just a small part of a broader plan of repression by the U.S. government known by anarchists as "the Green Scare," an allusion to the Red Scare of the 1950s, in which communists in the United States were harassed, blacklisted and deported. Eco-anarchists and animal rights activists in the U.S. have faced a similar brand of coordinated harassment since 2001, being named the #1 domestic terrorism threat in the US even though their actions, through careful planning and consideration, have never harmed humans or animals. In 2005, the government's "Operation Backfire" completely ripped apart the underground E.L.F. movement in the northwest US. Subsequently Eric, Marie and others have been targeted for two apparent purposes: to completely wipe out the E.L.F. in the United States, and to foster a culture of fear and obedience. The State has unfortunately been quite successful in this task, thanks to tactics such as extensive surveillance and infiltration, as well as clever uses of laws against organized crime, conspiracy charges and the AETA (Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act, a law that makes it an act of terrorism to cause financial impact on businesses that profit from animal exploitation).

We don't encourage solidarity on the basis of long-term sentences because we believe in a possibility for a reasonable or fair sentence for any prisoner (though both Marie's and Eric's 20+ year sentences are well in excess of the sentencing guidelines for their so-called crimes.) We focus on the longevity of their sentences because, whatever the circumstances of their arrest, the government uses these lengthy sentences to send a message, at the expense of those we hold dear, and to scare broadening circles of people into compliance and fear. By locking Eric and Marie up for decades, the State wishes to erase them. If, minimally, once a year, we shout our comrades names from the rooftops and write their names on the

The cases of Marie and Eric appear fundamentally different at first glance. We choose to connect them in the context of June 11th, not only because of their similar sentences and the fact that they both remained incredibly strong in the face of intense harassment, but also to highlight and analyze the U.S. government's multi-faceted strategy of repression.

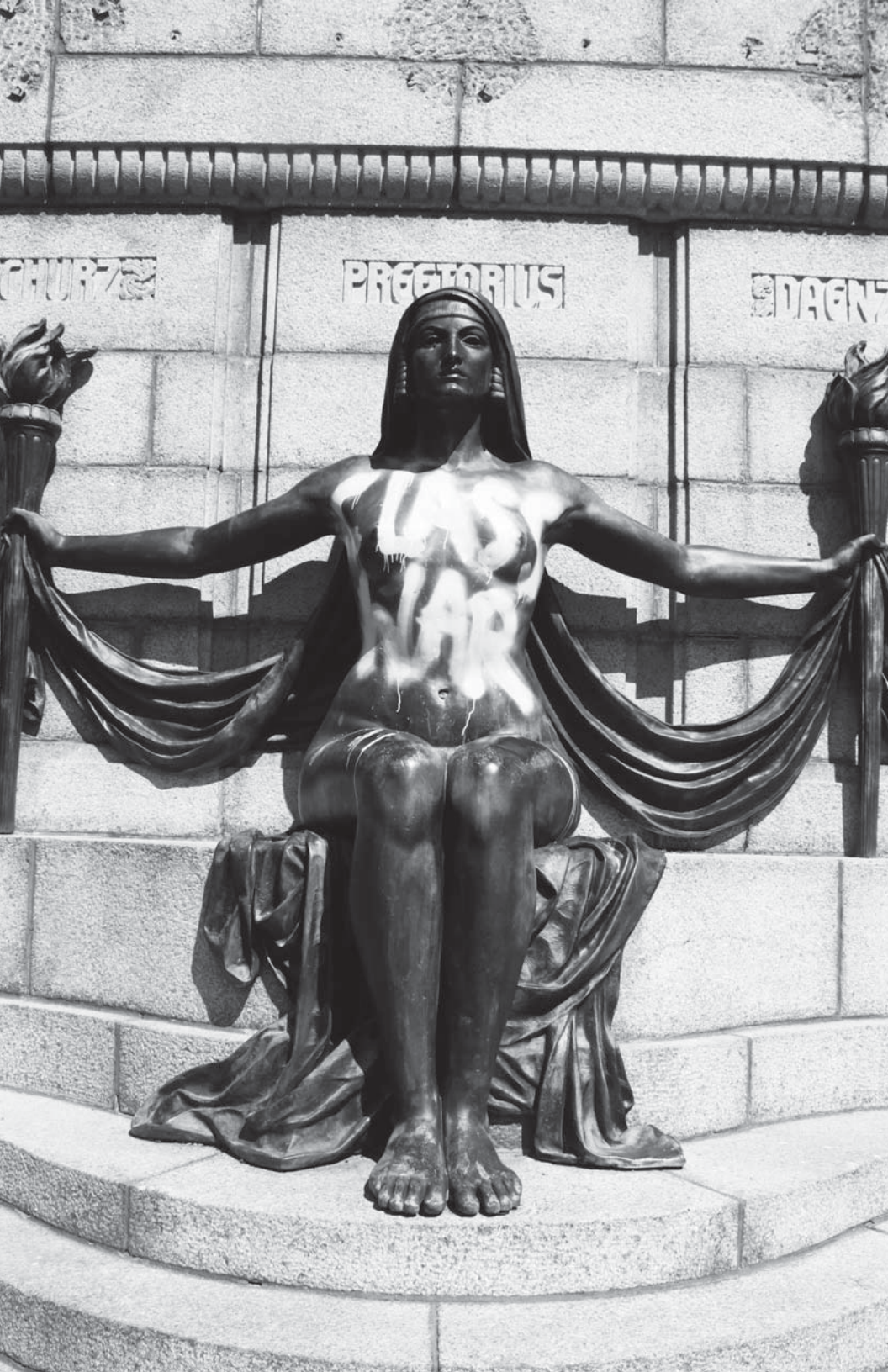
Marie Mason was arrested in 2008 after more than 30 years of both above ground and clandestine organizing and action. She has been involved in both environmental and labor struggles, edited many radical publications, and was involved in water rights, anti-infrastructure and anti-logging and development projects in the Midwestern United States. She had already been subjected to years of FBI harassment when she was indicted for a string of Earth Liberation Front (E.L.F.) arsons that had occurred in 1999 and 2000. Her indictment was only possible due to the collaboration her ex-husband, Frank Ambrose, with the FBI. Due to continuing expenses, pressure and threats of a life sentence in prison, she took a non-cooperating plea deal that recommended her for 15-20 years. Citing her actions and unwillingness to collaborate, the State turned on its previous word and sentenced her to nearly 23 years. Since being incarcerated, she has suffered health problems and has had many difficulties accessing vegan food, has been harassed and threatened constantly and has been re-located to a prison in Texas, hundreds of miles away from her family in Michigan. In the special "medical" unit, in which she is currently held captive, correspondence with the outside world is extremely controlled (her conditions can be likened to a Communications Management Unit in the U.S. or the FIES units in Spain). Some of her supporters and her family are still pursuing legal means of reducing her sentence, but judicial avenues seem thoroughly exhausted.

Eric McDavid, on the other hand, is a young anarchist arrested for committing no action except thoughtcrime. In 2005 a young girl named Anna befriended him; she apparently shared his passion for taking action in defense of the environment. However, "Anna" was actually a government informant, paid over \$65,000 to infiltrate the anarchist and radical environmentalist scenes to entrap people. Anna heavily pressured Eric and two friends, Lauren and Zachary, to take action, and even went as far as to pay for renting a remote cabin in the woods where they could practice making bombs. The cabin, entirely funded by the FBI, was filled with hidden recording devices

recognize a conspiracy, this conspiracy bares no access and little hint of reproducibility. Even so, we cannot deny the contribution these signals of disorder provide to the terrain, both locally and internationally, and we cannot let go of the possibility that these moments could help to reveal small chinks in the armor, exposing the fragility of order and thus contributing to the necessary potential of open revolt.

By singling out these two reference points, we do not intend to reinforce a dichotomy between particular stratagems. The forces that influence us, the threads of discussion that we stew over are numerous, and these are but two that feel present in the front of our minds. Other questions remain similarly dear to us: how, in places where we are few and spread out, can we contribute to these ruptures that feel necessary for our survival? How can we share tactics and analysis and compare notes in a manner that doesn't revolve around cliquish counter-cultural circles and already-present points of contact? How can our struggles not feel so isolated to our individual locales, but relay off of and amplify each other? On this note, this issue-zero focuses primarily on acts and evaluation originating in a few midwestern cities. We hope that this won't always be the case and, as this publication disseminates, those both known and unknown to us will contribute articles, communiqués, critiques and conversations.

