

# STICKS AND STONES

—— a journal of radical santa cruz ——



ucsc expansion • oakland riots • autonomous actions • repression in scz •  
mental health in a police state • herbal health in winter • school sucks • more

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sticks and stones no. 1  
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*Sticks and Stones seeks to provide a mouthpiece as well as a forum for the Santa Cruz radical community—a means of communicating among ourselves, and with the general public as well, on topics of personal and social concern. We are interested in publishing essays, articles, rants, and visions of all kinds which come from this community and this region. We are interested in words that are not content to sit still on the page, but can jump off of it to set the world on fire! We are interested in analysis and theory that can become a framework for action. We are committed to an autonomous, anti-authoritarian viewpoint that seeks the end of all forms of domination, and the liberation of the earth and all its inhabitants. We also want to publish more pretty things because as Annie Lebrun said, “All of our reasons for living or dying at times depend on the color of the sky...” Hopefully, this will be a bi-annual project. Can't wait to hear from you!*

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# progress or renewal?

Twilight in the woods of Maksereha—as the Santa Cruz Mountains have been called since time immemorial—I’m cushioned in a crinkly sea of dry oak leaves; as the sun goes down behind the next ridge to the west, the trees have all gone dark, and if I broaden my vision it’s just like looking at a huge web of shade, a dark lacework of living wood, spread against the paling glow of the sky. Then it catches my eye: high above, the crown of the tallest tree I can see is still lit in the days last rays, blazing gold and green, as if with that gesture of illumination the spirit of that place was announcing itself—not simply dark or light, matter or energy, sky or earth, but the glorious and transient conflagration between them that is the heart of all life in the world.

This is one of those ecstatic moments: I’m there, but I’m not, or rather I’m not just me. I’ve come back to my body and been reminded, on a gut level, that I live because of the land, because I breathe in what the trees breathe out, because the common living dirt cradles me and the sky nourishes my vision with such revelations. These ecstasies are at the heart of the precious wisdom shaping the traditions which sustained the Ohlone and every other indigenous, tribal culture throughout the world.

This is also the “howling wilderness” the European colonizers of this continent feared, as many of their servants fled into the woods to live with the “savages,” embracing the land and the ways of life the Christians meant to tame or destroy. They defined “nature” in contrast to their civilization of control, which they proclaimed the only true mission of the human species. The characteristics of bodies said to be closer to nature—the young, the female, the indigenous, the darker-skinned, the other-than-human—were used as lower rungs in the hierarchy, exploitable as any other “natural resource.”

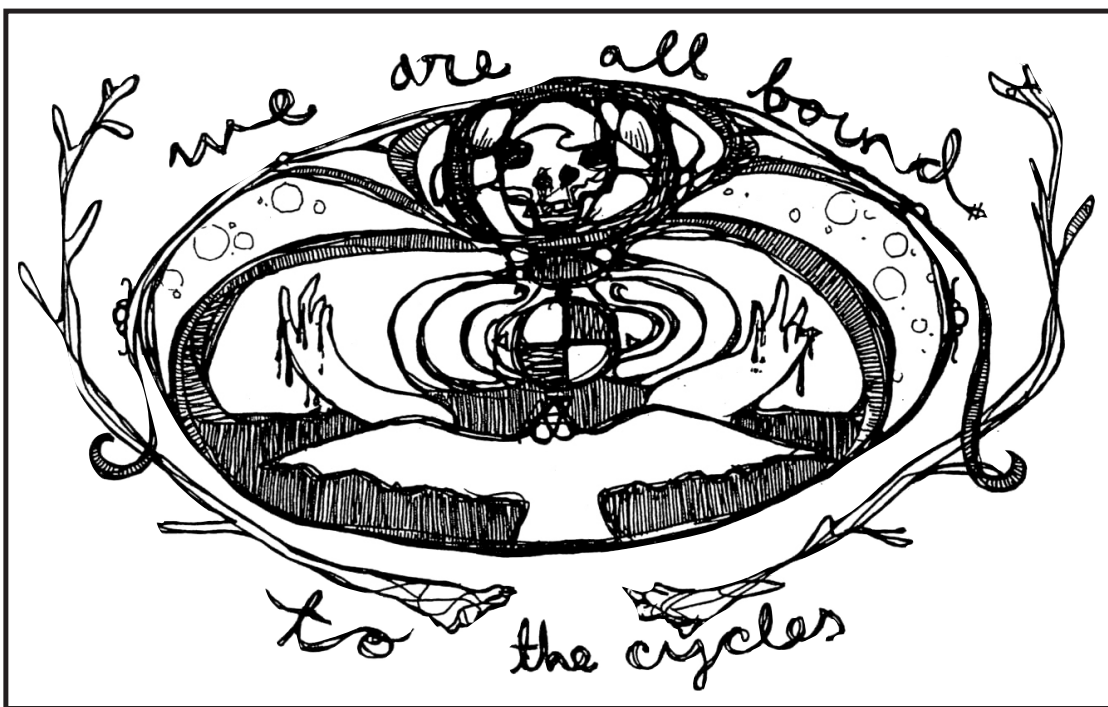
So now it is that this forest on this twilight shore faces destruction: it is one step in a 10,000-year long trail of conquest, from which it cannot be separated. So it is that scientists and bureaucrats can say it’s fine to devastate this forest because it’s been leveled once before (during the massive extraction of lime and lumber overseen



by Henry Cowell; “fairy rings” of clones rise from old stumps); so it is they want this new lab to poison, torture and dissect our animal cousins, and to combine biotech, nanotech and computer science to bring control to the most intensive levels yet dreamed of. Talk of corrupt regents, amoral scientists and greedy defense contractors misses the point: this is not just about the Long-Range Development Plan or even the military-academic-industrial complex, it is about the qualitative differences between ways of living on the earth, the values that structure cultures and their consequences.

For millions of years, human beings lived mostly in cultures which considered themselves part of the land, living within its rhythms of renewal, inextricably interwoven with all other species and forces; as anarchic, animist foragers in tribe and band societies. Indigenous cultures are the very definition of sustainable; many have survived to the present day (and are still fighting for their autonomy) where they have not already been conquered, assimilated or otherwise destroyed by the culture of control. Indigenous traditions are very practical: they are oriented to the continued existence of the tribe itself, which is in turn inseparable from the landscape it is part of and the cycles which run through it. This is the basic understanding which animist cultures live by, and without which—as they have warned us—our species may not last.

Cultures like ours, on the other hand, deny the value of the living, experienced world. Value is reassigned to an abstract realm somewhere farther along an equally abstract axis of one-directional time: heaven, techno-utopia, the revolution, etc. Even though mainstream archaeology and anthropology have largely come around to admit the truth of what tribal cultures have always said and shown about themselves—that be-



fore disruption and conquest, primal human societies worked little, shared much, and were overwhelmingly egalitarian, healthy and happy—advocates of linear time and progress would have us believe that the rapid and destructive expansion of Western technological civilization was simply a matter of “evolution” taking its course. To domesticate plants and animals, build cities, establish governments, burn witches, dam rivers, kill forests, train police, destroy native cultures, invent nuclear weapons, DDT, styrofoam, and the internet, was somehow part of our inevitable destiny; these were needs our “primitive ancestors” and all other tribal cultures were simply not sophisticated enough to provide for themselves. So they call this empire’s growth not only inevitable, but desirable: wouldn’t it be shocking, then, to find that anyone could have consciously refused the developments that brought us onto this path of widespread slavery, disease, oppression, and ecological destruction?

But the stories are there, as central myths in almost every “primitive” culture, of the Trickster who continually schemes and makes magic to cheat and control others. His tricks almost always backfire: the joke is on him. Advocates of western civilization would do well to study this primordial parable, as Trickster’s heartless, foolish manipulations and deceptions rampage through the world in an ever-widening spiral of misery and



disaster. Trickster acts as though he were exempt from the principles of cause and effect: the idea of the unique “unnaturalness” of (civilized) humans directly devalues the rest of the world.

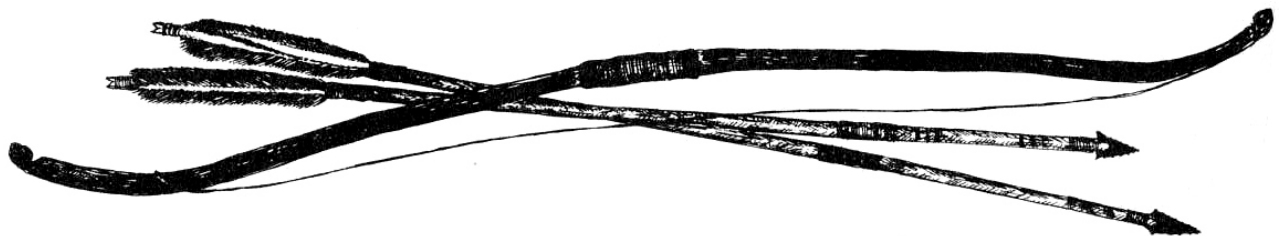
Our culture surely is exceptional, but mainly in terms of how out of touch with reality it is: the idea of one-directional time, or progress, contradicts the obviously cyclical patterns of the living cosmos. There is no heaven and no techno-utopia around the corner; the only dream of progress is the annihilation of life itself. The only advances in technology are advances in the power of the elite who hire the researchers to create it -- despite the supposed benefits and wonders dangled in front of our eyes like so many distractingly shiny toys, the main results of the first 10,000 years of progress have been social impoverishment and ecological destruction. What will another 10,000 years do to us? Another 10?

Although we are told to accept progress as inevitable, and science a simple outgrowth of natural human curiosity, experimentation and adaptation, this is revealed as embarrassingly silly propaganda when contrasted with the animist alternative. For thousands of generations, human beings developed intricate and intimate knowledge of the lands, species and climates they coexisted with. Thousands of years before western science “discovered” ecology, relativity, evolution, and DNA, the vast majority of living humans participated in cultural traditions which recognized that all living beings are kin of common heritage (and common fate), and that there is no real barrier between matter and energy, flesh and spirit, time and space—spurious distinctions invented by domesticated society itself. Let us not forget the even greater wisdom of our ancestors in that their ways of knowing were in sharing, not in conquest.

All of this that we call progress or history has been as a war waged against the resistance of all that is called “nature,” the counter-historical, instinctual struggle of all life to avoid being dominated and exploited by this civilization. In 1793, on the site of what is now the city of Santa Cruz, Ohlone insurgents burned the “Mission of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross,” established by Franciscan Catholic clergy two years earlier to enslave and convert the tribes of the coast. Some people push back; the story of progress is just that, a story, told by a Trickster to explain and justify his drive to dominate the world. Maybe it is not too late if we can wake up and interrupt the story.

The history of the term “Luddite” itself may be illuminating. Most often used to refer to anyone critical of technological progress, it actually refers to an explosive social struggle against the early imposition of industrialism in 19th-century England. The Luddites were textile weavers, traditional artisans in rural England, whose lives, families and communities were being torn apart by the deployment of mechanical looms in factories by capitalists: by night they gathered, masked their faces, and destroyed the mills that were destroying their world. The Luddite rebellion spread so widely that the number of troops required to suppress it was greater than the number of British troops then fighting Napoleon overseas. The English weavers were just one group out of a long history of dispossessions, but for the moment they took a stand they fought the dominant society almost to a standstill.

Stories like this are important to remember, to tell and tell again: they remind us that progress is not inevitable, it’s in fact contrary to the cyclical nature of the very cosmos; and we can choose to do something about it. Henry Cowell’s fairy rings, and all the other plants around here like manzanita and tanoak that re-sprout after fires, can remind us of resilience, regrowth and renewal, even in the path of destruction. And it makes me think that those of us who loves this world, and this forest, should be gathering in shadows, forming our own tribes, thinking about how much we need the land to survive, about the kind of world we want to live in and leave behind us, about what stands in our way and what we can do about it...





