

Zeb continued from page 2

transported to Oregon State Hospital for a mental health evaluation. At the hospital, he refused to answer any of the doctor's questions. After two hours of composed non-compliance, the doctor concluded the evaluation, asking Lehtinent if there was anything he would like the court to know. Lehtinent responded by throwing a water pitcher at the wall and a table at the door. When three security guards came running in, Lehtinent attacked the middle one, taking him to the ground, breaking his ankle, and then kicking him in the face as he crawled away.

Studying the flight of

the outlaw, city officials force two pathways open before him. One is lit by the flashing lights of patrol cars and leads to increasingly lengthy stays in jail. The other is paved with the grant checks of non-profits and leads to the staleness of the gallery or the banality of the public mural. Both are cages.

Cops like Christopher Young are the enemy—this is obvious. So are the social scientists and mental health specialists who study the rebels in order to reintegrate them safely into society. Like Zeb, we have nothing to say to these functionaries of order.

Faced with the false choice between punishment and rehabilitation, we affirm defacement, attacks and destruction.

For impulsiveness, playfulness, excitement, anger, and hostility; against boredom, despair, society, and property. ☹

FUCK THE LAW

FUCK ART

FREE ZEB!



*they say we are too reckless;
that the world we burn for
can not be born from flame,
that we must plant its seeds.*

*but we answer them,
with soot on our faces
and clods of dirt in our fists,
"we are making our garden rich with ash."*

above: aftermath of the
Great Seattle Fire of
June 6, 1889

*anarchistinternational.org // pugetsoundanarchists.org
waronsociety.noblogs.org // autonomiasseattle.org
anarchistnews.org // continualwar.wordpress.com*

Tides of Flame

a Seattle anarchist paper

joy ~ freedom ~ rebellion

*T*ides of Flame is a biweekly periodical which is part of an ongoing project of anarchist analysis and practice within the Puget Sound area. As anarchists, we do not have an interest in waiting for the necessary moments to act upon our ideas. We refuse to simply dream of some far-off utopia. At any moment, an individual is capable of agitating within existing struggles and attacking capitalism and the state for their immediate destruction. We strive to live fulfilling lives of joy and freedom, and for this, we are criminals.

Long live anarchy!

issue #2 | mid july 2011

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*Who will revive the violent
whirlpools of flame if not us
and those that we
consider brothers?
Come! New friends:
this will please you.
We will never work,
oh tides of flame!
This world will explode.*

-A. Rimbaud



Blows to the Face of Society

Like most cops, Detective Christopher Young is clueless. Despite being tasked with pursuing all Seattle's vandalism cases as the city's new dedicated graffiti detective, he admitted to TV reporters in a bumbling interview that when it comes to tagging, he doesn't "get it." The report also indicates that Young is the first officer to hold such a title, although the SPD did have a dedicated graffiti detective until 2007. The confusion of cops aside, Young's appointment is likely to mean an increase in charges against vandals. Following his predecessor's retirement, 31 percent fewer vandalism charges were filed by

the city, although graffiti reportedly increased 14 percent. Cops need not bother to understand crime; their role is simply to make war against any individuals who are out of place in the smooth fabric of society.

City officials, however, seek not only to repress the individual vandals but also to solve the social problem of graffiti—that is, to repair the torn social fabric. Creating a new graffiti detective was one of several recommendations of a report authored by the City Auditor's Office in 2010, "Assessment of the City of Seattle's Anti-Graffiti Efforts: Best Practices and Recommendations." (CONTINUED ON PG 2)

Zeb continued from front page

The study claims to know the causes of the problem, reporting that Seattle writers are motivated by a desire for notoriety, a defiance of authority, playfulness, impulsiveness, excitement, anger, boredom, despair, and hostility—but, notably, not by a penchant for artistry.

When a local weekly paper reported this, many online readers defended graffiti by objecting that it is street art, not vandalism. But graffiti writers disagree. As Seattle writer Baso puts it in the short documentary *Getting Over*, “Graffiti isn’t art. Graffiti is the act of illegal destruction. It’s a slap in the face to society. Street art is about

Gentrification: Art, Housing, Police

SEATTLE – On June 1st, the city announced plans for a new structure to be erected at 12th and Pine in Capitol Hill. The basement level will be a police parking garage for cruisers, mobile command centers, and personnel vehicles. The ground floor of the structure will be devoted to art, housing two theaters for artists to perform and rehearse in. There will also be a cafe and art gallery. The upper floors of the four story structure will be devoted to housing. It is unclear how much the apartments will cost, but they will most likely be pricey.