In putting our thoughts and analysis out into the world on paper, our intentions are multifaceted. The obvious tension between how things appear on the internet and how we engage with them in the world is rife with potential and pitfalls. We can't begin this project without asserting our commitments to the printed word, but not solely as a reactionary position against the internet. We want a record of our thoughts and movements to exist in various forms, for careful consideration and fond recollection by history, and we want these records to exist on our own terms. We hold nothing but contempt for the media and place no trust in their (lack of) representation of our struggles. Let our direction be clear: we write for those whom we hold in our hearts, and for those who hold us in theirs. For those we have met, and the future comrades we yearn to encounter, and to anyone who is enraged by the tyranny of capitalism.

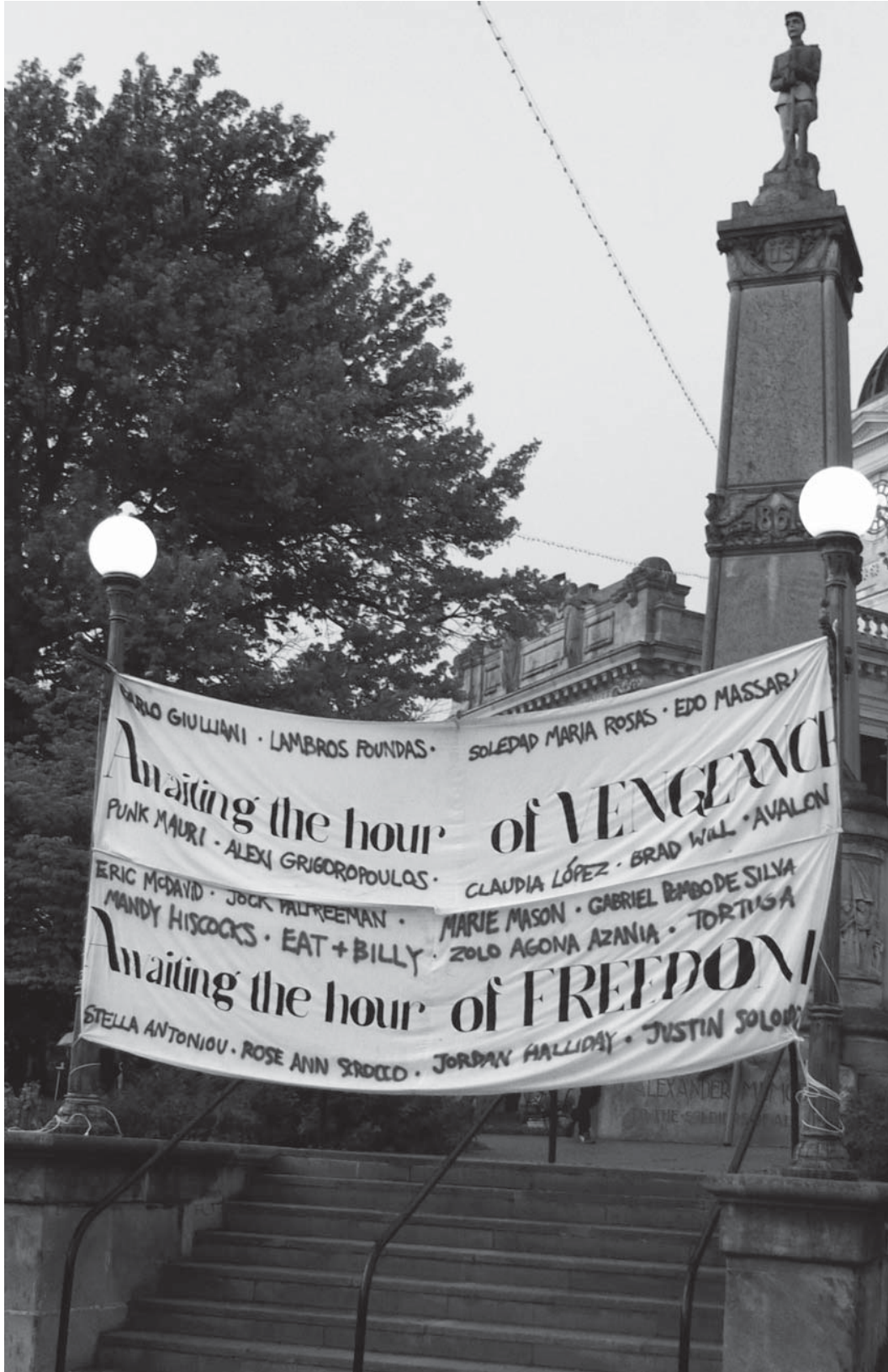


JUNE 11th CALL OUT

Call for solidarity: June 11th International Day of Solidarity with Marie Mason, Eric McDavid, and longterm anarchist prisoners.

Everywhere that there exists dynamic struggle against the state and capitalism, there is some degree of repression. Capitalism knows well how to protect its interests, and this entails targeting and eradicating those who challenge its dominance. While we continue our daily struggle against this monster, we also fight to make sure our friends and comrades who have been imprisoned by the state aren't forgotten, that their material and emotional needs are taken care of, and that they remain connected to the movements that they have been forcibly yanked away from.

Last year, as one small gesture to address this, June 11th was called as a yearly day of solidarity with two of our longest imprisoned American anarchist comrades, Marie Mason and Eric McDavid. While we realize that many of us don't have spare time or resources to put toward organizing or fundraising beyond the projects we already engage with, we hope that their names and stories, as well as the lessons learned from their cases, can become well known everywhere. In our actions and solidarity, we wish to draw connections between Marie's and Eric's cases and those of imprisoned anarchist comrades all over the world who are experiencing firsthand these alarming trends of lengthy sentences and increased repression. This is a preliminary call addressed to all those who fight against this prison society to take action on June 11th, in solidarity with Eric, Marie and all long-term anarchist prisoners.



An Account of Occupy The Midwest

"Hey, would you help me unfurl this banner?"

So I found myself holding a corner of a massive banner, the size of a billboard that read "Police State." The moment that my friend asked me this question I knew that the attempt to hold the park had failed. What occurred thirty minutes prior – a group of 100 or so people successfully shouting back the police – would not occur again. Pigs amassed in force. Suddenly, the agreement the group had made before the 10pm curfew that no one would talk to the police was forgotten, and politicians from both sides of the situation began to negotiate... well, it was more of the same "Occupy Movement" attempt to convince a city official that we had a right to set up a camp. The ridiculous 1st amendment argument that some people think is a ticket to freedom... because freedom is apparently synonymous with "rights."

As I stood there, confused about all the conversations I see occurring at the bottom of the hill, pissed off that people are talking with the cops and the mayor's aid, the police began to multiply. The first group of pigs stood there, rubbing their batons, obviously fantasizing about avenging their earlier show of weakness. As their numbers continued to swell, it became clear that to prevent ourselves from being arrested in the context of civil disobedience,

and to end this night with some measure of power, we had to move. With spontaneity, a march was called, this billboard banner leading the way. As we began to walk south, blocking both lanes of traffic due to the size of the sign, the cops stopped their conversations and conceivably received some kind of vague order. They were pissed. They were disorganized.

I found myself on the west side of the street, closest to the sidewalk with my good friend on my left. The banner was approximately my height, so the fact that I couldn't see anything except for my friend and the cars parked to my right made me extremely anxious. Less than 20 seconds went by since we crossed into the road and suddenly, I hear screams of "get on the sidewalk!" and "holy shit, holy shit!" I freeze in confusion and my friend grabs me and pulls me on to the sidewalk. Several feet in front of me I see another protester... already the cops had picked off their first victim. Half of his body was on the sidewalk, the other half in the street, three cops incapacitate him with their knees. After a moment, I realize that this person happens to be a close friend, and I grab him as we yell "let him go!" and "fuck you!" at the cops. To my right I see another friend get choked by an officer with a baton and taken to the ground, without any provocation or warning. In an instant, this person went from standing in silent shock, to being kicked in the face, as he lies impotent on the concrete. I stand overwhelmed between two of my friends while I watch their identities be stolen by thugs and turned in to defenseless, nameless bodies.