# summer.

this year, i spent the summer staying. lots of folks had the tour/travel/escape bug(s), as is customary here, and while they got busy vanishing, i started appearing: in the forest and chaparral, gathering huckleberries for muffins and picking up helium balloon remnants and mountain bikers' hammer gel™ packet tabs that not-so-mysteriously appear on the paths, looking for eternity in the insistent, icy waves of the bay, helping friends move and build new homes, taking care of tree creatures and other brothers, sisters, and young ones of the struggle (including myself), and constantly, vigilantly, standing my ground; learning to be firm with my boundaries, not rigid with my perspective; gentle with my friends and devastating to my enemies: those who make themselves the enemies of all who hold sacred that which is wild and free.

it is from this staying also, in which i am experiencing the sudden, epidemic, seemingly-catastrophic influx of university students with the start of the "new" school-centric year. overnight—calm, open roads and buildings that had begun to seem as sun-bleached and abandoned as any other forgotten industrial ruins (aside from the ever-burrowing locusts of construction activity), are now in-

festes with nearly robot-like, shuffling masses, slightly lost, like ants bred in captivity then forced into a plastic cage called a "farm" for some other species's entertainment, now building mazes for themselves, unable to follow their scent trail home, but so numerous that, like a herd, figure they must be doing the "right thing."

reeling from the shift in these ecosystems as one species's population is suddenly exponentially enhanced, i can't stop wondering how anyone imagines that it could work to increase the student population by another third, from around 15,000 to 20,000! every school day, already, the pavement is clogged with migrations of car beasts, roaring while creeping or lurching through the countryside, their riders filing in with a matching domesticated mechanicalness; the young deer, accustomed to a more balanced bio-web, now confronts a home disrupted, transformed into a perilous, frightening land of sharp edges and hard, speeding creatures and distracted humanoids. the birds, a normally rowdy and vocal bunch, scream and shout to one another more often, not bound by speciesist conditioning, sharing among themselves and to everyone else exactly how they feel. have you heard them lately?



it is obvious to my senses that this place called campus is already overcrowded; the land and air and water overburdened. as the uc barons complete their harmless-sounding “in-fill” projects and choke the center with concrete and cooling towers, one only needs to listen to what their skin and tongue and eardrums tell them to know that something is wrong at uncle charlie’s summer camp. an insatiable monster is chewing up the land, stuffing its face with stolen water, soil, and life—wreaking irreversible and needless destruction while maintaining the protection of normalcy allowed by the civilization on which it intermittently suckles. those who challenge this monster must do so with strong hearts and supportive companions, ready for its rank burps of plodding bureaucracy and fire-breath of its personal police and paramilitary. it may be trying, it will take years, but the monster will be vanquished and we will feast joyously upon its beastly carcass... those of us who stay will see to it.

# 11/7: poem for a celebration

Hope.

What a desperate emotion. To admit that I must hope for something is to admit I have no control of the situation. The only things I would hope for are the weather, my bike not getting stolen when I leave it on Pacific, and whether or not that cute androgyne at the farmer’s market spends as much time awkwardly glancing at me as I do at her. Authentic community, control of my life, defense of this earth: for these things I will never hope, because I am willing to fight for them. Voting, choosing someone else to fix your own problems—even at its best, voting promotes, rather than prevents, apathy.

Progress.

The last thing we need is progress. Once you realize that this society and its defenders are intent on destroying the earth and its peoples to line their own pockets, you realize that all progress means is progressing one step closer to an inevitable apocalypse. The problems existing in this society, the exploitation of the working poor, police brutality, and them rich motherfuckers caught red-handed in my mom’s piggybank—these are natural extensions of the current system. Reform is impossible. We do not want kinder cops, we want no cops. We do not need a new system, we need no system.

You celebrating masses,  
take the bumper stickers from over your mouth





exhume the corpses from your throat  
no one will save you  
except you  
so I'll be silkscreening t-shirts in red, black, and green  
with your face  
the glint in your eye and the frizz in your hair  
they're gonna say:

Struggle.

Burn your hope and find your struggle. I saw you lose it when you signed up for a two-party system. Grow your spine back. You have inside you an unspeakable passion. I can tell by your drunken monologues that the poverty of your existence does not please you. Sober up and stand up. Even if you're a piece of shit, I want you to mean it. I am a piece of shit. But when I say that not one of us can be human in this society, know that I'll step toe-to-toe with god to prove it.

Change.

I'll see you on the front lines. Fighting for what you believe in, no matter what that is, will probably get you arrested, no matter who the president is. The day after the next president is inaugurated, there will still be a statute of limitations on your dreams, standing up for yourself will still get you beaten back down, and there will still be me, gnashing my teeth at my chains, a piece of shit trying to become a man.

Abolish prisons  
create community  
curb down banks  
plant a garden  
speak for yourself  
let no one represent you.

In solidarity with Nat Turner,  
Daniel McGowan,  
with John Graham and the ghost of Anna Mae,  
John Africa,  
Rod Coronado,  
three hooded figures,  
a single match,  
a prairie fire—

I urge you,  
ladies and gentlemen,  
transfolk and genderfucks,  
to join me at the polls  
in the streets  
this November  
to vote no on government.

... don't  
believe the



# Long-Range Arrogance

a speech given at the one-year tree sit  
anniversary celebration on nov. 7, 2008



So there's this thing, this scheme, this set of intentions called the Long Range Development Plan, the LRDP. Oh the arrogance! What is Long Range? What is Long Range to a tree that lives hundreds of years? What about a fly that lives an entire lifetime in 3 days? What do Long Range Plans mean to a single mother living in rural northern California amidst the ruins of the Shasta-Trinity National Forest and a collapsed logging industry, or an activist facing 5, 10, 20 years in prison? What does Long Range mean to an Iraqi child amidst a civil war and imperialist occupation with a shrinking life expectancy? This Long Range Development Plan is a short sighted decadence brought to you by people who are simultaneously privileged enough to think of their lives in terms that stretch beyond survival and selfish enough to think that any fraction of their meager lives represents Long Term.

Now let's turn our attention to the second part of the misnomer—Development. Development speaks to a process of becoming. We talk about childhood development—the process of becoming an individual that cares for itself and relates in the world. We develop photos and an image, a moment, becomes art on paper. Through the LRDP the administration envisions this place where we stand becoming a site of animal torture. They envision Upper Campus becoming parking lots and apartment buildings. The term development has a connotation of inevitability. It carries the weight of colonialism and manifest destiny. Development says “don't worry—things are becoming what they are meant to be.” And I'll say it again—OH THE ARROGANCE! This is cold comfort from people self-involved and self-important enough to never consider that things have become, are becoming, what they are meant to be, what they choose to be, without the benefit of their help, for millions of years; or to consider that perhaps the beings of the forest, and indigenous communities, and even postmodern-anarcha-punk kids have the ability and imperative to become, without the violent usurpation and intervention of the UC administration.

Finally we come to the end: Plan. They have a Plan, a course of action, a set of steps to create the world they want: A world of luxury for the few, a world of domination and subservience, a world, a town, a University of maximized profit.

Do you have a plan? Do we have a plan?

Do you have a course of action in mind for the day when water becomes a luxury? Do you have a set of steps for the time when you can no longer go outside because the sun and the air that have sustained life on this planet since before time is killing you? That day is here on a global scale and time is short for those of us in the global north to ignore reality. What is your relationship to the long term? How do you view your life in relation to a redwood tree, a fly, a single mother, a child in Iraq? What are you willing to do? Because we have seen what they are willing to do: they are willing to beat people and use chemical warfare against us; they are willing to imprison us and use every being in their path for their own purposes. What are your gifts? Do you have a body that is strong to throw in their path? Do you have music to sustain a community of resistance? Do you have food to nourish your comrades?

The Tree Sit is not a plan. The Tree Sit is one tactic. It is not enough. We are here to celebrate the one year anniversary of this tactic and it deserves celebration, but we need more! What will the next year bring? Will it bring the destruction of the forest? Will it bring an anarchist community devastated by state repression? The future is up to us. Let's make this next year one to never forget. Let's step it up! Let's fuck shit up! Let's never give up!



## **treesit ends, resistance continues**

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**two statements  
from the press  
conference and  
rally at ucsc on  
dec. 13, 2008**

**1** ● Over four hundred days ago, a handful of activists climbed up into the trees on Science Hill as a symbol of resistance to the university's plan to destroy 120 acres of campus forest. For the past 13 months, the tree sit has drawn attention to UCSC's reckless plan to develop upper campus without regard for the welfare of one of Santa Cruz's last wild ecosystems.

At approximately 8 AM this morning, the Tree Sit drew to a close as police seized control of Science Hill, arresting one Tree Sitter. Later, a tree cutting service hired by the university cut down a grove of 100 year old redwood trees to make way for construction of a new Bioscience building.

The three clusters of redwoods which have now been clearcut were inhabited since November 7, 2007, when over 500 students, alumni, and community members rallied in opposition to the University's "Long Range Development Plan." The Tree Sit and the University entered mediation to find a solution to this conflict, but the University was unwilling to modify any of their plans, despite the devastating effect that upper campus development will have on the Santa Cruz ecosystem. Precious watershed regions, unique manzanita groves and hundred-year old redwood forests will be destroyed by the University's development of the wild lands just north of campus. The homes of such rare native animals as the burrowing owl and the endangered red-legged frog will be irreparably damaged.

The Tree Sit tactic was employed due to the University's failure to meaningfully address the concerns of Santa Cruz city and county officials, community members, environmentalists and UCSC faculty and students. Instead of acting upon the concerns of the thousands of people who have voiced opposition to increased University construction, UCSC has spent tens of thousands of taxpayer dollars to hire riot police to intimidate community members who oppose their plans.



The end of the Tree Sit is not the end of resistance to the Long Range Development Plan. The determination and integrity that sustained the 13 month occupation will continue to incite action against the Long Range Development Plan. The diverse communities that united to oppose the destruction of upper campus are renewed in their commitment to resistance.

2. There is no satisfaction for the radical spirit, there is no rest for the revolutionary heart except the collective liberation of the Earth and all its inhabitants. But there are moments of courage, of comradeship, of inspiration. There are moments of ecstasy, and in these moments are glimpses of what is possible. The past 13 months was a series of these moments. through our collective experiences the possibilities are clearer than ever, closer than ever.

I am forever changed by the Tree Sit: I am a truer friend, a more devoted lover, a more skilled activist, and a stronger person. I will never waiver in my defense of the Earth as long as I live and when I die my ample body will nourish the plants and animal I love.

The Tree Sit was one tactic. Now we will take what we have learned and all that we have accomplished to stoke the flames of resistance to the U.C. and their reprehensible expansion plans. We will be tireless, relentless, creative and proud. We have only begun to fight. UCSC, you are warned: there is no force you can muster that can overcome the ferocity of wild creatures fighting for their homes.



# to my children:

My dear little ones—how it pains me to see you quarrel with your brothers and sisters like this. Your “newspaper” claims this was a non-violent end but I can think of nothing more violent than cutting open the tree people and pulling them out by their roots.

I’ve tried to send you signals, as have the tree people, as have the crow people, but you invaders have forgotten how to listen. You speak a monosyllabic tongue of violence and insist that everyone around you speak it too. You take and take, and it is never enough, and yet, never give back. You act as if what has been here long

before you belongs only to you and accuse the few ones left of being violent if they resist you. If only you could hear how happy the tree people were to share their canopy views with wild humans once again—oh, to wake on a cold morning to the rising sun and know that a brave few are risking their only gift of life to defend yours.

It is such a deep sadness that I feel now—sadness not just for the tree people but for the pale faces too. They are accursed with an emptiness that will never be fulfilled—the ones who carry weapons for the ones who bury themselves alive in offices, they will all someday return to me not knowing the wisdom that can only come by walking the good path of balance. A wisdom that their kind once possessed.

To that end, though I know I cannot change the minds of the people who have done this heinous act, I want to assure you that someday, the tree people, the bird people will find their way back to what will be the ruins of your structures. For you see, your missiles, your tractors, your paper laws, your bullets, your chancellors and judges will not bother me in the long run—indeed, they are of very little concern when matched against my hurricanes, my tumors, my floods, my insistence that the sacred balance of “what you consume now will consume you later” be recognized. You see, I do not sign treaties and I do not abide by your artificial laws. The one thing I can promise you is that this will not be the last time you hear from me.