The plans for this structure reveal the perfect fusion of police, art, and capitalism. These three forces are the main driving forces of gentrification. The police keep the neighborhood pacified, the art keeps everyone entertained, and the sterile architecture houses all of the atomized citizens. A new form of social control and totalitarian integration is about to appear in Capitol Hill.

beautifying things. Graffiti is about destroying shit.”

The sociologists at the City Auditor’s Office agree with this distinction and argue that, in addition to police work, art should be used to deter property destruction. This has already been implemented in Seattle, where the non-profit Artworks was created specifically to help the Sodo Business Association “clean up” busways by creating murals to discourage graffiti. A recent Artworks project has been the installation of paintings on the frequently-tagged electrical boxes on Broadway in Capitol Hill. The next step in such a strategy is to actively recruit vandals into the socially acceptable role of the artist. Another art non-profit recently commissioned graffiti writers to paint a mural on the red wall surrounding the under-construction Broadway light rail station—a wall that is monitored 24 hours a day by a private security company in order to deter undesirable vandalism.

Another phenomenon brought the conflict between art and graffiti to light in 2010. It was the year of Zeb, the Seattle writer who nearly overnight became the city’s most infamous vandal. Each morning, the walls, windows, and even trees of another neighborhood would be covered in Zeb tags, throw-ups, and scribes. Downtown. Capitol Hill. Ballard. The International District. Pioneer Square. Queen Anne. Belltown. Everywhere. Zeb. Zeb. Zeb. Zeb. Zeb. In Ballard, TV reporters interviewed one aghast business owner who complained that Zeb had audaciously vandalized a mural she had commissioned from a local purveyor of cutesy street art.

The police were finally able to cage Samuel Lehtinent—the man they say is Zeb—but only after two arrests, a car-jacking, a high-speed chase, and a crash. But even in jail his rampage has continued. In November 2010, Lehtinent was (CONTINUED ON PAGE 8)

Racist Cops ‘Victims of Racist Attack’

SEATTLE – Last winter an off-duty cop went into a bar in Ballard and proceeded to become intoxicated. In his drunkenness, he fixated on a few women and tried to flirt with them. The women snubbed his aggressive and arrogant advances. When he saw them accidentally take his jacket from the bar, the cop used this as a reason to take revenge the women for blowing him off. He showed them his gun and started to yank on the jacket.

Three young men saw the incident and began to attack the cop, seeing him as just another drunken scumbag. However, the night ended with the three young men on the ground and the cop kicking one of their heads into the cement. This event was captured on video and became a media scandal, revealing everyday police behavior to the public and leading to assault charges being brought against the off-duty cop.

In an attempt to counter and quell mass anger at the police, the Seattle Police Officers Guild spokesperson Rich O’Neill claimed that the three young men had committed a hate crime by stopping the off-duty cop’s assault on the women. Rich O’Neill is the man who publicly justified the death of John T. Williams and works to always portray the police as beyond suspicion. Rather than being presented as the lonely, drunken attacker that he was, the off-duty cop is being touted by O’Neill as a simple man who wanted to stop a simple crime before being attacked by racists. In the eyes of the Guild, it is never fair to call the police racists for their murders and beatings, but when people without badges keep the streets safe from cops, it is perfectly fine to call them racist.

AN INTRODUCTION TO War

War happens elsewhere, so we are told. Not a single battle has been fought on the soil of the United States since the Civil War. Wars go on and on, but always as events that *are not here*, and *do not involve us*. Any stance on war—hawkish or isolationist, peacemaking, peacekeeping, or pacifist—is acceptable so long as it does not disturb the sacred *separation between war and oneself*.

Revolt, like war, also happens elsewhere, so we are told. And we have often suspected that if revolt is to be found elsewhere, so too is life. We have also suspected that there is a war being waged against us, and that the surrender of our side in this war has distanced us from both *life* and *war*. That we live a silent war whose violence is that of daily life and in which our surrender creates our daily boredom. A war which our side must make apparent while spreading ourselves into obscurity. Our enemies, meanwhile, wish to render us identifiable in order to obscure the war.