But I yell, and I do what I can to let my friends know that at the very least, we're all bearing witness to this attack. For a moment I lose track of my friend as I see pigs lunge after any bystander within their reach, some run away, some get caught. I step back towards a side street to prevent my own arrest - the cops grope for any body they can get their fist around or bring their baton down on; with this kind of disorganized chaos everyone was at risk for their brutality. A moment passes, and I see him bolt down this dimly lit side street chased by 3 to 4 pigs. It was the first time I watched someone run for their fucking life with the fear that if they got caught, they might not make it out. I find myself screaming "RUN!" But I stand, immobilized. A second passes, another good friend, sprints around the corner and down the street. I instantly realize he is running to ensure that my friend is not isolated by the cops. I begin to comprehend the gravity of the situation: that two people I deeply love are being chased down

12 Milwaukee: Three windows at the downtown M&I bank and two Windows at the downtown Chase bank were smashed in solidarity with Luciano Tortuga.

21 Chicago: Anti-fasists attacked a group of white supremacists holding a meeting in a restaurant. Five men were pulled over and arrested in conjunction with the attack.

25 St. Louis: Chicago solidarity demonstration ends with arrests after police scuffle. "Solidarity with all who resist!" and other slogans were painted on banks. A property manager was confronted for harrasing the march and struck in the head. Police rushed to the scene and 10 demonstrators were arrested. According to the media, two officers were hit in the head, and another received treatment for a hand injury.

Thanks to:
anarchistnews.org
rifibloomington.wordpress.com
antistatestl.wordpress.com

Out Of Our Lives” flanked an angry group of 30+ who marched to local rapist and St. Louis University student Josh Puchetta’s fraternity house. Voices were strong and complicit fratboys were confronted. Later, there were sightings of informative stickers with a link to <http://joshpuchetaisarapist.noblogs.org> and large graffiti on the side of his frathouse reportedly stating “RAPE HAPPENS HERE!”

MAY

1 Bloomington: Actions, workshops and film screenings took place all over town throughout the day. In the morning, an attempted occupation of a section of a gentrifying walking trail lead to an eviction by an exorbitant number of cops, slashing tents and wielding a pepperball gun. Later in the day, a festive but confrontational parade snaked around town, ending with a picnic and dance party on the courthouse lawn. Graffiti reading “General Strike 2012” was spotted downtown.

1 St. Louis: After a strike-themed picnic in a south city park, 30 or more comrades rallied on Cherokee Street for an annual May Day March. A low intensity disruption, including loud music, proud bodies, screaming voices, wheat-pasted propaganda and sporadic fireworks sprayed this gentrified strip of commerce in celebration of those all over smashing targets of capital and the state.

4 Memphis: ATMs belonging to Bank of America, First Tennessee, and Wachovia Bank were smashed and glued in various locations around Memphis on Thursday night in solidarity with the recent police raids and arrest that took place in Portland.

7 Chicago: Vandals loosened lugnuts on squad cars at a Morgan Park neighborhood police station there and plunked a large piece of concrete spray-painted with a circle-A in the station parking lot. “It weighs every bit of 50 pounds,” said a Morgan Park District officer. “It’s a big hunk of concrete found in the middle of the parking lot.”

a dark street by 6 to 8 cops... and my feet move in their direction, just a little... and then I am struck with the disabling realization that more pigs await behind me. What good am I in this situation? How does my certain beating help my friends? Some white shirt runs a few feet down the street and commands “come back, don’t chase them!” No response.

I glance to my right, I hear another friend shouting, demanding that the pigs who are arresting him explain what he has done wrong. They provide no answer. They read him no rights. They simply take him. Another comrade standing near as this is occurring, letting the pigs know what he thinks of them, is chosen to go down but he manages to out run that fuck.

Another moment has passed. I see strange faces with wide eyes all around me. I feel that I am standing in the center of 360 degrees of tumult. I have not moved. I look back down the shadowy street. My good friend is now on the sidewalk. His face smashed against the concrete. There are at least two pieces of shit taking out their dissatisfaction with their lives on his face and body. He is beaten with feet. He is beaten with an archaic bludgeon they euphemistically call a baton – as though they spin and twirl them on their nights off. I am so scared. I am so fucking scared. I think of his little daughter. This beautiful, little person who doesn’t deserve to have to experience the misery and violence of life so early. They pick him up. The very people who chased him down a street, beat him, now have the power to take away all of his defenses and determine his fate. As he is walked up the street, I see his face covered in something and I pray to a god I don’t believe in that it is dirt. I know it’s not dirt, but all I can do is hope that what I just saw didn’t actually happen. His stare is blank. He looked so confused. I was the first person he saw but I don’t think he actually saw me. I asked him, “did they hurt you?” Of course I fucking knew they hurt him, but I just wanted to hear his voice and let him know that this person on the sidewalk gives a shit. His voice quivered, “yes.” One of the pigs is repeatedly yelling, “I fucking showed you respect.”

I watch him be lead up the street and a friend comes out from the shadows and follows behind the three. The same cop who just declared himself such a respectful individual lunges at her, puffs up his chest and shouts “don’t you walk behind me, woman.” She backs up and I start following behind her, up to the main street that only minutes earlier we attempted to march down. As my friend is being

escorted through the crowd, people chant “shame.” And the white shirts start to disperse the crowds.

I find some friends, and we are all in shock. I somehow didn't see my other friend get escorted up the street. I knew what he did, but I can't imagine how he did it. I don't have words to describe the feelings I have when I think about him running to help my friend. I have never seen such love for another person. I have never seen something so full of life. I will never forget what he did that night. I learn that he was also brutally beaten by the pigs. We all know our friends are fucked. They tried to hold on to their autonomy and that is what would most condemn them... later we learned that they were being charged with absurd crimes. How else would the state justify the violence of their paid enforcers?

For those that have never witnessed police violence, I want to make something clear. Nothing about this situation followed the prescription of an arrest - this media image of a “You are under arrest. You have the right...” is not what happens in real life. A friend said it best, what happened Thursday night was some gangsta shit. It was angry, vicious people jumping unarmed protesters and bystanders. It was an attack. It was intentional brutality. They did not follow any procedure of kettling, “less lethal” tactics, etc. Their actions were directly targeting individuals and beating the shit out of them. It was so fucked up.

The rhetoric of violence vs. non-violence is utterly irrelevant and insulting. My friends disappeared for 24 hours. Some strangers, who were weaponized and free from scrutiny, were deciding what was to be done with them. Pigs and judges have been given the power to determine the course of their lives. There is no such thing as non-violence. There is no such thing as safety. These ideas are complete illusions, and one can only hold on to them as long as one has the privilege to avoid the violence that maintains society. As we participate and live our lives, all we are doing is avoiding repression.

I am traumatized. I am having flashbacks, and the more I try to make the motions of my mundane life the more vivid they become. Work, school, friendly conversations all seem completely devoid of meaning. All I can do is tell the story of my experience and force the people I surround myself with to question the society we participate in.

I am so fucking angry.





CAREFUL WHO YOU FUCKING TRUST.

Our thoughts go out to those anarchists in Cleveland who have found themselves on the butt-end of an FBI bomb plot. These tactics aren't anything new— only a few years ago, a government informant entrapped Eric McDavid, taking advantage of his romantic interest and a passion for the environment to manipulate him into discussing destructive actions. For the misfortune of falling into this trap, the federal government charged Eric with conspiracy and sentenced him to 20 years in prison. The FBI continues to make examples out of enthusiastic and inexperienced anarchists, with the aim of terrorizing wider swaths of people and quashing rebellion. Look out for each other, don't buy the C4 and never, ever go to the cabin.



eventually has to be escorted away by police for his own safety. No arrests made.

9 Bloomington: An impressive banner was dropped off of the IU business school to raise awareness of the coal plant that provides power for the campus: “CLIMATE CHANGE KILLED 315,000 PEOPLE LAST YEAR ALONE. IU HAS BLOOD ON ITS HANDS.”

10 Bloomington: A mass assembly, convened on campus to discuss student issues and austerity, seized an auditorium in the Fine Arts building. The building was held as a space for student autonomy, communizing of campus resources for everyone’s use, and as a base from which to plot further struggle. The auditorium was held overnight, however, nearly 40 cops showed up in the morning to evict the dwindled number of occupants.