Sincerely,

## your angry mother







# UCSC and the high-tech war on the earth:

**a few more words on society, ecology and technological progress.**

## *To the Living*

The world is dying. No one wants to hear this—to wake one day, and not be able to stop seeing it. The truth hurts; we're told—and we accept—that if we keep playing our part in society, progress will evolve us to a higher state where all the messy problems are solved. If that weren't a lie, then why have famine, war, oppression and suffering not only continued, but grown in scale and intensity with each development of technological expansion and progress?

Food riots and violent social confrontations erupted throughout the “developing world” this summer; the state and its weapons continue to slaughter the poor from Oakland to Gaza. Greenhouse gases and soil depletion are having major impacts on humanity's ability to feed itself—human population reared like farm animals in dependency on technology and capitalism, and so placed deliberately in harm's way. The ozone hole is getting bigger again—legal and technical quick-fixes are only so many band-aids. The world's most powerful states are producing more nuclear waste and nuclear weapons than ever before, and toxic chemicals are in the air, water and soil, contributing to the growing global



epidemic of cancers and immune and nerve disorders, which have spread far beyond the human species. Students in the post-industrial “First World” randomly massacre their classmates, while the world’s remaining tribal peoples are still being murdered and pushed off their lands around the globe, whole ecosystems and the people inhabiting them ground between the gears of economic efficiency. And politicians and celebrities peddle energy-saving lightbulbs, corporate “health” food—and of course more progress and technology—as the solution.

Technological development, like the hierarchal social relations which produce it, is presented as inevitable, but in fact these things occur for very specific social reasons. We are led to believe that science is just an outgrowth of natural human curiosity, and that the increasing scale, complexity and proliferation of technology and its effects are a natural, evolutionary, and irreversibly linear “progress,” almost as though some destiny at the end of time were calling it forward. But we also hear that Homo sapiens observed, considered, and inhabited the world for over a million years before the destructive acceleration of “progress,” and that with earth, stone and the bodies of plants and animals they lived in much greater peace, health and sustainability than the vast majority of us humans now living.



Science is a means for capital to chart its course into further “progress,” the expansion of technological systems which further separate human beings from the rest of the world, rather than integrating us into it, as indigenous traditions were meant to do. Technological production gives form to capital, or property; it’s itself the product not only of existing social and technical systems, but the mindset which views the world not as a balancing dance of living energy, but “resources” to enclose and consume. Isn’t it clear by now that ecological destruction and social exploitation are two sides of the same coin? Just so, it’s not a question of responding simply at the level of ideas and words, nor of things and acts, but a continuous feedback loop of resistance by both theory and practice, love and rage, and cries that could wake the dead.

### ***Silver Linings***

The writer, healer, activist, and forager Chellis Glendinning compared civilized society’s relationship to technology with an addict craving “one more fix.” (1) We are constantly being sold technological “solutions” to problems that on further examination were in fact caused by yesterday’s technological miracles. George Bradford makes an especially striking case for this (2), pointing out

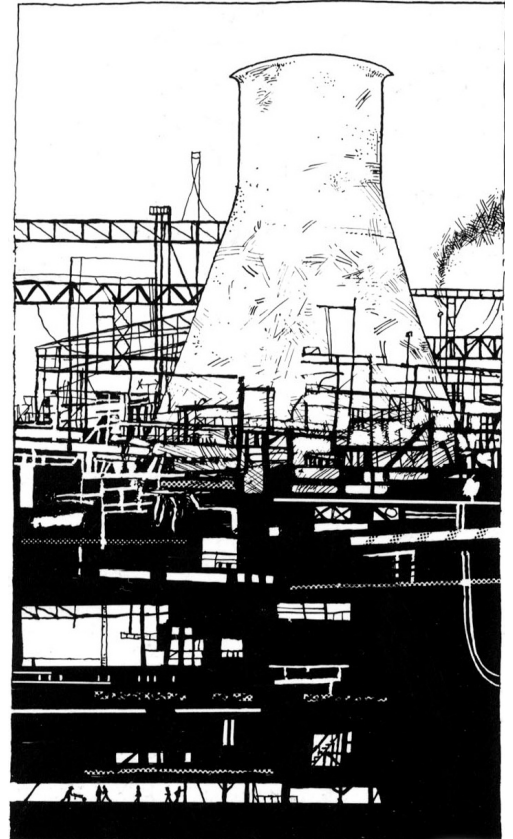
the connections between the Bhopal mass poisoning industrial disaster and the “Green Revolution,” when DDT and other toxic chemical products were sold as the cure for hunger in the Global South, and traditional farms were plowed under corporate monocultures. Nowadays, agricultural biotechnology is being sold with the same rhetoric. The fact is that new technical developments are always the result of specific decisions about funding research made by the powers that be, and are always placed to first

benefit those who run governments, universities and corporations. It's whard to call the benefits that trickle down to the rest of us, among the poison, really worth it.

"Every cloud has a silver lining," we've heard, but people who defend progress seem focused on the silver lining to the point of ignoring the massive, toxic cloud to which it's attached. The internet is a common example: isn't it great we can communicate with people all the way around the world? The unnoticed cloud beside it asks, in a deluge of acid rain, why we need to communicate with people around the world in the first place, when humans existed for millennia before domestication, agriculture and cities, in daily and intimate communication with each other and the other species and forces which populated the landscape. The internet was created as a military computer network, went through a brief phase of hacker freedom and is now being thoroughly exploited as a source of capital. This is not to say we have no use for it, but any good use we can get out of it is left over from—and reliant on—those first things.

Moreover, specific technologies don't actually exist separately from the overall interlocking global social-technological system which Lewis Mumford dubbed "the megamachine." (3) The production of electricity and computers themselves entails massive amounts of resource extraction—ecological destruction and displacement of people—and labor, the "resource" extracted from people. Electronics are manufactured using highly toxic chemicals which make factory workers and wildlife sick, and which are extremely energy-intensive to recycle. The electro-magnetic fields generated by every electrical system or device operating anywhere also may be having untold (largely unstudied) effects on the health of living beings everywhere.

Modern medicine is another silver lining we are often asked to consider, again without asking, what is making us sick? In his book *Health and the Rise of Civilization*, Mark Nathan Cohen shows that due to a number of factors including the loss of a more diverse diet, overcrowding and technological "side" effects, sustainable forager cultures enjoyed a much greater degree of health overall and that in fact average life spans decreased considerably with the rise of domestication, only making a comeback in the privileged First World within the past century. Western medicine's "triumph" has been to foster dependency on pharmaceuticals which mask symptoms rather than correcting fundamental imbalances—considered by most tribal and other non-western cultures to be at the root of all illness. *Although some would find relief in taking technology critics to task for "romanticizing" low-tech indigenous cultures, it seems to me that in fact it is the supposedly positive aspects of "progress" that are being dangerously over-romanticized.*



## **Bio, Info, Nano**

UCSC's 2005 LRDP is a perfect example of the social motivations for scientific research and technological progress. It is based primarily on the decision to lease grad students as outsourced research departments for Silicon Valley capitalists developing biotechnology, nanotechnology and informations systems. Despite all the wonderful propaganda about "saving lives" and "unlocking mysteries," the direction of what's actually happening is to put the very building blocks of life and of matter in the hands of capitalist industries and the state, to be altered as they see fit.

Although there are many hair-raising disaster scenarios that could be imagined about the consequence of these technologies “run amok” like genetically-engineered plagues (our government is already making them) or nano-machines that decide to disassemble the entire planet, even the “best-case” scenarios for implementing these technologies are not good. Human genetic screening and germline engineering point toward to a society where “we have discrimination down to a science,” (4) and where the human being becomes a mere collection of data for the powerful to edit as they see fit. (UCSC’s bioinformatics program is one part of the megamachine currently hastening this possibility.) Nano-robots, known as “smart dust,” raise the possibility of total surveillance. Advanced computing systems, like pattern recognition and identity resolution software, make it possible for these massive amounts of data to be collected and applied to the task of social control. (The military computing projects at Baskin Engineering are a good example.)

One aspect of the 2005 LRDP that is seldom heard of is the Bio-Info-Nano Research and Development Institute (BIN-RDI), a joint project of UCSC, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), and corporate partners like Hewlett-Packard. Slated to begin going up at NASA’s Ames Research Center (at Moffett Field, a former airbase in Mountain View which already houses NASA’s advanced computing and artificial intelligence research divisions) in 2009, the stated goal of this project is to accelerate the convergence of these three particular appendages of the megamachine which are, in fact, already converging. Recently researchers have blurred the lines by creating an RNA “copier machine” (5) out of genetic material and a tiny digital clock made out of living cells (6). Meanwhile, another recent report indicates that nanomaterials, despite their “small is beautiful” green-chic selling point, may have an ecological footprint a hundred times as great as comparable, conventionally-produced materials. (7)

The advancement of these scientific “frontiers,” much like the American frontier, is a path of conquest that will be accomplished through dispossession, destruction, and an increasingly suffocating system of social control. It’s not to help us. Progress happens for specific reasons, reasons that appeal to the people who are funding technological research and development, who are the people who already run this fucked-up society, and who think very much like their predecessors who got us into this mess. Here’s our silver lining: since progress is not an abstract, unstoppable, evolutionary force, and it’s not just an idea, it’s something that can only happen concretely. The elites need to build labs to figure out ways to exploit the world’s “resources” tomorrow. We need to figure out ways to stop them.

## Notes.

1. Chellis Glendinning, *My Name Is Chellis and I’m in Recovery from Western Civilization*
2. George Bradford, “We All Live in Bhopal” <http://www.eco-action.org/dt/bhopal.html>
3. Lewis Mumford, *Technics and Civilization*
4. *Gattaca* (a film touching on the social consequences of genetic and computer technologies), 1997
5. ScienceDaily, “Using Living Cells As Nanotechnology Factories” <http://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2008/10/081008095710.htm>
6. ScienceDaily, “Programmable Genetic Clock Made Of Blinking Florescent Proteins Inside Bacteria Cells” <http://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2008/10/081029141041.htm>
7. ScienceDaily, “Nanomaterials May Have Large Environmental Footprint” <http://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2008/10/081022135805.htm>

Long-Range Resistance — <http://www.lrdpresistance.org>

BIN-RDI — <http://www.bioinfonano.org>

Northwest Resistance Against Genetic Engineering — <http://www.nwrage.org>



# hard times xmas in santa cruz

*"Civil government, so far as it is instituted for the security of property, is in reality instituted for the defense of the rich against the poor, or of those who have some property against those who have none at all."*  
—Adam Smith (founder of modern capitalist economics),  
The Wealth of Nations

*"Everyday is social war, the rich drink blood while we eat sawdust..."* —Blackbird Raum, "Shot Coplifting"

Recently, the city of Santa Cruz cut \$4.2 million from the city's budget, including all funds for the Beach Flats Community Center and Community Garden. The center has provided tutoring programs, childcare, cultural space, computer labs, and other support to Beach Flats residents. These public services are being cut in a city that spends far above average on police and "public safety." That is, most cities the size of Santa Cruz spend around 45% of their budget on fire and police. In our city, we spend closer to 60%. Police services are the largest single expenditure of the city alone and account for 40% of the 2008-09 budget. But come a budget crisis, the first thing on the block is the community center in the only primarily Spanish-speaking part of town.

And this holiday shopping season, the city government has been spending even more than usual. Harassment of street people and other "undesirables" on and around Pacific Avenue and the downtown commercial district has been way up, with heavy patrolling—and heavy enforcement—by officers in cruisers and on foot. People sleeping with permission on church lawns have been woken and forced to move. On a recent mid-December evening, two cruisers and at least five cops were spotted on the scene of one poor soul getting a ticket for not having a bike light. Officers working overtime make \$75 an hour in Santa Cruz, and the increased patrols have been going since the week after Thanksgiving.

But the most dramatic new early Xmas gift the SCPD has received this year is an \$80,000 new armored truck for hauling around the department's Emergency Services Unit (ESU), something like a SWAT team. The ESU participated in the heavily-armed forced entry and burglary of computers from a Riverside home allegedly connected to animal rights protests (see "Community against the Witch Hunt," this issue), but seems to operate most often, surprise!, in the Beach Flats.