The war that is waged against us is invisible—not because it is hidden, but *because we have gotten so accustomed to seeing it everywhere*. In routine violence that goes without saying, in advertisements and surveillance cameras and countless screens, in the stern glances of authority when we step out of line and the encouragement to be good and work hard. War appears in our breakfast cereal every morning, tracks our footsteps through the day, and tucks us into bed at night. When we look in the mirror, war stares back at us, and yet it appears to be a stranger. Because we have become estranged from it.

In North Africa, seemingly im-

possibly far away, we know that there are rebels who are fighting. “Fighting for freedom,” it is said. It is also said that here we have freedom. But in a place where social peace reigns, where nothing happens, there is only control. Further, it is an abstraction to say that the rebels are fighting *for* freedom. The truth is that to be free one must fight, and to fight is to practice freedom. The “freedom” at the *end* of a revolution always seems to prove false (like the military rule in Egypt or the so-called freedom here), but there is true freedom in *revolt itself*.

“Freedoms” that are granted by the state and taken for granted by pacified citizens are meaningless. Freedom is precisely what is lacking within social peace. We must come to understand that *social peace means social control*.

Truth be told, the war to establish control is always being waged, and most of the time it is one half of the working-class killing the other half. All this to *keep the peace*—that is, to *suppress our side of the war*. The emergence of revolt—is the last thing *they* want; *they* continually repress and preempt its emergence. What we want is for *something to happen*.

The territories we inhabit—homes, streets, transport, schools, workplaces, prisons, fields, forests—must become understood as territories of this war. Each thing and each place has its history—each was produced with human time and energy, and stands as if someone’s life had been drained out and turned into a part of the material world in which we live. These stand as monuments of the past, but instead of honoring the ones who built them, they are monuments to the rulers, pyramids

to the modern-day pharaohs. They stand as the sign and the reality of proletarian defeat.

The whole city, with its concrete, brick, steel, grasses, trees, neighborhoods, signs, art, clothing, technologies, machines, shops, streets, rail lines, electrical and gas and water lines, is an enormous graveyard of past generations. It is a monument to the defeat of our ancestors, to the triumph of the city—of capital over life, of power over freedom. The metropolis in which we live is also inhabited by the ghosts of those who built it, but rarely do we listen to their voices, telling us their struggles and stories, their moments of freedom and of failure. Most of all, these voices remind us to fight. They warn us not to fail as they did. They call us to destroy the monuments in which their lives are trapped and unable to move on.

It is necessary to destroy all of this because it prevented them from living and because it prevents us from living, because their lives were spent making things in which they are now imprisoned, and because these things now imprison us. Because all of us need to move on.

In February, the rebels in Egypt burned the police stations, government offices, and fire stations. Today the rebels there are still fighting against the murderous police, the military dictatorship, and the capitalist system—there are new strikes and riots every week, though few make the news any longer, and Tahrir Square has been reoccupied. The rebels of Egypt are going again, this time to the end, until the obelisks of the pharaohs have fallen. Let us join them in razing everything that stands as our defeat. 🐦

Scrambling for a Solution to the Transit Crisis

SEATTLE – On Tuesday, July 12, hundreds of citizens attended a meeting where they begged six people to not cut bus lines.

The six people were the King County Council, supposedly elected to represent the citizens' best interests. But their interests came into conflict Tuesday, as the citizens want the county to provide cheap public transportation, but the budget crisis means the state has to cut bus routes in order to save itself. Convinced that they cannot solve the problem themselves, the citizens are begging the county to do something impossible.

The mass transit system in Seattle, as everywhere, is primarily designed to move people from their homes to their workplaces and back again. The lines also deliber-

ately run through shopping and entertainment districts. At certain points, they wind their way out of the city to link up with other transit systems. The bus lines, like the interstates, the port, the rail lines, exist to facilitate flows of capital. The fact that we can use Metro buses to visit friends and family is simply a side-effect of a system designed primarily to ensure that we clock in on time.

Needless to say, a 17% cut to bus routes by 2013 wasn't exactly the type of change these voters were hoping for. At the July 12th meeting, many citizens encouraged County Council to pass a proposed \$20 car tab fee that would help offset the lack of funds and "Save the Buses." They considered this a necessary sacrifice, and they were willing to make it.