12 Bloomington: IU trustees meeting disrupted as 30 people took over a third of the conference room to discuss their conditions and frustrations (including debt, powerlessness, the closing of the women’s office, and environmental destruction), and begin proposing methods of struggle between themselves. Despite the trustees’ growing disconcertion and inability to concentrate on the task at hand and the presence of many police officers, no arrests were made.

15 Bloomington: Notoriously racist and homophobic pastor Doug Wilson speaks on IU campus; vocal queers packed the auditorium hosting the event. Christian snitches pointed out a comrade after she raises her voice; she was then promptly snatched away by police. A large and rowdy contingent marched from campus to the jail and held a noise demo outside. Our stolen comrade was released relatively quickly afterward, without bail and with minimal charges.

24 Bloomington: Pre-Mayday microphone demo raised awareness for the following week’s Mayday celebrations with fliers and music.

28 St. Louis: Take Back The Night March. Banners reading “Touch Me And I’ll Fuckin’ Kill You” and “Kick Rapists Out Of School &

toward security. The banner, which hung throughout the morning, proclaimed “Resistance lives on! Strike! Occupy!” and testified to the fact that despite their best efforts, we are ungovernable.

14 Chicago: Anti-prison noise demo at the Metropolitan Correctional Center in downtown Chicago. A banner reading “WE FOUND LOVE IN A HOPELESS PL(A)CE” was unfurled as demonstrators chanted and attempted to connect with those held captive inside.

MARCH:

9 Bloomington: Microphone demo held in People’s Park for the 4th anniversary of Marie Mason’s imprisonment. Statements read over a PA echoed through downtown as hundreds of fliers were passed out, ensuring Marie is not forgotten as she serves a 23-year prison term for E.L.F. actions.

15 St. Louis: An attempt to occupy a park turned into a mobile demonstration when cops attacked and brutally beat three comrades, arresting both of them and a dozen others. One cop car had its windshield broken.

16 St. Louis: Comrades rushed a local radio station demanding a statement expressing solidarity with the victims of the previous night’s police violence immediately be read. This bold and experimental move ended in a watered down version of the statement being read over the radio during rush hour.

20 St. Louis: Compton Hill Reservoir Park and Mayor’s Aide’s home vandalized: “OCCUPY ATTACK RESIST,” “CLASS WAR.”

28 Bloomington: “Spring Awakening” noise demo ran amok on campus, raising awareness of student issues and generating hype for upcoming student activities.

APRIL:

7 Bloomington: Nazi demonstrators were counter-protested by 80 antifascist and anarchist demonstrators. One nazi stays and

It’s Been Said A Thousand Times

This text was wheatpasted around a neighborhood in which an anti-police demonstration had occurred late January in St. Louis, MO. We include it here both because we find affinity with the text and also to draw attention to this particular tactic of communiqué dissemination.

January 14, St. Louis. Police kill 39-year-old Deandra Pye after chasing him though a North City neighborhood and firing 60 rounds in his direction. Deandra becomes the latest casualty in a string of state approved murders on the streets and in the jails.

January 28, Oakland, CA. Police repress an attempt to occupy an abandoned building and transform it into a community social center. Tear gas, rubber coated bullets, concussion grenades and batons are used to beat back those seeking to establish a free library, kitchen, shelter and meeting hall in the unused Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center.

January 31, St. Louis. A demonstration against police violence and in solidarity with the occupation movement in Oakland briefly takes over South Grand Blvd. Fliers explaining the action are distributed, wheat pasted and thrown into the air. A banner reading, “Cops – out of our neighborhoods, out of our lives!” separates the unruly crowd from the police. Along the way a police substation is splashed with paint.

It's been said a thousand times. The urban ghettos screamed it in '65, '67, '68 and '92. NWA and Li'l Boosie put it on the tips of everyone's tongues. In 2009, after the murder of Oscar Grant, Oakland youth left it scorched into the pavement. And just last year London really did burn, blowing the lid off a simmering social peace.

On the one hand, we are confronted by the necessity of responding to police violence. We cannot sit back and quietly watch as the people around us are harassed, intimidated and shot down in the streets. We feel the urgency of pushing back, creating some breathing room, forcing them to stop killing us. We know that our struggle for lives worth living brings us into conflict with the forces of repression, the guard dogs of wealth and power.

On the other hand, we refuse the confines of a private grudge match with the police. Our resistance cannot be reduced to a simple hatred of individual police officers. What we are opposed to is a system that responds to hunger and poverty with the violence of jails and homelessness, a society that greets our limitless human potential with the ultimatum: spend your life working a shit job or face the abyss of unemployment and a life of crime. More and more this becomes less and less of a choice. Whether we are losing the security of our employment to an increasingly competitive and ruthless market or we never had a sense of stability to begin with, the economy fails us.

It's been said a thousand times. Almost everywhere we turn misery abounds: exhaustion, stress, boredom and routine at work, at school, in the home and the supermarket. We drag ourselves out of bed and through the day as if life were just something to survive. The moments of joy, relaxation and happiness that perforate this waking death take place in the spaces we manage to carve out for ourselves. It is in bed with our lovers, in the park with children, in the company of friends that life and living are given the meaning they deserve.

On the one hand, we recognize the fault lines that run deep through our society producing interpersonal and anti-social violence. From sexual assault to muggings on the street, ours is a culture rife with relationships of domination. It must be stressed that the so-called "knock out gangs" and their arbitrary viciousness are not our answer to the systematic brutality of the police and the social order they maintain. It is that same social order which, by

DOSSIER OF ACTIONS

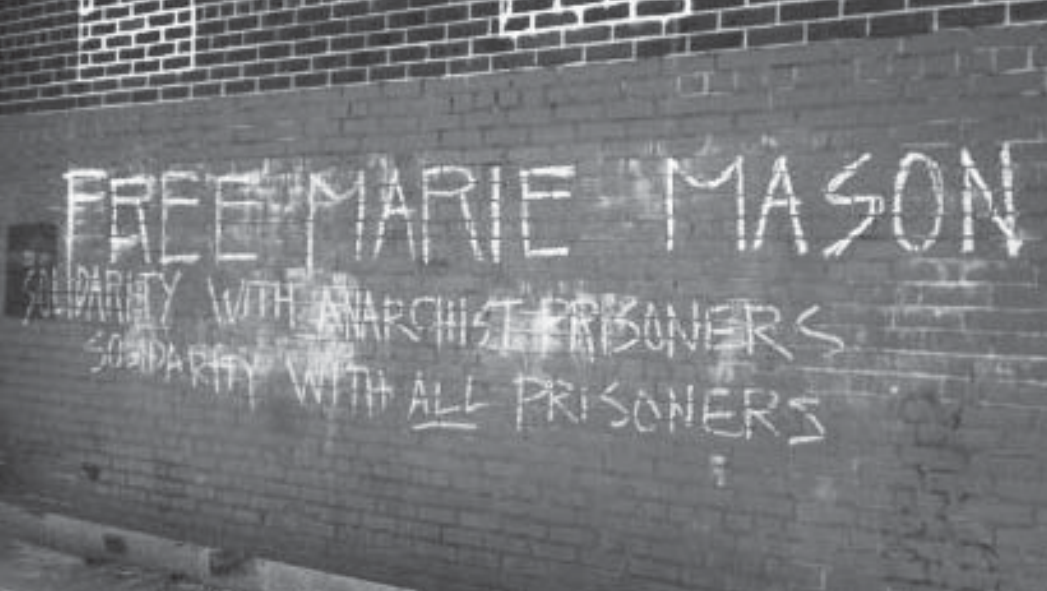
JANUARY:

28 Minneapolis, MN: Over 50 people met at Stevens Square Park in Minneapolis and marched to an abandoned historic building for a dance party and food-share. This event coincided with a similar event in Oakland, and other solidarity actions around the country.

31 St. Louis: A demonstration against police violence and in solidarity with the Occupation movement in Oakland briefly took over South Grand Blvd. Fliers explaining the action were distributed, wheat pasted and thrown into the air. A banner reading, "Cops - out of our neighborhoods, out of our lives!" separated the unruly crowd from the police. Along the way a police substation was attacked with paint. This same night 3 more police stations report being doused in paint.