When the chips are down, when the economy is in a slump, the smiley-face mask of liberal Santa Cruz slips off immediately to reveal government's true rule as protector of property. The fines being collected from street people are probably negligible compared to the amount of money the city is spending to harass them. The business of the police is to keep individuals and social classes in their place, and to uphold the system of the production, circulation and consumption of commodities. The "peace" of shoppers, as well as of animal-torturing scientists and mainstream society, is an illusion supported by the violence of exclusion, dispossession, and punishment.

**UPDATE:** On January 27<sup>th</sup>, the City Council approved a set of new ordinances drafted by the business and political bigshots of Santa Cruz, which make it illegal to sit on a bench for an hour, sit or beg on 80% of the sidewalk, or do pretty much anything at all on Pacific Ave. other than *shop*, and which makes having three unpaid citations (tickets for infractions) automatically an arrestable misdemeanor.

*Sticks & Stones* would like to shout out to Sub Rosa and everyone else keepin' it sketchy on lower Pacific. We would also like to point out that window at Urban Outfitters that was broken months ago, and express our strongest wishes that none of our readers would ever commit such a ridiculous act of vandalism against any of the businesses responsible for the expanding police control over "public" space.



# chronology and correspondence of resistance in santa cruz

nocturnal activities, campus confrontations and some dangerous words  
from local rebels



## ***April 22, 1990***

In a move against both energy infrastructure and the corporatization of the environmentalist movement, "Earth Night Action Group" saws through a wooden pole to bring down transmission lines from the PG & E plant at Moss Point, cutting power to most of Santa Cruz County for several days.

## ***1996***

Redwood Empire begins logging at Gamecock Canyon. Activists block Summit Road until an injunction is issued. Resistance continues over the next three years until monkey wrenching finally bankrupts the company, but not before the canyon is trashed.

## ***June 19, 2000***

Beginning of Ramsey Gulch Tree Sit against Redwood Empire (until October 2002).

## ***April 8, 2003***

60 SUVs and pickup trucks—40 of them at North Bay Ford—spraypainted with anti-war, anti-oil messages.

## ***April 5, 2006***

Military recruiters need a police escort to escape from UCSC campus after being confronted by a rowdy march and blockade by about 200 students and anarchists at a school job fair.

**April 18, 2006**

Six SUVs on the west side of Santa Cruz have their tires slashed and are redecorated with anti-war messages.

**May 1, 2006**

Windows smashed at the Department of Homeland Security/Harbor Patrol facility on 7th Avenue.

**June 6, 2006**

Simultaneous with a permitted Dyke March, autonomous street party halts traffic on Pacific Avenue, distributing free food and burning a U.S. flag.

**June 16, 2006**

At 8:30 am, a blockade goes up at Laurel St. & Mission St/Hwy 1 as a gesture of solidarity with the hundreds of families who lost their land in the June 13 forced eviction of the South Central Farm in Los Angeles. Holding signs both large and small, 30 or so people block traffic at the intersection with A-frames, a sofa, and at least four dumpsters rolled in from nearby businesses. Flyers explaining the legacy of the Farm are distributed to the delayed drivers. No injuries, citations or arrests.

[www.southcentralfarmers.com](http://www.southcentralfarmers.com)

**September 15, 2006**

In response to the Sept. 7-8 ICE raids known as 'Operation: Return to Sender' (see 'Erase the Borders!', this issue), about 40 people marched from the post office down Pacific and around the Beach Flats, chanting "no borders, no nations, fuck deportations!" and "chinga la migra, y la policia!"

**October 18, 2006**

About 200 UCSC students shut down a rare public meeting held by the UC regents, clashing with police and trapping cops and regents inside the Humanities/Social Sciences Lecture Hall for 90 minutes, leading to riot police being called in to rescue the regents; 3 arrests and one cop allegedly injured.

**November 7, 2007**

Red Hill Tree

Sit goes up to block a corporate biotech and animal testing lab and, effectively, the UCSC expansion plan calling for the "development" of 120 acres of forest and chaparral in Upper Campus. 300 people successfully confront and chase off cops who use batons and pepper spray in an attempt to keep food, water and supplies from reaching individuals stranded overnight in the redwood trees above Parking Lot 121. For over a month, an autonomous zone is created in the parking lot where food, ideas, knowledge and companionship are shared freely. The tree sit will last over 13 months.

[www.stopucsc.org](http://www.stopucsc.org) — [www.lrdpresistance.org](http://www.lrdpresistance.org)



# 2008... Santa Cruz heats up!

## April 6

A Wells Fargo bank in downtown Santa Cruz is paint-bombed in solidarity with detained immigrants (see 'Erase the Borders!')

## May 1

*"At the stroke of midnight, ATMs across Santa Cruz were put out of their misery."* Wells Fargo was targeted for funding GEO/ICE prisons; Bank of America and CitiBank for funding Peabody Coal, and the destruction of landscapes and communities from Appalachia to the Navajo and Hopi territories. (These and all following italics indicate quotes from anonymous communiques.)

## May 23

Some anonymous actors left acid on a window of the SEIU union office on Mission St., and spray-painted the walls red and black with anarchy signs and revolutionary slogans.

*SEIU is currently engaged in trying to break and control a nation-wide teachers' strike against the puppet government of Puerto Rico, a US colony. This is a perfect example of the role unions inevitably play in co-opting, selling out, and even crushing real strikes and revolutionary upsurges...*

*"Support the janitors" on strike in San Jose, "not the union" that will order them back to work for a few dollars. May you never have to clean up after technocrats (the "little Eichmanns" of America) again. In this vein, we support the University of California service workers who will be striking on the 4th and 5th of June (unfortunately represented by AFSCME), and encourage them to "wildcat" strike when the two-day strike proves unsatisfactory. May you never have to clean up after and take care of drunken frat boys and sorority girls again.*

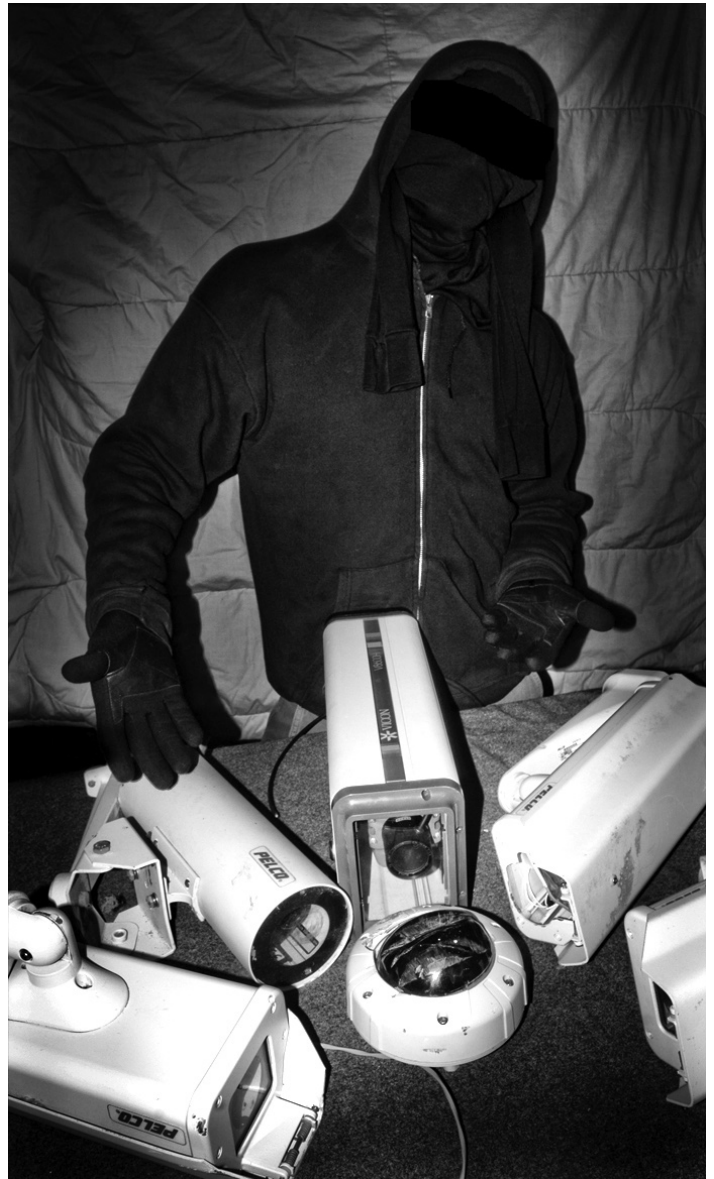
*Hang the bosses by the guts of the bureaucrats!*

*P.S. We forgot to add, fuck you city councilmember Tony Madrigal, and "professor of negotiaton" Bill Monning too. There's no such thing as a working class politician, and we would hate them even if there were.*

## June 1

*Over the last week, we took out six surveillance cameras from the exteriors of four different buildings on the University of California in Santa Cruz campus. This was an act of rebellion to the social control in our daily lives. These cameras are the eyes of the police.*

*This task was easy to accomplish, and would be easy for anyone to reproduce. We checked out the camera locations in advance, and came back at night for the attack. We found a few steel barbed-wire fence posts nearby and pulled them up. With*



*just one strike, the cameras broke right off of the walls they were bolted to. We cut the cords (when they didn't just break on their own), bagged them up and took them with us.*

*There has been a rapid expansion of surveillance technology that affects all of us. From the consolidation of international databases for tracking and monitoring individuals to the placement of cameras in every intersection. From the magnetic card readers at many of the dorms and buildings on the UCSC campus that track and log information on students entering and exiting (which has been used in students' arrests in the past), to the militarization of the borders, preventing our ability to travel and migrate freely, contributing to the organizing of the global economy to the whims of the bosses. There are limitless examples of the pervasiveness of social control technology both locally and globally. There is also a growing resistance....*

*We live in a panopticon, where the society we live in is modeled after prison. Information is constantly being collected about us, and the threat of being monitored is ever-present. Those in more precarious positions experience this intensely. Undocumented people who were fortunate enough to make it into this country face a continuous threat of raids, indefinite detention and/or deportation by the US Immigration and Customs Enforcement (also sinisterly known as I.C.E.).*

*This action is dedicated to those affected by the recent immigration raids in Watsonville, a town just south of Santa Cruz. These raids were part of a nationally coordinated attack on immigrants, with a notable concentration around the Bay Area of California. We invite people everywhere to rise up against every form of social control that affects their lives.*

**FUCK I.C.E.!**

**SPREAD THE REBELLION AGAINST SOCIAL CONTROL!**

—anarchists

### **June 13**

*Shortly after midnight on Friday the 13th of June, the Santa Cruz County Courthouse experienced not bad luck, but a deliberate act of revolt. Inspired by recent actions in the area and the struggles of others around the world, river rocks were thrown through two plate glass windows. The breaking of windows was a moment of sheer joy for us. We'd like to dedicate them to every prisoner and detainee who has been forced to undergo the dehumanizing farce of cold Justice...*

*And lastly, but not least, for you reading this text, and for every rebel who may one day be imprisoned for the crime of freedom. May every courthouse window be smashed, every prison wall broken. May all of us then run free.*

*solidarity in revolt,  
uncontrollables*

### **June 14**

*As part of an ongoing local and international momentum of revolutionary solidarity with social prisoners as well as POWs of ecological struggles, the Bank of America and Wells Fargo ATMs on the University of California Santa Cruz campus had their screens smashed by a chunk of granite.*

*Wells Fargo is a major funder of the GEO Group, which runs Guantanamo Bay, the Northwest ICE Detention Center, and numerous other jails and prisons. Bank of America funds Peabody Coal, which is blasting the tops of mountains in Appalachia and strip-mining indigenous land in Arizona, as well as poisoning the air we breath. Banks fund these industrial atrocities with the money that they suck from your paycheck, your savings, your debts.*

*Revolutionary solidarity means seeing the links between our misery at having to participate in capitalism and the oppression of other human beings and the natural world, the links between their struggles*