The more radical, socialist reformers and activists continue to demand that the government "Tax the Rich." This strategy relies on a continuing system of wealth inequality—namely, capitalism—and asks the state to do something we can very well do ourselves, Robin-Hood-style. The state, as a system of power, can only ever serve the interests of the powerful and wealthy, never of those they exploit. The federal government gives trillion-dollar handouts to banks, and some of the most profitable corporations in the US actually pay *negative* taxes.

Meanwhile, in many cities, transit riders have self-organized fare strikes with the complicity and support of transit workers. Fare-dodging unions have sprung up all over the world as a form of

organization to combat fare hikes and service cuts. Every month, participants pay into a common fund (always much less than any regular transit rider would pay each month) which is used to pay tickets given to those who get caught riding for free.

The idea behind this activity is simple: workers shouldn't have pay for the economic disaster caused by corporations, banks, and politicians. The fight against the wealthy can be self-organized rather than a plea made to their loyal politicians.

Certainly we want to go much further than simple fare-dodging. But by self-organizing to defend each other while refusing to pay for their crisis, we begin to directly take back our lives and activity from the demands of capital.

Panopticon continued from pg.5

or freedom.

Stealing necessities instead of buying them, scamming corporations, fare-dodging, refusing to pay parking tickets, and defying each petty law that seeks to control us are first steps to a free existence.

Learning to break the law and get away with it is a prerequisite for teaching others how to do the same thing. We must constantly develop a practice of subversion that aims to give our neighbors in the city

and in the jail a confidence to disobey the police and prison guards. We must all be thieves and encourage mutiny on our modern-day slave ships.

We reject the idea that it is only the laws that prevent us from raping and murdering each other. In reality, laws work as a net that sweeps those who refuse to be good, law-abiding, boot-licking citizens into prison cells.

The law does not stand between ourselves and mass cruelty, but between ourselves and freedom.

In March 2010, there was a small prison riot in the King County Jail. Prisoners flooded their cells, smashed windows, and broke down doors in a spontaneous outburst of destruction. In the end, the jail was surrounded by a SWAT team and the prisoners surrendered. But let this small rebellion serve as an example of what we would like to see one day: a riot that becomes a jail break that becomes a jail burning. Let this fire destroy the prison world and those who maintain it. 🐾

Noise Demo Held at Youth Jail Expression of solidarity with youth prisoners and California prison hunger strike

7/2/2011

SEATTLE – On the night of July 2nd, in solidarity with the hunger strikers in Pelican Bay State Prison, CA, a group of roughly 30 people equipped with a mobile sound system met in front of the King County Juvenile Detention Center in the Central District of Seattle.

The police response to this demo was large, most likely due to the recent disturbances on Capitol Hill during the Pride weekend. Despite this, the group proceeded to blast music, bang on pots and pans, and make speeches through megaphones in front of the prison cells. At one point, every occupant in the cells along the southern end of the Detention Center was banging on the walls and windows of their cells, responding to the cheers and words from outside.

Instead of the normal oppressive routine of lights-out, the prisoners were able to spend the night acting wild, defying the terrified screws, and listening to the words of rebellion and freedom being blasted from outside. Once night had fallen, a large mortar firework was shot into the air, the green round exploding in the air over the Detention Center.

The event lasted for an hour and there were no arrests.

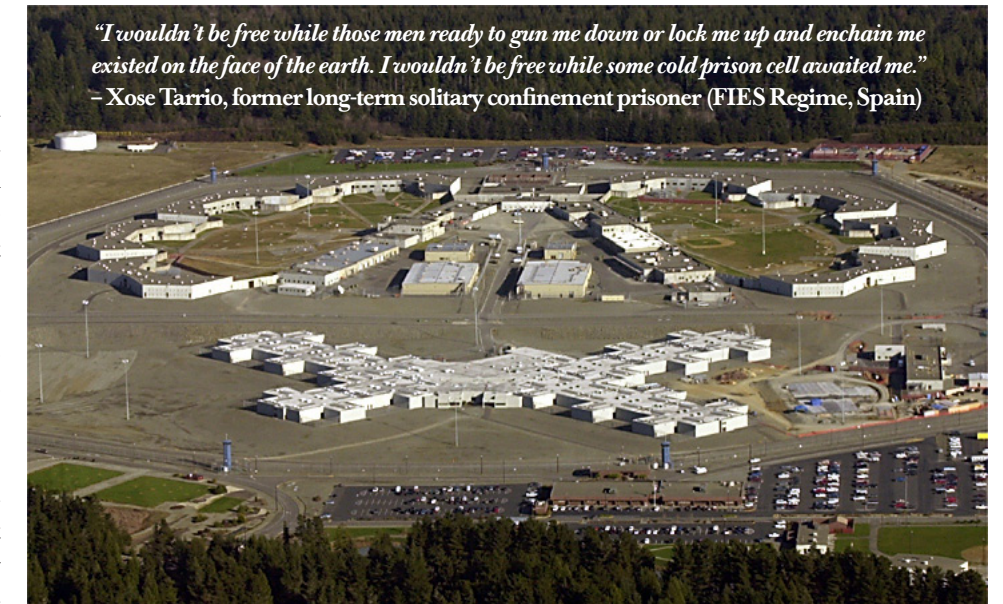
Towards the destruction of all prisons!