FEBRUARY:

3 St. Louis: At sunrise, a banner appeared from the rooftop of the city's Old Municipal Court Building downtown. The building, which on November 17th hosted an occupation and joyous dance party, had since been subject to the city's greatest attempts



way of exclusion and poverty, creates the context from which these deplorable assaults emerge. And it would take nothing less than the total restructuring of society to actually put an end to them. Such conflicts will always appear as long as there are those who have and those who ain't got.

On the other hand, we know that the institutions called police, court, jail and prison are the ultimate deterrent for those seeking a different way of living and relating, a genuine human community. The last recourse of the status quo, when threatened by a surge from below is the policeman's gun. It is precisely this social role, that of the disciplinarian and the inquisitor, that we encounter when we struggle and in turn that we must overcome in order to finally break our chains.

Against the dictatorship of capitalism and the repressive state! For a world in which our dreams may come to pass!

- Anarchists





the downtown corridor, will never again be held as it was. Occupy is dead, now we must make clear the task ahead of us. We must continue to concern ourselves with struggle and our relationships to one another. We must further our ability to answer the question of how each of these can be established, invented and multiplied. We must continue to reach out from our cities here in the Midwest, so we can find one another. Without the network of occupations to speak from, we once again set to the task of fashioning new ways of communication. Our bodies, friendships and conspiracies navigate the never-ending engagement between humanity and capital, life and state subjugation – an encounter that has been and always will be a give and take. The collective self or *care-machine* must ebb and flow along with the tides of war. Together we must find a way to get back on the offensive.

quickening rhythm of mounting revolt. Further, the observation and personal experience of police brutality succeeds and reinforces each of these phenomena. With stark awareness of how far the enforcers of Order are willing to go to thwart raising a single tent, we now feel that any probability of reoccupation is impossible. However, an anarchist history of resistance consoles us, and our common interest in continual praxis of rebellious intervention will not stagger. Even now, the situation as it is – with many Midwest occupations gone – seditious discussions carry on and various attacks congeal.

Within our ranks we recognize those who will never cease experimentation, no matter how difficult the terrain becomes. Inside of these moments of resistance, these manners of being, we take solace in one another. That within our networks of comrades, rebels and anarchists, the world over, a rare connection can be found. It functions like a circuit built over many years of action and now thriving beyond struggle. We know this concept by many names, but often simply describe it as friendship. We speak of this in order to promote a potential line for the continuation of our attacks and simultaneous attempts of taking care of one another. We see the ever-growing necessity to expand beyond our insular networks, but the need for friendship is revealed in the more governments deepen their laws over conspiracy and transgression. In the development of these particular bonds we mean to extend ourselves to exceed rupture while continuing our efforts towards such. We see our friends as those who are at risk and with whom we are at risk. We seek friendship with those who are filled with an eternal desire to detach from subjectivity and interrupt the dominant cycle of normality.

Some of us involved in last fall's plaza occupation downtown and other subsequent events have followed a line of inquiry centered around the emergence and expiration of Occupy, as seen through our collective experience. This line produced many questions, which have continued circulation amongst friends and comrades in Saint Louis. How will larger local demonstrations come about now? What other contemporary struggles can we look to? What relationships have we gained that could add assistance in furthering experimentation?

We most likely cannot satisfy our craving for demonstrations with greater depth and potency and for more interesting environments, in which we can meet and reclaim, again for sometime. The open-air social space of the occupation, once nestled in the center of

The Institutionalization of Dissent on IU's Campus

Bloomington, Indiana is just progressive enough. A dot of blue in a sea of red, Bloomington is home to countless mid-forties hip Democrats who think buying fair trade coffee and joining the local food co-op is their contribution to a radical community. Seated in this position slightly above apathy, the Bloomington populace is arguably doing more harm than their reactionary neighbors. This isn't to say that Bloomington lacks a culture of resistance: for going on two decades, there has been a tireless fight against the construction of mega-highway I-69, with many brave comrades working together in resistance. There have been other active campaigns in the Bloomington area but, generally speaking, at least since I moved here in 2009, Bloomington has been stuck in a rut.

This general complacency began to be challenged in 2011. Opening with a small but promising occupation in mid-October, a culture of resistance was stirring in its sleep. Before long, there was Occupy IU, focusing on issues directly affecting the local university. Indiana University (IU), known for its School of Business, was waking up to the injustices occurring on its campus.

In late November a group disrupted a J.P. Morgan recruiting session, physically blocking the door and shutting down the event. In the next couple months there were teach-ins on austerity and student debt, as well as the corporate university. Later, a mobile noise demonstration took the streets of campus, marching through dining halls and classroom buildings, stopping at a dormitory to take down the U.S. and Indiana flags and attempting to raise a red-and-black flag. These actions all built on each other, laying the foundation of a culture of resistance and self-organization. All of this came to a crescendo during a "week of action" beginning on Monday, April 9.

Early Monday morning, a large banner was dropped off of the side of the School of Business reading, "Climate change killed 315,000 people last year alone / IU has blood on its hands". Later that

day, students and community members held a “flash occupation”, disrupting prospective student tours and distributing literature on student debt and the tuition hikes proposed to the Board of Trustees. Tuesday saw a mass assembly, with upwards of a hundred people, including undergraduates, graduate students, community members, university staff, and more. Many of these had never previously been involved in any sort of social action. That group stormed the Fine Arts building and took the auditorium, holding it overnight. On Thursday a mass action entailed forty or so people taking control of the Board of Trustees’ bi-annual meeting and holding their own General Assembly, shouting over the trustees, refusing to accept their legitimacy.

All of these actions seemed to be building a culture of resistance on Indiana University’s campus. With every passing day our numbers grew, and every act of opposition cut deeper and deeper into the indestructible-seeming university complex. However, following the Board of Trustees action, considered by some the most effective yet, the administration approached select protesters and proposed a meeting between students and the administration. It was at this point the group we had thought so strong fell apart.

Anarchists in the group immediately cried out that attending such a meeting would be throwing away everything we’d built, and by attending the meeting and accepting the legitimacy of the administration, we would become no better than the bureaucracy we sought to destroy. Other members saw this as a grand victory, or at the very least an opportunity. Some even went as far as to view Steve Veldkamp, the administration’s stooge (otherwise known as the Assistant Dean of Students and Director of Student Life and Learning) who “reads three or four articles on Occupy every day” as an ally, working the system from the inside out. Discussions turned into arguments, which in turn evolved into fighting. Eventually this group, which had worked so hard together on so many victories, fractured into two camps: those who went to the meeting and those who didn’t. With that simple tactic, the university administration efficiently squashed any mobilization on campus.

The question then remains: what are anarchists to do? This question is not unique to Bloomington, or even the Occupy movement, and the institutionalization of dissent is nothing new. In 1913 President Woodrow Wilson established the Department of Labor as a way to appease the radical labor movement. During the

assemblies and other aspects that Occupy still held in common with those in New York City and Oakland failed to seem relevant.

On May Day this year, the US teemed with black clad combatants destroying commerce in a way more grandiose to us than any moment in recent collective memory. The force of the Black Bloc could not have come together in this way, if it had not had the chance to rally in defense of Occupy encampments. The many confrontations with the police that occupations faced over the last few months gave those involved the needed space and time to hone their abilities of attack and defense. However, the visible knowledge of tactics implemented on May First ushers in the recollection that rebels have come together on the offensive against capital well on their own for a significant amount of time prior to the seizing of Zucotti Park. We would like to draw attention to what is often forgotten: while historically connected to many noteworthy efforts, some of the original calls to “*extend the occupation!*” came from the Greek riots and student occupations of early December 2008. The seeds of our supposed American Fall originated from an insurrectional process accelerated in the wake of the the police murder of Alexi Grigoropoulos as well as the repression of the 2006 Oaxaca commune and the self-immolation of Mohammed Bouazizi.