*and our rebellion. It means smashing the screens that surround us on every side, and creating breaks in the walls of those in deeper dungeons than us so that they can have a little air to breath. It means fighting for those imprisoned by trying to create a revolution that will destroy all prisons, especially the one that confines us all and that condemned them to the penitentiary in the first place.*

*This summer will see broken ATM screens and bank windows across Santa Cruz, the West Coast, Europe, and the Americas. Perhaps you will be one of those smashing them, on your own or with a few close friends. When the bank forecloses your house, evicts you from your apartment, takes the last money you need for food, what will you do? What will you do when a wild place you love is destroyed by those the bank supports, or by the University of California? What will you do when a friend or loved one, or anyone you identify with, is locked up in jail? What will you do?*

### **June 16**

*Inspired by the recent actions of solidarity happening in Santa Cruz, we decided to actualize our discontent and outrage at the disgusting lie that green-capitalism tells us: that there is such thing as sustainable industry. Thus our local green-capitalist home furnishing center, "Greenspace," got a landscaping rock thrown through its window.*

*And how great it felt to hear the giant plate glass shatter along with the illusion that commerce is invulnerable to our attacks. It was so easy it makes us giddy to think that such an act is infinitely reproducible. Not an hour out of our lives was wasted. A pair of gloves and a couple medium-sized rocks (along with a burning desire to cease our everyday acquiescence) is all it takes.*

*Certainly a rock is not going to stop the destructive forces of capitalism, but the empowerment that comes in the form of gained confidence as well as cathartic release is priceless. Let each rock thrown become a stepping stone to greater and bolder actions.*

*We dedicate this action in solidarity with the Earth and all its living creatures. Don't let the enemies of life on this planet claim to you that your dollars can change the destructiveness of industry. Call them out on their blatant lies and fight until capitalism lies in ruins!*

### **July 4**

*On the 4th of July, amidst the tourist frenzy and sounds of fireworks, at least 8 windows were broken on a condominium that is being built in the lower Ocean neighborhood.*

*The homes that once stood there housed primarily Latino families. These families were evicted to make way for more expensive housing. This type of development raises the property values, which in turn, forces out more low-income and working poor people from the area. It is a clear example of gentrification in our town.*

*We will continue to attack the sites of gentrification when and where we see them.*  
*-Neighborhood Watch*

### **July 21**

*On July 21st all four ATMs were smashed at the River St Wells Fargo in Santa Cruz California. This minor act of sabotage was committed in solidarity with all those kidnapped, detained, and deported in the United States....*

*Wells Fargo is one of the major gears in this relationship between Capital and the State. But even if Wells Fargo wasn't funding the GEO Group, some other bank would be. And even if banks weren't funding prisons, they would still be perpetuating the system that gives us no options other than to be exploited or go to jail. Like the government, the bank takes the "money" that represents your daily activity (work) and uses it to create conditions that further disempower and dispossess you, in a vicious cycle that grows worse and worse every day. Capital is the name for all the dead bodies and stolen lives*



*of the past that are fuel for the machines that crush and grind the living. Refusal and non-participation is a good place to start, but it is necessary to actively destroy the system.*

*When la migra comes to our communities, we will fight back. When Capital offers wage slavery and imprisonment as the only two options, we will rebel.*



### **August 1**

*Yesterday night a rock was pitched through a window at the US Bank in Santa Cruz, California. "Everyone should have a hobby." Ours happens to be more detrimental to banks, and healthy for ourselves, than most.*

*We affirm that unfettered joy can be experienced in the act of destroying bank windows, and that this is one of the best reasons to act in such a manner. We also affirm our solidarity with others engaged in the subversion of the world and the transformation of life into a marvelous game without beginning or end.*

*Solidarity to those facing charges from May Day in Olympia, who are accused of rioting and smashing windows at the US Bank and Bank of America.*

*Solidarity to all who have sabotaged, destroyed property, or lived on the barricades in resistance to the military use of ports in the Puget Sound.*

*Solidarity to resistance in Indiana to the construction of I-69 (the NAFTA Superhighway) and to whoever threw rocks through windows at the Chase Bank in Bloomington.*

*The rebellious spirit is alive and well within us!*



### **August 3**

Two UCSC animal torturers are targeted with firebombs: a car belonging to one of the vivisectors, parked at a home on campus, is destroyed and the home of another vivisector was partly burned.

### **August 24**

On August 24, four windows and a glass door of the sales office of 2030 North Pacific were shattered with a hammer. Three weeks earlier, on the night before the “grand opening” (August 1), the walls were paintbombed by glass bottles filled with black paint.

2030 North Pacific is a monstrous four-story development that spans an entire city block of downtown Santa Cruz with upscale condos (sell-

ing for over \$200,000) and storefronts for yet more shitty boutiques. Anyone who lives in Santa Cruz (who isn't a yuppie, that is) has probably seen this offensive gentrification and winced in disgust.

The triangular city block had been an abandoned lot in the years previous, and before that once hosted a community space called What is Art? “Development” is as good a euphemism as any for capitalism's process of transforming open spaces and anything with potential for life into dead commodities. We cannot wait for this city to crumble into ruins where human beings and animals might be able to breathe and feel sunlight and play again--and so we hasten to destroy these hated constructions in whatever small way we can. Next time, a mob armed with sledgehammers...

### **August 25**

Three windows and a surveillance camera destroyed at the Ocean Street McDonalds.

The Beijing Olympics have ended, but the repressive apparatus set up for the Games remains in place: some 300,000 surveillance cameras, 400,000 informants, and a general tightening of government control. This is always the result of these multinational spectacles. McDonalds, one of the major sponsors of the Olympics, also remains omnipresent and continues to reap its profits with four new restaurants and a large share of the advertising spectacle. This, too, is business as usual.

McDonalds will also gladly sponsor the 2010 Winter Olympics on stolen indigenous land in British Columbia and the 2012 Summer Olympics in the most surveilled metropolis in the world (London). They will continue to be attacked for their role in perpetuating the Olympics and all the repression, surveillance, development and profiteering that accompany the Games.... Here, as in Beijing and everywhere else in the world, the cameras are the bosses' eyes pointed at the workers being exploited and the homeless and impoverished who congregate outside this unfortunate venue.

People the world over hate McDonalds as a foremost symbol of American capitalism... We know that the crap that they pass off as “food” is “cheap” in dollars, but is the direct result of worker exploitation, rainforest deforestation, etc. We're sick of the bullshit that is McDonalds, just as we are disgusted with the spectacle of the Olympics and enraged by the constant presence of surveillance cameras everywhere. We're sure

*that many others share our distaste, and we encourage them to articulate their negativity through action.*  
*www.no2010.com*

### **September 23**

A SCPD squad car is attacked, reportedly causing over \$400 damages, at Pacific and Lincoln.

### **September 24**

Windows smashed at office of Santa Cruz City Attorney John Barisone.

### **September 27**

Four windows, a glass door, and an ATM smashed at Wells Fargo on the corner of Soquel and Thurber in Capitola. Communique says: *"RIOT AGAINST ALL PRISONS! SMASH ICE!"*

### **October 15**

*On the night after Columbus Day 2008 we vandalized eleven windows at the Air Force, Army, Navy, and Marine Recruiting Center in Santa Cruz County with a paint and acid mix. The U.S. government has always waged a war of extermination against land-based ways of life in order to impose capitalist exploitation of the earth and its peoples. For 516 years they and their predecessors have been met with resistance. Neither law enforcement nor the military can ever defeat our struggle.*

*To the land and all indigenous peoples devastated by the U.S. government: we apologize for leaving this building standing.*

### **October 18**

Two exterior surveillance cameras removed from the Ocean Street McDonalds.

### **November 4**

In the early morning hours of Election Day, two campaign offices have their windows smashed out and two polling places in Santa Cruz have their locks glued shut and are also decorated with etching fluid making circle As and remarks such as "FUCK ALL POLITICIANS."

### **Dec 8**

Windows at the Santa Cruz County Government Center and two downtown business (on Ocean and River Streets) were apparently shot out with a pellet gun. Four windows were destroyed at the courthouse, costing an estimated \$4000 to replace each. The other windows totaled over \$400 at each business.

### **Dec 11**

*Last night rocks were thrown through the windows of 2 Bank of Americas and another ATM location. We did this because the uprising of our comrades in Greece, England, Moscow and elsewhere will not go without a response. People here are killed by cops, screwed by banks, and we will revolt with just as much fury. These and the outbreaks in Europe show that it is simple for us to respond in the most direct way to the forces of repression in order for them to fall.*

*We chose Bank of America because of their exemplary demonstration of capitalism's principles (sic). Funding toxic coal projects, selling out workers, in bed with the government... Rather than many banks who worship money over people, we chose to stick it to one bank that worships money more than people. After all, it is a bank. But we'll be back.*

### **Dec 18**

Five days after the destruction of the Tree Sit and the redwood groves around Parking Lot 121, UCSC is hit with a wave a sabotage and graffiti. Across campus, windows are smashed, vehicle tires slashed and construction equipment damaged. Anti-tire devices were found on Meyer Drive, which leads to the chancellor's residence and office, as well as messages expressing opposition to cops, prisons and the LRDP campus expansion plan.



# COMMUNITY AGAINST THE WITCH HUNT

## *The Green Scare comes to Santa Cruz*



Not long ago i attended a meeting where a civil rights lawyer addressed a room of about two dozen people on the threat of Green Scare repression coming to Santa Cruz in the form of federal grand jury subpoenas. The term “Green Scare” refers to the federal government’s expanding persecution of animal liberation and ecological activists, drawing parallels to the “Red Scares” of the 1910’s and 1950s. The Green Scare includes laws like the Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act, which makes anything that could negatively impact the income flow of an animal-using business an act of “terrorism” (under which, seven anti-vivisection activists were sentenced to a year in prison for running a website in 2006). It also includes cases like those of Eric McDavid, sentenced in 2007 to nearly 20 years in prison for discussing acts of property destruction with an FBI informant, and Marie Mason, a mother of two sentenced more recently to 22 years in prison for two acts of property destruction in which no one was harmed.

As the global social and ecological crisis caused by a rampaging technological civilization deepens, the elite continues to use the rhetoric of “terrorism” to expand their power and crush their opponents, and federal grand juries are one of their weapons. A grand jury, usually composed of mostly older, wealthier, conservative folks who can afford to sit on the jury for 18 months, considers all questions of criminal indictment in a given jurisdiction, so a federal grand jury would consider all cases of “terrorism”. No one speaks for the defense before a grand jury: anyone subpoenaed to testify cannot even have their lawyer present when under questioning, and can be jailed for contempt if they don’t talk.

The Green Scare has indeed come to Santa Cruz. On February 24, police in SWAT and riot gear smashed their way into a Riverside Avenue residence, allegedly in connection with a demonstration outside the home of a UCSC vivsector, and stole computers and literature. In late August, after fire-bombs targeted the property of two UCSC vivisectioners, police raided the house again, Santa Cruz resident Nathan Pope was arrested, and a similar raid went down at the Long Haul infoshop in Berkeley, also rationalized as protecting UC vivisectioners, who face opposition from L.A. to Berkeley; UC police were present. In late September, at least three individuals were visited by FBI agents at their homes and compelled to give DNA samples. The agents possessed court orders for their DNA in investigation of a “violation of the Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act.” Another individual was served with a subpoena for a federal grand jury hearing.

The abuse of animals in research is both horrific and pointless, but don’t think they’ll stop at protecting the pharmaceutical industry’s dirty laundry. UCSC, for instance, is more than happy to lump

together everyone who makes trouble for them, tree-sitter or arsonist. Santa Cruz, for another, police speculated—without explanation—that the firebombings at vivisectors' residence were committed by the same individuals who tried to blow up a SCPD cruiser in March 2007.