Solidarity with the Pelican Bay Hunger Strikers!

The text handed out and read aloud:

On July 1, 2011 prisoners in the Security Housing Unit (SHU) at Pelican Bay State Prison in California will begin an indefinite hunger strike to protest the conditions of their imprisonment. Their five key demands are:

1. Eliminate group punishments.
2. Abolish the debriefing policy and modify active/inactive gang status criteria.
3. Comply with the recommendations



Pelican Bay Supermax Prison, near Crescent Bay, CA

"The face of death."

of the US Commission on Safety and Abuse in Prisons (2006) regarding an end to long-term solitary confinement.

4. Provide adequate food.
5. Expand and provide constructive programs and privileges for indefinite SHU inmates.

We are here tonight to express solidarity with the Pelican Bay Prisoners on hunger strike as well as the youth imprisoned at this institution in order to break the isolation that is both a requirement and a function of prisons.

We want both, the youth and the hunger strikers, to know that they are not alone that there are those of us in the outer walls who are saying "fuck prisons, down with every prison wall".

This prison society we live in, with every one of its laws, courts, cops, prisons and networks of surveillance, has made it very clear that the 'life' we're supposed to accept is nothing more than a life sentence in an open air prison and upon violation a 'life' of extreme alienation, isolation, and degradation. The hunger strikers recognize this as they continue to refuse the meager existence that the state and capital tries to impose on them.

Prison has a long history within capitalism and governments, as being one of

the most archaic forms of prolonged torture and punishment. It has been used to kill some slowly and torture those "undesirables" of the reigning social order – who do not fit within the predetermined mold of civil society.

Youth, the most anti-establishment social group, are often used as the definition of undesirable. Those in charge are correct in their assumption that the youth are the last to submit, the last to be controlled. In response, they build institutions like the King County Juvenile Detention Center. The same people that build these prisons are the ones that create poverty and discrimination. They create the conditions of crime and then build the prisons to contain their "criminals". There is no solving the prison problem because prisons are exactly what this repressive society needs to function: social control and fear. This is why we are not only against prisons but against the whole system that relies on them.

Solidarity with every youth who fights for freedom, and all prisoners, around the world, who refuse to accept forced confinement, isolation and abuse, who dream of the day that we together destroy these walls.

For an end to prisons and the world that needs them!

DID YOU KNOW...

- The proposed bus cuts would affect 4 out of 5 riders while cutting 88 bus lines for a total of 600,000 bus hours.
- Budget woes have already led Metro to increase fares by 80% and lay off over 100 workers. Metro is also funded by sales tax. This means that the burden of funding the system is heaved mostly on the backs of workers.
- In some cities, bus drivers and riders collaborate in fare-dodging, dropping the fare price to \$0.00

FORGOTTEN HISTORY

ANARCHISTS AND REBELLION IN WALLA WALLA STATE PRISON

THERE IS A FORGOTTEN HISTORY of anarchist rebellion in Washington's Walla Walla Prison.

In the late 70s and early 80s, a group of prisoners called the Anarchist Black Dragon Collective (ABDC) was involved in everything from the publication of a newsletter to participating in prison riots, letter writing campaigns to hostage takings, hunger strikes to escape attempts. It included both individualist anarchists and communist anarchists. In the second issue of their publication the ABDC described itself thus:

We are all male prisoners, some of us are white, some black, some red, and some brown. Many of us are gay.