Derailment certainly found traction in Saint Louis, as it did throughout the country. The facts that our numbers no longer grow as they had a few months ago and that the inclination to take public space has waned reveal that these moments of rupture — of collective action — were mere dislodged instances and not the



stamped out immigrant rights movement of 2006's and the failure of the 2009 student anti-austerity movement. During the last nine months, Occupy-related events exhibited each of these elements of decline – fatal symptoms for social movements in this country – at one time or another. One element revealed itself in palpable form as recently as a few months ago, when city stewards held off an attempt to take a public park for a new occupation. After a brief standoff with the police, where our collective refusal to go quietly showed remarkable strength, comrades took to the street only to be unreservedly chased down and tackled: vile thugs of the State beat, bloodied, broke and chained our friends. Many involved noted that this arresting instance of forcible suppression was one of the more instrumental moments causing the quietus of Occupy. With the precision of fate when struggle moved from the abstract into the real (and personal), Empire dealt us a fatal blow.

Images of a blunt-force, police boot kicking in our comrade's jaw, the calculated snapping of our friend's pinkie fingers and long, black, government-issue flashlights striking another's face could bring about stagnation alone. However, this moment had assistance not only by the Fall's plaza evictions and other acts of repression, but by the many times collaborators stood in defense of the police or begged the State's permission for camping permits. Not to mention the various instances, in which citizens scolded occupiers in the name of nonviolence, often directed toward anyone who feigned the slightest interest in furthering a strategic offensive. Over time fissures developed within the group and more and more Occupy took on attributes of a disembodied organization divorced from its action-oriented title. Without the encampment, the general

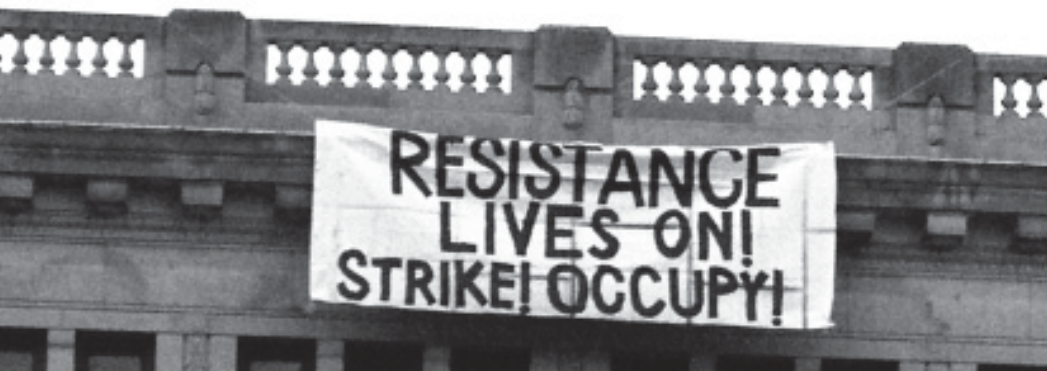
civil rights movement, leading up to the 1963 march on Washington, President Kennedy met with the more reformist organizations such as the NAACP and the SCLC and attempted to shift the movement towards voter registration, aiming to co-opt the movement to fit a Democratic party agenda. This kind of “repressive tolerance”ⁱⁱ has halted many movements from achieving their revolutionary goals, and is actively working against revolutionary action on Indiana University's campus.

Anarchists invariably approach any movement with insurrectionary aims. We recognize that any liberatory struggle must be founded on autonomous self-organization. As such, and observing that few social movements hold the same recognitions, anarchists must approach movement as interventionists. Rather than building coalitions where we would need to compromise some of our basal ideals. We must constantly struggle to shift the framework away from the short-sighted issue of the moment, be it tuition hikes or corporate greed, towards the larger issue, the oppression of the people by the state. Returning to the example of the struggle on Indiana University's campus, we must not, under any conditions, recognize the representative organizations, whether it is the university administration or the student government (who was also present at the meeting with the administration). We must take direct action instead, demonstrating that the representative organizations are unnecessary and that when people organize themselves, the results are better for every one, not just a few. We don't need to convince radical liberals of the uselessness of their endless meetings, but rather remain on the offensive. We do not need to represent anarchy. We need to continue to take action, to organize free schools, to build local Food Not Bombs, among many other projects. Our interventions should not exist for the purpose of pressing our political perspectives onto others, but rather to seek out allies and build affinities, so that we might truly occupy everything and take everything.ⁱⁱⁱ

i. David S. Meyer, *The Politics of Protest: Social Movements in America 126-127*

ii. Robert Paul Wolff, Barrington Moore Jr., and Herbert Marcuse, *A Critique of Pure Tolerance* (London: Cape, 1969) quoted in Meyer 131

iii. This concluding section was influenced by conversations with friends and comrades as well as by Wolfi Landstreicher's essay *Autonomous Self-Organization and Anarchist Intervention*, *The Anarchist Library*, March 11, 2011





usual roles of participants seemed to implode and dissipate. Some of the more contentious differences between our groupings were, if only for minutes, rendered immaterial. A collective challenge to the tired narrative of private property rang out from us with proud enthusiasm, a sentiment echoed throughout the evening and for days thereafter. We remember this as one of many pleasurable ruptures that occurred during the time of the occupation.

Occupy was an introduction to contemporary social struggle for many of its participants. This ultimately led to individuals becoming radicalized overnight and shouldering an almost stereotypical naiveté about an upcoming victory. Some of us, however, recognized the potential for everything to add up to yet another futile attempt by antagonists to circumvent the Left. Certainly, we felt a little different this go-around, but perhaps only because we were at home rather than moving from town to town and summit to summit. We knew these joyous occasions only suggested an alternative to capitalist misery and repetition, and our gestures alone offered nothing more than stirred air. After all, despite its glorious introduction, recent movement in the last decade has folded back into the pages of Order's banal history. From anti-globalization to anti-war and more recently anti-austerity, to build something popular that sustains and resonates for years to come appears out of the question.

In an attempt to respond to this and to ward off despondency, we started to set ourselves to the task of reminding one another of the fact that there is no exact science, no platform from which to profess or instruct others. *There is no manual on 'how to revolt'*. With this in mind, our participation has not faltered. In fact, with the help of friendships manifested within newly affirmed camaraderie, our involvement accelerated. During this time, some said they felt an even greater push for a continuation of oppositional experimentation within Occupy STL. In the days after the plaza was evicted for its second time, we mobilized beyond the occupation. From here the impression set in that if it were not for our intervention, utilizing our abilities and relationships built over time, in the vein of insurrection and commonality, then Occupy would not have survived the winter.

We expected the onset of decomposition, since many movements throughout the U.S. shared this fate in recent years. This is exemplified by the co-optation of the anti-war movement in 2003, the

to take and hold public space by and for those who could enjoy and share it as such.

Only a short time after people started setting tents up, the commons began to take shape. The loose structure of the beginning days allayed social boundaries and allowed endeavors to multiply rapidly. Assemblies, rallies, film showings, informative speakers and sharing food quickly became everyday experiences. As some expressed their desire that more people become involved, we hosted some public events of our own, ones we have normally held in our privately occupied spaces. Each day we finished with work or whatever other obligation, and then we hurried downtown. Soon bi-weekly, anti-capitalist discussions, marches and other anarchistic events, each testifying to the specific uniqueness of the occupation, became part of the regular cycle. During the first few weeks our hands were especially full.

Of course, traveling down to the occupied plaza did not come without some risk. Along with the downtown cops' daily harassment of the camp, some herein felt more entitled to the space, and they often made this clear to anyone who would listen. One could easily find oneself entering into undesirable exchanges with the heralds of middle-class oppression and the ideology of the ninety-nine percent. Or worse, individuals could come toe-to-toe with a few well-to-do citizens just itching to make that quick three-digit call to the authorities. Despite this, we discovered an intention about the camp that gave space to most any conversation of social criticism. For a moment we were not alone; instead we shared space and food while rallying against the supreme management of Empire in our various forms of angry expression. Under the large graffiti banner of OccupySTL, many disillusioned subjects began to find one another.

These newly found assemblages of discontent created access to the organization of large street demonstrations, some of which came together *en masse* unlike any we had seen mobilized in the Midwest for years. At one point, a union march that rallied hundreds of people and attempted to blockade a bridge over the Mississippi River became a rowdy march-cum-building occupation-sum- dance party. Two massive banners that read 'Occupy Everything' unfurled during the party and hung from an abandoned courthouse's facade, while fliers fell from the rooftop informing passers-by about the collective move to take buildings left by capital and expand the commons in both material and abstract forms. In this exciting moment, the

COMMUNIQUÉ FROM OCCUPIED AUDITORIUM

This evening [April 10th, 2012], the Fine Arts Auditorium on Indiana University's campus was seized by around fifty of us- students, graduates, employees, and others fed up with the implementation of austerity, both here in Bloomington and internationally. We've opened the space, not only for the purpose of having ground from which to scheme and plan actions, but also as an immediate making-common of university property and resources, for students and non-students alike.