***Community members rally during police raid on Riverside Ave. residence, Feb 24, 2008.***

Since clandestine tactics such as sabotage and animal rescues can rarely be solved by physical evidence, the government is relying on the tried-and-true tactics of harassing communities, shaking people down and trying to create informants by threatening them with imprisonment. This is, in fact, terrorism in a more literal and less rhetorical sense of the word. In fact, this is really the point, and it follows the model of other witch hunts carried out throughout history against the instinctual struggle for freedom and community. The radical feminist witch hunt scholar Silvia Federici notes that witch hunts were “a deliberate strategy used to

instill terror, destroy collective resistance, silence entire communities, and turn their members against each other,” and that witch hunts continue in various forms wherever hierarchal relationships are being enforced against communities attempting to practice horizontal, healthy and sustainable ones. If we are alienated individuals living like cogs in the machinery of capital, we pose no threat to their control. As the lawyer giving the talk mentioned, this is a weak spot in this particular tool of repression: if people stick together and don't testify, the grand jury may be disbanded without bringing any indictments (anyone jailed for contempt will probably be released by this point as well).

It occurred to me that this, in fact, is what community means, and what makes a community. It's not (just) a bunch of people who hang out together or go to the same events or say they believe in the same ideas, it's about acting like a community, sticking together in the face of forces trying to pull us apart, preparing ourselves for their onslaught. We want to exist as free beings in a community that includes the whole living landscape which is our home, not as slaves of the colonizing hierarchy, so we struggle to create the conditions we want to see around us, in the relationships among humans, and between ourselves and the earth. We do not respect the abusive powers of states and institutions, but the life-giving powers that animate the land around us.

Support Nathan Pope — [http://www.myspace.com/support\\_nathan](http://www.myspace.com/support_nathan)

Green Is the New Red (a Green Scare blog) — [www.greenisthenewred.com](http://www.greenisthenewred.com)

North American Earth Liberation Prisoner Support Network — [www.ecoprisoners.org](http://www.ecoprisoners.org)

Long Haul Infoshop — [www.thelonghaul.org](http://www.thelonghaul.org)

Midnight Special Law Collective — [www.midnightspecial.net](http://www.midnightspecial.net)

Silvia Federici, *Caliban and the Witch: Women, the Body and Primitive Accumulation*





# words from a friend

**on repression and mental  
health for radicals**

The little pieces of metal and string I push through my skin and around my limbs and neck feel like small expressions of my autonomy. Each time they rip them off, I tie them back on, a little tighter. The string on my necklace got shorter and shorter each time; so I made a new one. Perhaps this time tougher, longer, anticipating wounds and healing, as I now am. As gray cell walls and cold shackles become more familiar, they lose that frightening unknown element and gain the stability of repeated and expected trauma, resistance, disdain...

We don't talk about it much. More severe abuses suffered by folks in resistance does make smaller brushes with the law seem less important or impactful. Less worth talking about. But this is my life. This space of tension and struggle, however minor seeming, is where I live, the air I breathe, and I cannot push my experiences aside anymore out of some desire to be tough and unbreakable. Because I'm not.

The past six months of my life I have seen myself and friends face an intense amount of arrests, violence, harassment and surveillance at the hands of the state. And it's affected me. I want to be able to not care, to not be scared.

But I'm anxious, on edge, doubting my abilities, doubting my intelligence and stealth, things I once prided myself in. What else is a successful modern day anarchist if not smart and sneaky? I keep having to remind myself of all the times things have worked out, and of how lucky and genuinely happy I am to be living closer to the life I want to be than ever before. The forest here has saved my life. It provides safe, secret places to love and scheme and rest from the chaos of town. Nothing feels more real than sitting around a fire with close friends giving words to our truest desires, both destructive and creative.

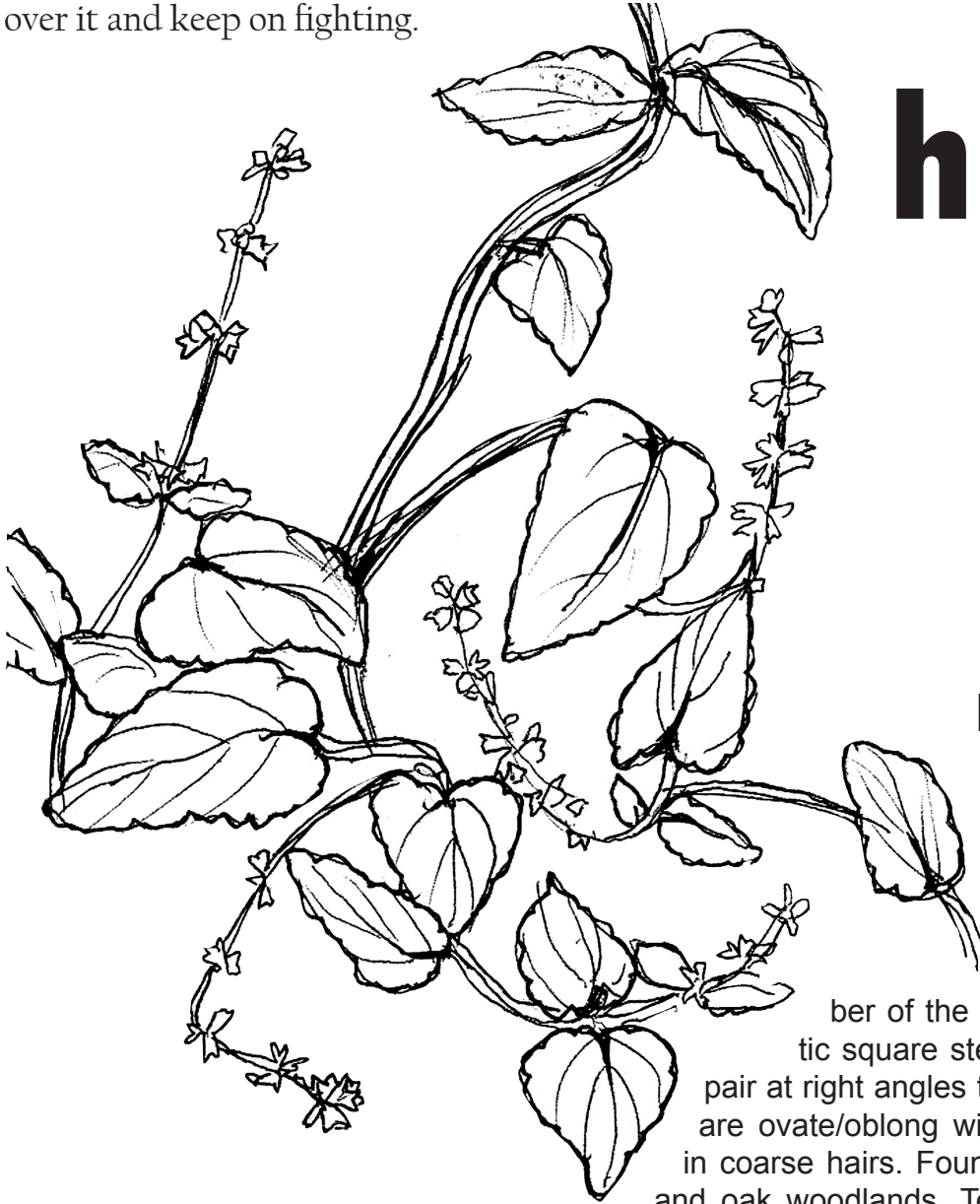
My rage only builds with each transgression against a friend or comrade. They are pushing us and we must push back. I'm not going to do it when I'm cuffed and waiting for the pigs to decide I'm a human again and re-





lease me. These moments do feel disempowering, but we must let them fuel our passion, not bog us down in disgruntled despair about the rapidly expanding police state.

I'll do it later, when they're not watching. And I'll be nervous about it and I'll doubt my abilities but I'll remember what it feels like to be stripped of your freedom and choices, to watch atrocities and murder committed behind closed doors and outside in the forest I call home. And I'll get over it and keep on fighting.



# healing from the earth

local medicinal  
plants and advice  
for natural cold  
season care

## **Hedge nettle— *Stachys bullata***

Not actually nettle, but a member of the mint family with its characteristic square stems and opposite leaves, each pair at right angles to the previous one. The leaves are ovate/oblong with toothed edges and covered in coarse hairs. Found on shady slopes in redwood and oak woodlands. Tea, cold infusion or poultice of the leaves can be used as a disinfectant for wounds and

sores; the infusion can be taken internally for stomachs, and a decoction of the roots has been used as a gargle for sore throats.

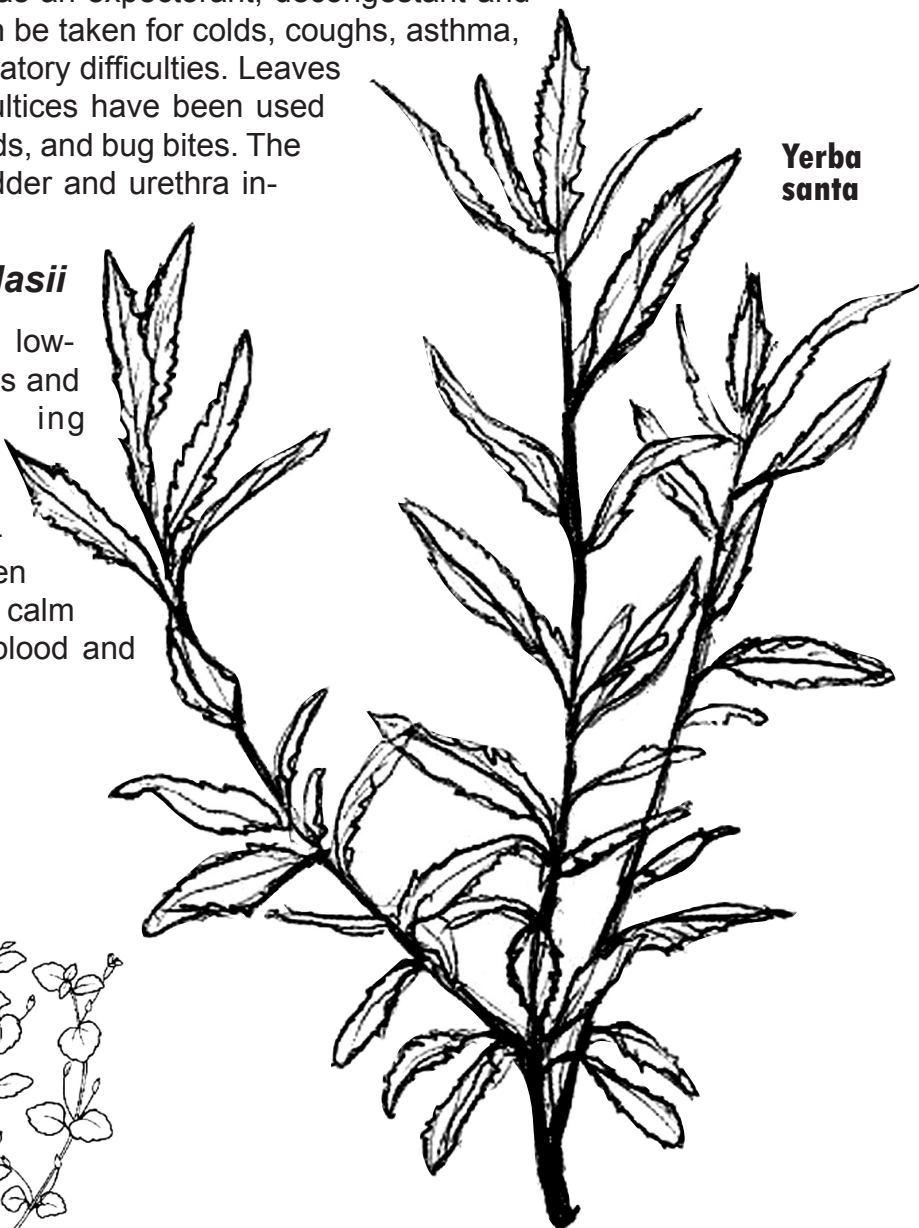
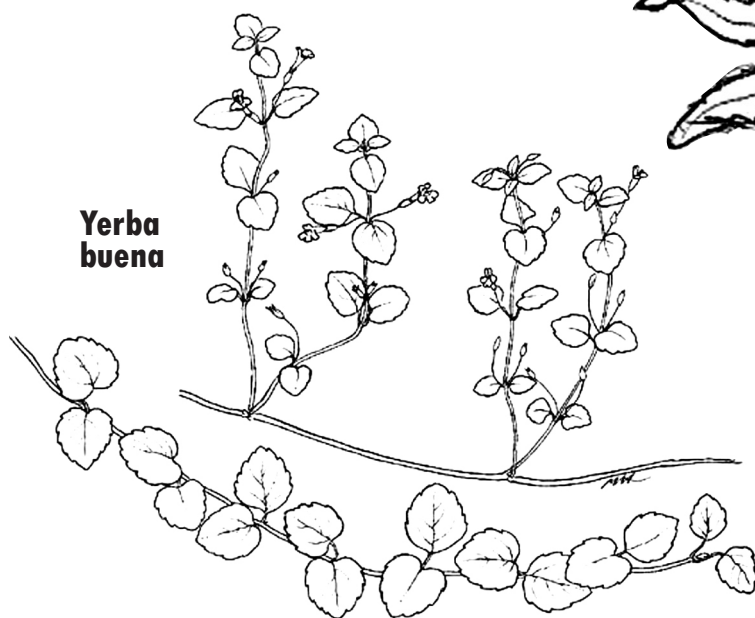
## **Yerba santa—*Eriodictyon californicum***