The enemy brothers and sisters is not each other, it is the state.

We are into propaganda, agitation, instigation, and study.

Prisoners who do not destroy the prison can never really escape.

The ABDC grew out of two other prisoner groups the Walla Walla brothers and Men against Sexism, both of which included some members of the George Jackson Brigade. The ABDC saw itself as a split from the authoritarian core of the Walla Walla brothers which formed in the isolation unit named "Big Red". Those in this unit united in a struggle against the conditions of isolation and abuse by guards, and were able to mobilize the whole prison in a 47 day work strike that won their 14 demands.

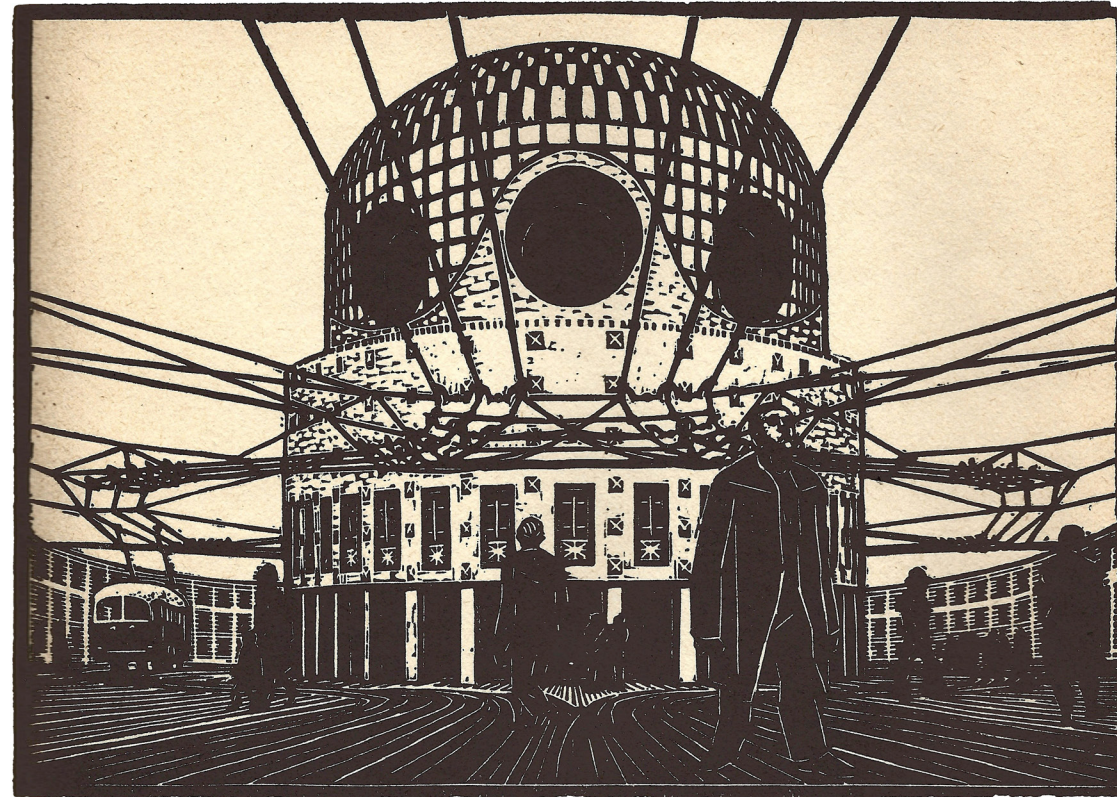
In May 1979, three prisoners all from the segregation unit, one of whom was ABDC member Carl Harp, using knives and fake bombs, took ten people hostage to protest prison conditions. Simultaneously, about 300 prisoners occupied a prison yard. John H. Borsch, a member of ABDC, was shot at close range with a teargas canister when the yard was cleared by guards. The roughly 300 prisoners were herded into another yard where fires were lit, coffee and soup were brewed, and one prisoner decid-

ed to destroy every window in one of the guard towers with rocks. The yard was eventually violently retaken by guards and the three hostage takers were subdued and put back in segregation. Between fourteen and twenty other prisoners were tagged with aggressive involvement and put in segregation with none of their demands met.