In our distrust for the media, we've begun production of a massive amount of propaganda, staying up all night carefully crafting and printing statements and analyses. Our skepticism of the media is well founded: the Indiana Daily Student has already passively declared the Occupation a non-event, opting to highlight an empty pizza box and a leaky air mattress over more inspiring moments such as the well-attended mass assembly that led to the occupation, the excited buzz of conversation in the auditorium, the beautiful chalking and banners now covering the building, and the palpable ripeness of the space.

Here is the first communiqué, released this evening around midnight:

SHIT'S NOT CHILL...

...and so, the fine arts auditorium is occupied, and we need you now.

Schools perpetuate the existent order by preparing people to become obedient consumers and workers. They reproduce inequality by excluding those who cannot afford it or who don't have the correct legal status (undocumented people) and by emphasizing conformity of thought and behavior. We want to create a space for authentic, empowering education, which we believe can only be done by educating each other (that means everyone) rather than relying on experts to convey information to passive learners.

The fact that we are here occupying this space should also disabuse everyone of the illusion that bodies like the student government or trustees represent our interests. These are merely different levels of gatekeepers to the resources that should justly be at our own disposal at all times, and at all times these managers conspire against us. When we take control of the resources in an auditorium or a building, as we are doing now, we assert that we are not children - we see through their empty democratic rhetoric at the same time as taking it far more seriously than they have ever imagined.

This space is yours when you need it, and the space needs for you to claim it. It needs you to make it yours because communized spaces cannot exist without a strong united front against the imminent repression by those who are interested in keeping us powerless. To be explicit, police have come twice to scope us out, and we need as many people to come NOW* to help us defend this.

You are welcome to join us in this space, but please never limit your resistance to what we present to you. Any action you take to exercise your freedom, to claim anything for the good of yourself or your community, to deny any encroachment on your agency, we are in solidarity with you.

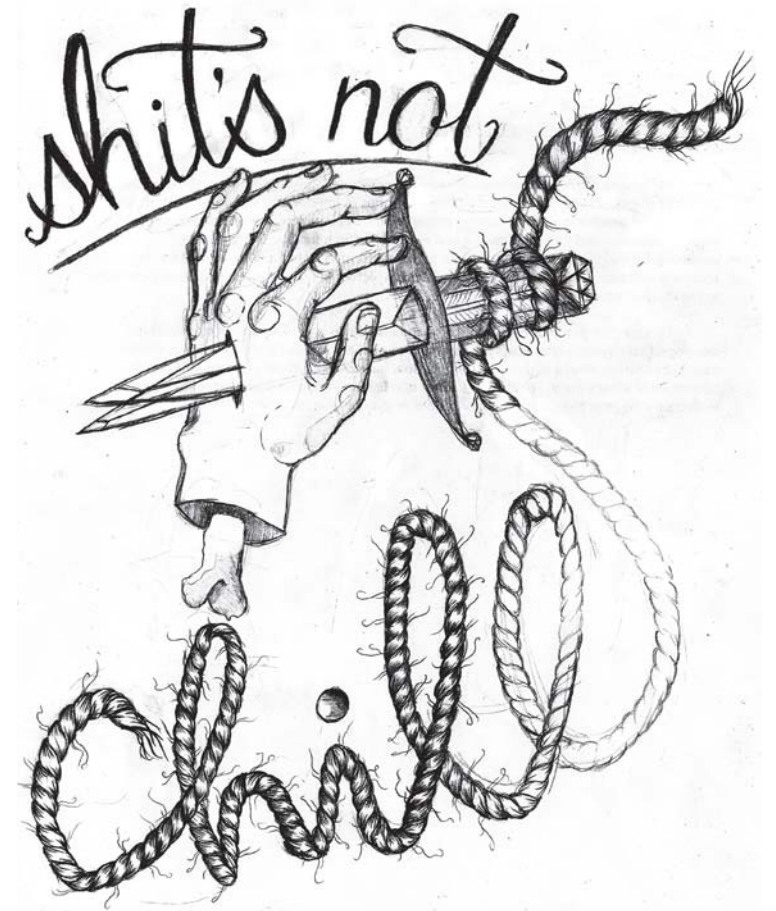
REMINISCENCE

Occupy is dead. For us, it's lamentable that Occupy Saint Louis, one of many encampments spawned by Occupy Wall Street, is bound to the fate of its generator. After our attempted re-occupation ended in blood, the time for re-emergence had come and went leaving us dispirited. While the occupation existed for only a little over two months, it was to us a commons: an open-air social center where many individuals, as subjects of capital and the state, could come together and outline their grievances. And now, as the May Day hype portending Occupy's fateful return ceases, we reminisce.

Similar to other spaces being and becoming occupied during this time, the individuals and groupings found around the plaza came from many different cultural spheres. Often they arrived fed up with some function of capitalism seeking others who felt similarly. Each came, visited the site, entered into a dialogue and then, perhaps, set up camp. Someone mentioned during the first days that this coming together lacked 'real' intention. While we agree on the absence of certain degrees of intentionality we tend to hold amongst our friends, we found other gestures to be worth our attention. Specifically the collective act itself, or—as it has been suggested—the collective crime, overtly practiced. Individuals moved together in a loose agreement



We send our love to: the Latino Youth Collective, Dream IU, and those who've continued to struggle against borders and the exclusion of immigrant students from IU. Our comrades who were brutally beaten and those who fought back against police violence in St. Louis during March 2012 occupations there, and to everyone murdered by the cops and their allies, Trayvon Martin first of all. The ones who didn't join us because they've defined their own active struggles against austerity. The underpaid staff of this university (custodians, you rule!)





whole bunch, or brandish “less-lethal” weapons to promise bodily pain if we should get too out of hand.

Not only are each of the above cases an emotional and financial burden for those facing charges, but with each successive arrest, repression is normalized and more friction is placed on the forward motion of liberatory projects. Immediate, vocal, and abundant support – both emotional and legal – is necessary for all those who are and will continue to face charges, no matter how small. Daily, repression reminds us of the importance of active solidarity, but it also teaches us that for our movements to grow, they must also learn to defend themselves.

We can no longer tolerate these threats to our bodies and the bodies of our comrades. Each attack by police that passes unchallenged is a step toward more total repression – toward a culture where police violence is routinized and dissent appears impossible. Against repression, solidarity is our weapon.

**Neither.
We choose to live.**

After a festive anti-prison demonstration on New Year's Eve, police targeted and arrested three people, one of whom is still facing serious felony charges.

The police and the Herald Times portray all these events as isolated, but we know better.

Depicted as irrational crimes by the cops and the media, these reflect the stirrings of a budding network of social struggles in Bloomington.

Rather than confront this new movement head-on, city managers hope to exhaust it through a strategy of attrition. They hope to quietly suffocate dissent in our community by limiting our use of public space, burying us in tedious legal cases, and through violence or the threat of violence.

There is an illusion that the Bloomington Police are 'more friendly' or reasonable than their counterparts in other cities. However, just as the police in Oakland and St. Louis have viciously beaten and teargassed demonstrators, the BPD also has blood on its hands. The appearance of the pepper-ball gun on May Day represents a first slip of the democratic mask worn by the BPD, but many around Bloomington have already experienced the violence underlying "soft" policing strategies. Over the past few months, police have repeatedly and violently targeted mentally ill people on the street, while we also remember how recently the BPD shot a 16-year old and guards in the county jail tasered an inmate to death. This in the name of keeping Bloomington "safe and civil."