The “holy plant” was given this name by mission friars, who saw natives use it extensively as medicine—particularly, no doubt, during the rainy season, when respiratory ailments are more common. Unfortunately, by this late in the year a lot of yerba santa will be moldy. However it can be gathered and dried or tinctured for later use. Found on dry rocky slopes, ridges and roadsides, and in chaparral, this aromatic, resinous, evergreen shrub can form thickets and grow up to 10' tall. Its stems hairless and sticky, its leaves leathery, sticky, and lance-shaped with coarsely-toothed edges, and these are the part

used medicinally. Its properties are as an expectorant, decongestant and bronchial dilator. Tea or tinctures can be taken for colds, coughs, asthma, pneumonia, hay fever or other respiratory difficulties. Leaves can also be dried and smoked. Poultices have been used for sores, poison oak, sprains, wounds, and bug bites. The tincture can also help with mild bladder and urethra infections.

### ***Yerba buena—Satureja douglasii***

This “good plant” is another mint, low-growing in shady areas of woodlands and chaparral, with long, slender, trailing stems. The leaves are opposite, round to ovate with scalloped edges, stiff and shiny. The tea is delicious and relaxing and was often taken for colds and fevers; it’s also said to calm an upset stomach, strengthen the blood and support kidney function.

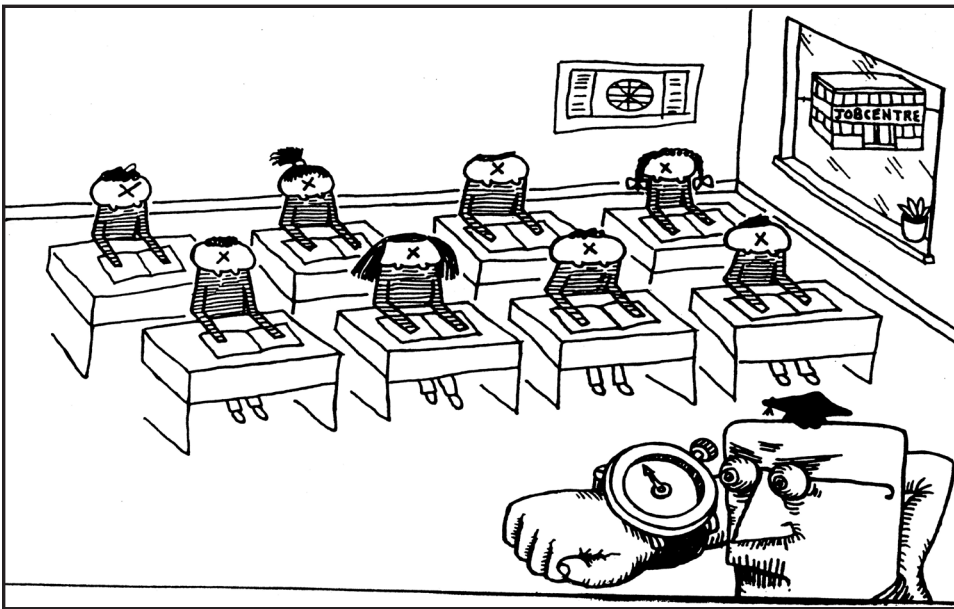


**and a few tips on beating the sniffles without pharmaceuticals...**

First of all, make sure you get enough rest and enough water! Avoid sugars, dairy and gluten (bread, etc.) as these can cause the body to produce excess mucous, as does smoking. Sugar and alcohol are also bad for the immune system. You may want to try taking things that many people have found to boost their immune system, such as garlic, vitamin C, echinacea, and spirulina. A tea made of elderflower, yarrow and mint can help balance your temperature if you’re feeling feverish; tea with ginger, cayenne and garlic (or lemon) can help warm you up. Additionally, many people like to make and keep a “fire cider” handy. There are various recipes, but it usually involves steeping garlic, ginger, cayenne, and horseradish in apple cider vinegar for 1-2 months. Honey will help this go down easier; raw honey also has naturally antibiotic properties which may help your body fight off a cold. Finally, breathing the steam of steeping eucalyptus and bay leaves can help relieve congestion.

# *I'd rather be high than learning... (...some thoughts on college)*

One thing has to be made clear—college is a social fucking factory. It pumps in people and pumps out specialists that will fill roles in the economy as administrators, managers, and technicians. CSU Stanislaus largely pumps out nurses and teachers, but it is still a producer of social capital that is integral to the economy and capitalism in general. People in college are needed to manage those below them. Our society has created a system where those with the money (or those willing to rack up debt via student loans) who are willing to sit through the classes are awarded the task of becoming social managers over those who have not gone to school. There are always exceptions, but this is generally the way of things. People say education is power, but it's also a social force within society. In the "Larry the Cable Guy" world of the working class that so many of us find ourselves a part of, critical thought and discourse is looked down upon while 'fag' and 'titty' jokes are seen as the apex of human accomplishment. We often do this in part to distinguish ourselves from those of the middle class we find ourselves so often butting heads with (aka the social workers, doctors, lawyers, DAs, pigs, etc).



On the other hand, I find college discourse equally as disappointing. They can throw all the liberal and Marxist professors they want at me—they're still a bunch of fucking douche bags. Over and over again, our Leftist do-gooder teachers ask us to choose between Coke and Pepsi (and don't you know, Coke has done some very, very bad things), but we're never asked if we should drink the fucking soda in the first place. I say pour some fucking salt water in that fucker, get the money and burn that piece of shit.

Like that one kid in *The Giver*, college is the place where we are allowed to learn of the sins of our country. What was once part of the class struggle on the streets and in the literature of the working class has now been squirreled away in the ivory tower of academia. We take that class on what happened to the indigenous people (or at least spend a day—as opposed to 5 minutes in high school—talking about it). We learn about slavery in detail. About U.S. involvement in regimes in Latin America (that's hot right now). On it goes. But of course the discourse that comes out of these discussions is always weak. Go vote. Become part of the political process. Show your rage in ways that are constructive to the system. This is a middle class discourse. This of course is the extension of the college logic. If the economic and societal push of higher education is one towards becoming a manager over social and economic life, then the political push of college is to become some sort of manager—or,



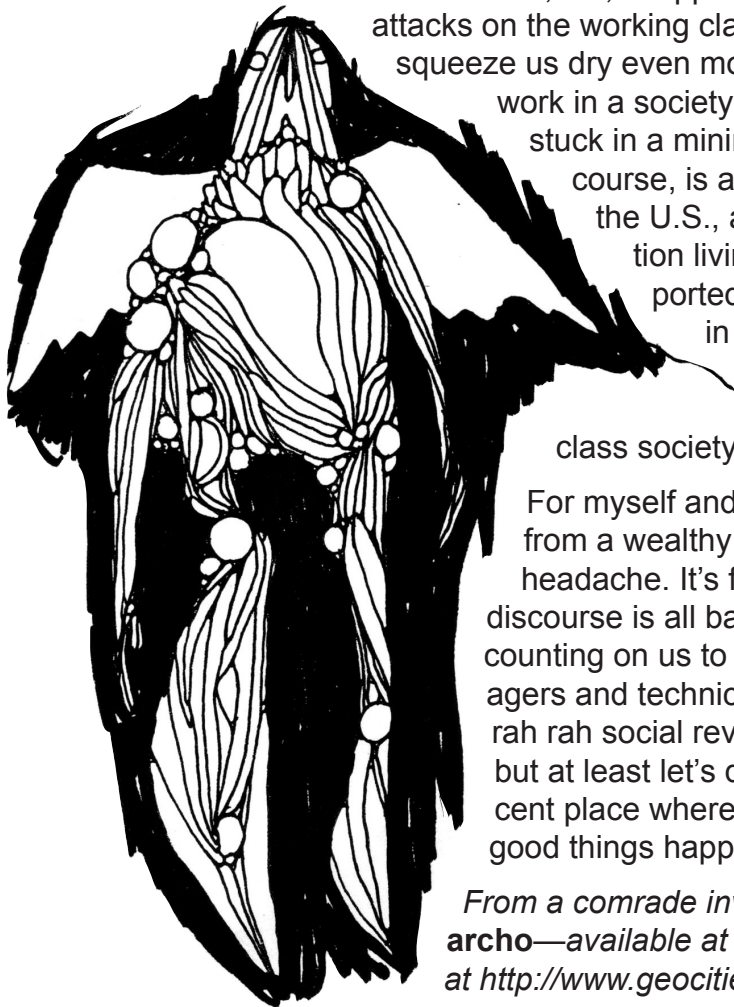
better, a 'representative' in the field of politics. Sure, college might be packed with liberals, but who cares when they're running around excited about how to in fact strengthen the system of the state and capital itself.

And it almost goes without saying that colleges in themselves are corporations—and we're the fucking office workers. From the food service workers who get paid like shit feeding us, to the professors who really don't get paid that much and are afraid to politically do anything if they don't have tenure, to the students who are stuck in an environment that mimics work - school is another job. You aren't discovering yourself and learning things—you're working. To me, learning is an act of creative play that produces some sort of understanding or knowledge for oneself. Work is not voluntary at all, but forced. This is why anarchists have historically raised the call for the freeing of labor and the destruction of work (wage slavery, class society, etc). When I'm forced to buy 10 books for one class (don't get me started on that shit as well...), spend hours finding certain articles, etc, it's work. I might learn something from the process, but the end desire is to finish the work so I won't have to do it anymore. More energy is directed towards tasks that are not of my choosing—thus the person engaging in the work will always be alienated from their labor. They will always hold at a distance what they are doing because the task is in contradiction to their desires. This is why students cheat, skip class, and get drunk the night before a test. The results may hurt us—but the thought of submitting to the routine of the production line is perhaps more degrading.

There's really no way to reform the university. You can't reform something that provides a basic function within class society. While I totally support and sometimes participate in movements that fight against student fee hikes and would love to see the broadening of student aid and the lowering of costs for books, etc, I support these reformist struggles because they 'fight' attacks on the working class. Fee hikes are fucked because they seek to squeeze us dry even more and get us to pay more for doing shitty school work in a society that basically demands we have a degree or be stuck in a minimum wage job for the rest of our lives. This, of course, is also a problem with the lack of class struggle in the U.S., and the result of certain segments of the population living in fear of being attacked (and possibly deported) due to organizing and resisting—or who work in the service sector and likewise have few opportunities to fight back, or are very transient. In the end, the university is just like the rest of class society, and needs to be abolished.

For myself and the rest of those at school who don't come from a wealthy background, college seems like one big fucking headache. It's fucking work. Universities are corporations. The discourse is all based around the system's logic. Schools are counting on us to be the middle class of tomorrow as social managers and technicians. I'm not offering an alternative other than rah rah social revolution, up the class war, and burn it all down—but at least let's drop our illusions about school as this magnificent place where all our dreams come true and where all these good things happen.