In June, a prisoner and a guard were killed in the prison. After more than a month of reprisals throughout June and July, there was a riot where prisoners in one wing demolished their whole cell block in protest of conditions. The next day, prisoners in the intensive control unit rioted as well. As these prisoners were being beaten, Carl Harp began harassing the guards from his isolation cell and was brutally beaten and raped with a nightstick by guards for his intransigence. Following hospitalization, he was transferred to San Quentin. In the following issue of their newsletter the ABDC stated what they learned from those rebellions.

We learned that prisoners can unite, spontaneously, against a common enemy when the need arises. Throughout the night we saw prisoners helping other prisoners against the power of the state.... And Some prisoners learned the hard way that they must get involved to change the system. At one point the administration ordered all prisoners to return to their cells. Those who tried found the doors locked and the guards refusing to open them. They became victims of the same brutality we all

“Prisoners who do not destroy the prison can never really escape.”



faced. They were forced to face a barrage of tear gas, and the unrelenting hostility of armed sadists. Some have been unable to return to their slumber of non-involvement.

Most of all we learned that we, the prisoners, legally defined slaves of one of the most powerful nations on this planet, can raise our voices and be heard. We learned that a great many people are interested in learning about the injustices done in the name of justice. And we learned we can face the future knowing that our brothers and sisters are willing to fight the battle with us.

THE KING COUNTY PANOPTICON

Living and Fighting Under the Eye of the Beast

THE KING COUNTY JAIL, which stands at the edge of downtown Seattle, is in a constant process of intake and release. New people arrive, are processed, and then placed into the general population, wearing their jail uniforms, looking identical. At the same time, people are released, given back what they normally wear, and are pushed out into downtown. If those leaving the

structure day-to-day life and become the only ways of relating to others: as prisoners, as students, and as workers.

Europe in the 1780's was a time when the industrial revolution was in its infancy, ready to burst out of its shell and make the world more productive. With the execution of the monarchy in France, the business owners had cleared the way for capitalism, work, and the factory to become the new rulers of the world. During this time, a man named Jeremy Bentham designed a building that would allow an overseer to keep constant watch over an unskilled workforce, to constantly monitor their activity, and to speed up production. This building was given the name panopticon.

Bentham quickly shifted the primary function of his building from that of a factory to that of a prison. The prison would be a cylinder with a central tower in the middle. The cylinder would be lined with cells and the windows of the tower would be made to keep the guards obscured. In theory, the guards would be able to see all of the prisoners from a 360 degree angle. The prisoners would not be able to see the guards and the uncertainty of their presence would cause the prisoners to feel watched even when they weren't.

The ultimate purpose of the panopticon was to have the prisoners internalize the role of the guard and begin to regulate themselves according to the prison's rules. Although Bentham never was able to see his creation built, the principle design aspects are used in prisons and in cities to this day. In this way, we have arrived back at the King County Jail and the prisoners it is constantly receiving and discharging.

Inside the King County Jail are multiple pods. Each pod has two tiers of cells or bunk areas surrounding a central observation platform. The guards on the platform are not hidden, but they can see every cell, though not all at the same time. Prisoners can mill about and talk, but if they visibly break a rule they are immediately disciplined by the all-knowing guards. If a new prisoner breaks a rule, it is more often than not a fellow prisoner who scolds them. Prisoners are punished collectively if there is a disturbance, so the general population is usually more effective than the guards at keeping the jail in order.

Outside of the jail, life functions in a similar manner. There are the rules of capitalist law, rules that prevent shoplifting, enforce consumption, and demand payment for housing. If there is an excess of people who cannot or do not want to slave away for money to buy food, these people are put in jail and serve as an example to the "free world" of what happens to those who break its laws. This fear of arrest keeps the capitalist system working.

When people walk into a grocery store, they often see a screen showing them images of themselves. This reminds people that the security cameras can see them and that they should not dare steal an apple. At worst, people in the "free world" distrust everyone around them and do nothing illegal out of fear that behind every window curtain is a citizen already calling the police. In the perfect prison world, there would be no crime because everyone would be a police informer. This is the nightmare world that anarchists aim to destroy at all costs—a world without trust, rebellion, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

jail have neither a ride nor money for public transit, the jail does nothing to help them.

Many people who exit the jail leave behind friends with whom they have shared months of their life. More often than not, those who are released end up returning. With a criminal record, incarceration becomes more and more probable. In this way, a community of the jail is created. This community of the jail is similar to that of the school and that of the workplace. These institutions