Everywhere the job of cops is the same, and the choice to use "soft" or "hard" policing methods is simply a question of strategy. Soft policing functions as a racial divide and conquer game in which one sector of the population is spared intense police violence so as to conceal the violence inflicted on other sectors. To diffuse the resistance movement in our community, the BPD intimidates and isolate us, rather than engages in open conflict. Thus, they pluck one or two demonstrators from a crowd instead of arresting the

PLEASE DON'T MOVE TO THE BAY

The world isn't as big as it used to be. Our ability to communicate and travel quickly over distance has created the illusion that place doesn't matter as it used to. The internet is considered a realm where ideas can meet and intermingle, free of earthly burdens. While the ease of these interactions can be heralded as a breakthrough, what we've lost is context. The ways in which crisis unfolds and austerity is felt are not the same everywhere. Our regional differences create a much broader critique of capitalist infrastructure that is, in fact, global in scale. With our ability to disseminate information and material resources over a broad landscape, it could be argued that these diversified points of production are no longer a concern. We disagree.

Over the last few years, the San Francisco Bay Area has become a focal point for those wishing to do battle with the state in its varied forms. The clashes that continually transpire there are an inspiration to those fighting in other parts of the country. We sat with rapt attention as the nights and days following Oscar Grant's murder unfolded. There were collective sighs of joy as BART stations were attacked and looted Nikes took flight down city streets. Frustration

and delight filled us as a barrage of tear gas and cudgel blows rained on crowds that were adamant in their refusal to disperse.

The level of action and struggle that now appears commonplace in the Bay is something to be proud of. People have found one another and built the spaces (both real and ethereal) necessary for rebellion to begin to generalize beyond the obvious players. The process started decades ago with a consistent ebb and flow dependent on the proclivities and fashion of the decade. Discerning the exact methodologies or points that have created this current wave is impossible and unnecessary. Something that can be pointed to as one of many reasons has been the constant flux of anarchists from around the country both into and out of the Bay area. This shifting of bodies makes sense, and will continue to happen as long as places like Oakland hold the appeal that they do in this moment. In other words, we don't blame you for thinking Oakland is hot shit.

At the same time, the situation in Oakland, specifically the Oakland Commune, does not exist in a void. It is not the exception to the inactivity of other cities and towns across the continent. The ideas that other places are not active, or that Oakland has always been on the initiating end of the spectrum, are common fallacies. A focusing of many of our attentions toward the west coast is one of the reasons it was able to create and strengthen itself for such a time. The back and forth between the street fights in Oakland and the solidarity actions that followed, both nationally and internationally, helped galvanize the widespread support that the Commune received. Locally, solidarity actions helped create a culture of responding to police attacks. The imagery of the ground war that unfolded in Oakland pushed many people out of otherwise pacified roles. They became active participants in a broader refusal to obey local law enforcement.

When tear gas ran through the air, and rubber bullets tore open the flesh of our friends, it was not just us who called for the moments of solidarity. Occupy encampments in various cities were a large part of the call for passive solidarity marches, vigils, and other fairly detestable points in which fellowship could be shown. We may not agree with the tactics, rhetoric, or really very much of anything to do with these Occupy franchises, but the importance lies in the fact that they were paying attention. The gaze of the country was directed towards this one space, and in a moment it spun outward again. Marches, graffiti, small and large demos, new occupations,

WOULD YOU RATHER DIE FROM 1,000 PAPER CUTS OR A SINGLE BLOW TO THE HEAD?

·On May Day, Bloomington police descended on a group of occupiers who'd set up a tent for the day's activities. Officers blockaded the street so there would be no additional witnesses as they dragged a woman out of the tent, slashed its ropes, and surrounded the organizers with a pepper-ball gun drawn.

·Three weeks prior, when dozens of students and Bloomington residents disrupted a pro-slavery, anti-gay speaker, police responded by arbitrarily targeting and arresting a single demonstrator at the behest of the event's emcee.

·On April 9, IUPD arrested a student at gunpoint on the accusation that he'd hung an anti-coal banner.

·In late January two protesters were charged with serious misdemeanors for allegedly throwing water balloons at anti-choice picketers outside Planned Parenthood.



vandalism all happened in response to attacks by the OPD. And in that moment, the numbers swelled. All of our abilities to move forward became easier as we loomed larger on the horizon.

Local anarchist intervention into various occupy encampments helped shape the dialogue significantly. That being said, we have all been fairly disappointed by the *American fall*. Leave it to the Left in this country to take the momentum of the toppling of dictators and the mass occupation of public space and turn it into a symbolic Bank of America protest. The end result of the experiment that started with taking space near Wall St. would have been much bleaker if anarchists had not positioned themselves at necessary intervals along the way. The intent never needed to be about strengthening the Occupy movement, or lending it support, but about changing the terrain. Sometimes that looks quite a bit like disruption and sabotage. In the end, we found out that, for the most part, Occupy was just a hash tag, and the Occupation was, in fact, just a gathering. In the end, anarchists involved in many of the occupations were a primary source of the few redeeming aspects Occupy had to offer. The picture would have been desperately bleak had there not already been fairly well established anarchists dispersed around the country.

The circuitry of Occupations across the country have emerged as a weak, but discernible network of solidarity. One must ignore the pleas for non-violence, the unending consensus discussions, hand signals and wingnuts to get a picture of the more important themes revealing themselves. As anarchists we have poured ourselves into a thin layer, bunching up for certain moments and completely abandoning regions in another, often with little reflection beyond a personal interest in a summit or scene. It is in the spaces where this has been least prevalent, where people have called their cities home for more than 6 months, that the most exciting and interesting moments have transpired. They are minor in scale, but the ability to pull off street actions and building takeovers in places like Atlanta, St. Louis and Minneapolis can certainly be attributed to the influence of anarchists in those cities.

We want to recreate the feeling of reading about an eruption in places like Carrboro, NC and Memphis, TN that makes you yell out *damn, even that place!* When our presence is weighted and the West Coast starts to tip ever-heavier, we lose that possibility. We lose momentum, that feeling that we are a part of something larger. Not

a movement, as we would never call for such. The idea of creating a platform, where our responses to the horrors that this world creates could be held to a standard or rigidly coordinated, is detestable. On the contrary, the possibility of a strategic positioning of ourselves and our resources, so that when a moment becomes hot *we may strike*, is what we are championing.

This is also not a charge for digging in, for stubbornly refusing to abandon ships as they sink around us. The small towns and lesser cities we occupy are not sacred spaces we dare not desecrate. They are often banal and devoid of the wealth of camaraderie we thrive on. But that does not mean they are not home, and don't move beyond the sentimentality that such a title can create. Indeed, they can become the places we love with such a passion that we want to burn them to the ground, where such destruction is the only appropriate communication of such passions.

There can be intention within the spaces we inhabit. *A constellation of centers that information and bodies pass through, or places that reinforce them materially or politically.* It is in fact this strategy that has created lasting focuses of rebellion across the country. The rapture that one feels at the eruption and escalation of revolt as it circles outward can't be felt if we drain all the smaller cities and towns that dot the political geography. Instead, we must locate the important distinctions that can be made between *areas known and areas lesser known* and exploit them.

Distinctions between these two ideas do not need to be glaringly obvious, nor do they need to be static. Our towns can become strategic points for re-grouping, especially if there is already a precedent for such a thing. Conversely, the roads we do not tread as often are ripe for the execution of any number of plots. These contradictory stances can happen simultaneously, especially when multiple groupings share the same city. The concepts presented here are not particularly new or breathtaking; they are a reiteration and continuation of the methodologies implied in how many of us already live our lives. The difference in this permutation is *intention*. The conversations that materialize herein, particularly when discussing how major mobilizations and campaigns can effect our nighttime adventures, are ones worth having. Looking past the next season and into an idea of the future may in fact help create the force necessary to rip this future to shreds.

What if the organic way in which we separate the place where we play from where we work was more recognized? What if the tendencies we fall into, traveling to a certain city to get our kicks, while shopping and printing and eating big dinners together in another, had a greater level of intention? The last four years have shown that the war machine is possible, that we can care for each other and bandage the wounds that allow us to keep fighting, that we can procure the material resources necessary to move onto the next locale. The terrain is ever changing, the necessity we see before us is to become more equipped to change with it. More friends are going to be stolen from us, more beaten and bloodied. The edifices that hold them, that house their captors and those willing to tear open their flesh deserve our attention. We are going to lose this war, but the battles fought from here until then are open to all that wish to fight.

1. "Are we an Occupation or just a Gathering?," a text written and distributed heavily by anarchists during Occupy St. Louis.