*From a comrade involved in the fine publication **Modesto An-  
archo**—available at SubRosa Infoshop in downtown Santa Cruz and  
at <http://www.geocities.com/anarcho209>*



# ERASE THE BORDERS!

for freedom of movement and the destruction of all that stands in our way

*“We didn’t cross the border, the border crossed us...”*

In the past few years, the xenophobia unleashed in the wake of 9/11 has leaped dramatically to the forefront of public awareness, with a shift in focus to immigration policy and the “Latinization” of the U.S. Essential to the function of the state is its ability to control not just a geographic territory with defined boundaries, but movement across those boundaries and the question of which individuals are properly its citizens, what that means for how they will be treated. As well as citizenship, race, or more specifically the racialization of people as a social construct, is also enforced by the state on individuals and communities in order to keep them reproducing the capitalist system. Finally, borders are also a powerful sign of how out of tune our social reality is with the ecological reality of our living planet.

What this translates to is thousands of corpses rotting in the desert, the thousands more who survived the passage only to be exploited in slave-like conditions, and countless families and lives torn apart. Clearly, we are looking at a situation demanding a more radical challenge than simply reform, or even amnesty: the state power, capitalist exploitation, and white supremacy which produce this situation also permeate our daily existence, and are foundational to our society.

## ***Divide and conquer***

The uprooting and displacement of people from their homes has always been a feature of the growth of civilization, and a precondition of capitalism. Lands must be tamed and made profitable; their human inhabitants must be cut off from the means of producing their own existence, and confined in cities as workers (enslaved, indentured or waged). The function of the state is to organize and police this exploitation.

Differences among the exploited can be used as powerful weapons for maintaining control over us: categories of race, gender, nationality, sexuality, and so on, refer to concepts for managing different forms of power. They are not fixed in our bodies: they are not real except as society enforces them. It is not simply a question of physical features, place of origins, way of speaking, etc, but of linking them politically. For instance, a lot of our concepts of gender in Western society were first popularized during the witch hunts—a time when rape was decriminalized, and European governments established public brothels—to break the solidarity and resistance of peasant communities, where women often played powerful roles. Our notion of race has also shifted greatly from the 18<sup>th</sup> century, when Irish indentured servants, who weren’t then considered white, formed subversive alliances with African slaves and Native peoples and rebelled against the colonizing elite.



Whatever the specifics at any given time, white supremacy has been a key tool for maintaining class cohesion and social order in this continent since the European conquest of the Native peoples began. Shifts in population, or in the ruling class's need for a workforce, correspond to crises and often the organization of new categories. The U.S. has had other "illegal immigration" scares before the current one, and as in the current one, the propaganda spoke of not just race but crime, refusal to work, drugs, and terrorism, all blurred together into a great and menacing horde of "Others." In the late 19<sup>th</sup> century the Chinese people coming to the West Coast, and a little bit later the southern and eastern Europeans arriving in the East (also not considered white), were demonized by the dominant society as potential revolutionaries, and for being too "backwards" and attached to their traditional communities. Just like today, people without papers were removed by mass raids and deportation.

### ***Bear Flag imperialism***

In this area, the enclosure of the workforce and racist imperial rule began with the founding of Mission Santa Cruz in 1769. California was later added to the U.S. by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848 at the end of the Mexican-American War, in which the U.S. acquired over half of what had until then been Mexican territory, inhabited by at least 80,000 Spanish speakers, many of them mestizo (of mixed Spanish and Native descent) and securing what white supremacists cheered on as its "manifest destiny" to expand to the Pacific.

The next year with the discovery of gold, California became a hotbed of white supremacist violence; vigilantes massacred and uprooted entire communities of Natives, Mestizos, and Chinese immigrants in organized attacks, often with funding and weapons supplied by the government. From 1850-1935, more than 350 Black, Latino, Native, and Chinese people were lynched in California. At the same time, scores of state, federal and local laws passed in the 1870s-80s prevented Chinese people from voting, becoming citizens or owning property, thereby legally constituting them as a permanent underclass forced to take on the most dangerous jobs to survive, much like undocumented immigrants in the U.S. and around the world today whose legal status makes them prey to brutal, slave-like exploitation by their bosses.

The trail of atrocity continued through the Zoot Suit Riots of World War II, where white soldiers, sailors and cops attacked Latino, Black and Filipino youths (like the Chinese, many fought back) and on into the repression of the LA ghetto rebellions of the '60s and '92. The intensifying loss of life at the southern border of Fortress America in the wake of 9/11 is just the latest reminder of who is in charge and who is supposed to stay on the bottom.

### ***Abolishing the borders from below***

We don't want to stay on the bottom: we want to knock this whole hierarchal, exploitative social structure down into ruins. Those of on the inside of the fortress of America, or the fortress of Whiteness, must welcome the barbarians through the gates. The border is not just a line on a map, just like white is not a question of skin color: it is a condition of power, produced through an entire society. This power must take concrete form to exert control; the fences, cameras, vehicles and other technology of control have to be designed and built somewhere, by someone.

Granite Construction Inc., based in Watsonville, is one such contractor, involved in building the 670-mile extension of the southwestern border wall mandated by the Patriot Act. In November 2007, anonymous visitors to a Granite office in El Centro left graffiti, banners, glued locks and a very surprising addition to the front steps: a discarded headstone from a graveyard housing hundreds of unidentified migrant dead, where flowers, crosses, wreaths and other memorials are removed regularly by officials. A statement signed "No Borders! Earth First!" referred to the San Pedro National Wildlife Refuge, a critical ecological zone which lies in the wall's path, along with the Tohono O'odham tribal lands and the nation's busiest corridor for undocumented border crossings. The wall would push



tens of thousands of migrants into longer, more dangerous desert crossings in an area where death is already a major risk. (A recent study released by the University of Arizona found that the post-1994 policy of “prevention through deterrence” including building border walls, has increased migrant deaths 20 fold. )This has been the only reported action against Granite to date; they have extensive offices, workshops and storage facilities in Watsonville.

In September 2006, Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE)—a branch of the Department of Homeland Security which arrests and deports people in violation of immigration laws—conducted a series of immigration raids in Santa Cruz, Watsonville, and Hollister which resulted in the arrest of 107 community members (although only 19 warrants had been issued). 90 were deported immediately and were not afforded an opportunity to seek legal advice or see an immigration judge. In response, the Autonomous Chapter of the Watsonville Brown Berets—“a community defense force acting for the liberation and amelioration of our barrios”—helped to organize the MigraWatch Network: “In order to counter the discriminatory and violent atmosphere created by ICE attacks (la pinche migra), supporters of policies, such as HR 4437, and groups such as the Minutemen, we created a network of people with various components to ensure ICE is held accountable and that our communities are a welcoming place for ALL people.” In Los Angeles, Frente Contra Las Redadas (Front Against the Raids) was organized by students, attorneys and other community members in response to the the dramatic increase of Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) raids and police checkpoints. FCR works to educate immigrants about their rights under U.S. law and maintains a hotline to spread news of ICE raids and “sobriety” checkpoints which local police forces have been using as immigration dragnets.

ICE has also drawn a wave of destructive resistance to its racist policies of confinement and expulsion. Across the U.S., individuals acting under cover of night have smashed windows and ATMs of Wells Fargo banks. Wells Fargo finances GEO Group, a for-profit prisons corporation which runs ICE’s Northwest Detention Center in Tacoma, as well as ICE’s “Migrant Operations Center” at Guantanamo Bay, where an unknown number of people, regardless of citizenship, are tortured and imprisoned indefinitely by the U.S. On July 21, 2008 all four ATMs were smashed at the River Street Wells Fargo in Santa Cruz. An anonymous communique said, in part, *“even if Wells Fargo wasn’t funding the GEO Group, some other bank would be. And even if banks weren’t funding prisons, they would still be perpetuating the system that gives us no options other than to be exploited or go to jail... Capital is the name for all the dead bodies and stolen lives of the past that are fuel for the machines that crush and grind the living. Refusal and non-participation is a good place to start, but it is necessary to actively destroy the system.”*

The anonymous rebels are quite right to link the inhumanity of the regime of national borders to the capitalist social relations which impose forced labor. Attacking borders at the point of production, as much as organizing communities to band strongly together in the face of kidnapping and terrorization by the state, means struggling for a world where such an atrocity is no longer possible. A world where we are no longer fenced, herded, and broken to toil for the masters, but free to roam where we will and create lives based on our own needs, including our need for community with each other and the living earth—free from the barbed wire digging into our collective flesh, this reified abstraction creating a murderous unnatural disaster, these gruesome scars we call national borders.



deletetheborder.org  
brownberets.info  
migrawatch.org

# revolt in the east bay



**What's been going on?** On January 1st, a BART cop shot a 22-year-old working-class black father named Oscar Grant in the back as he lay facedown and restrained, killing him instantly. The shooting was captured by several people's cameraphones and circulated widely.

On January 7th, Oscar was buried and a crowd gathered in protest at Fruitvale BART, the scene of his death. After dark, hundreds of demonstrators swarmed through downtown Oakland, smashing windows, blocking streets and lighting fires. 105 were arrested and many more experienced brutal police violence and chemical weapons.

In the days since, there have been several smaller, less destructive protests in Oakland and San Francisco, as well as a wave of nighttime sabotages against cops, banks and BART by anonymous anarchists in Oakland and Berkeley.

More reports of *what's* been going down can be found at [indybay.org/police](http://indybay.org/police), [news.infoshop.org](http://news.infoshop.org) and elsewhere on the web. Here we take up some of the questions of **"why?"**

**Why were locally-owned businesses attacked on Jan. 7 by a crowd made up mostly of local Black and Latin@ youth?** For one thing, this has probably been exaggerated. Some have tried to depict the scene of the riots as "a working-class black neighborhood"—a very misleading description of downtown Oakland and surrounding areas which are undergoing gentrification.

Any remaining mystery is further cleared up when we consider how race is being used to hide class. Consider Oakland's Black mayor at a press conference on Jan. 8 urging the city's poor to stop rebelling by invoking the recent presidential election—as if a Black president is any more a sign of a "post-racial" America than Black secretaries of state and

defense, or a Latino attorney general—alongside remarks of blatant class contempt like “stop pimping and hustling.”

Of course, most people of any skin color aren’t business owners or politicians; we are the multitudes they exploit and govern. We know that police violence is never a “mistake,” but part of a deliberate strategy of social control; reforming the police would only strengthen the state. We know that it is ridiculous to claim that a society divided into classes is ever at “peace.”

It’s true that local businesses aren’t the core of the capitalist economy any more than individual cops are the whole of the state’s repressive force. But they are real centers of power that people experience on a daily basis, and breaking their windows could be seen as a message from people rejecting the American dreams of capitalist success and political democracy.

**And the cars, why were they smashed?** It has been reported that expensive-looking and state-owned vehicles were mainly targeted, again indicating the class-conscious nature of the attacks. Also, it’s not hard to see how the automobile itself, through its physically dominant and omnipresent role in a polluted, overcrowded, and oppressive social reality, could be a target of rage.

**What to make of all this negativity?** The media both Left and Right have described rioters as not only mindless (though we have seen that they weren’t), but as “opportunists.” And what would be wrong with that? Again, we can only act in the specific situations in which we find ourselves. Revolt begins with our determination to act on our circumstances in society, rather than simply be acted on by it. The question is not how much force we “should” use, but how much force we can use. Under the right conditions, small stones can start an avalanche. *This is the “why” of anarchist involvement.* We should all be thinking about how we can use our power to destroy the power of the elite and all the cages they have built around us in this world. As Oscar Grant found out, we can’t count on full submission to save even our lives. **Don’t take shit... start it.**

CBS5 reporter: The pastor at the service today urged calm, and...

Middle-aged local man: *(shaking head)* We tired of calm! That’s that “we shall overcome” stuff over there. We doing something different over here. We taking *action*.



## ***Solidarity with those arrested in the Oakland Rebellion!***

The *Oakland 100 Support Committee* is an all-volunteer group dedicated to connecting those facing charges with legal support, participating in a ‘Drop the Charges’ campaign, raising funds to assist arrestees and standing in solidarity with the larger movement against police violence. The group is composed of community members, arrestees, and allies. To donate or get involved, contact: ***[oakland100@gmail.com](mailto:oakland100@gmail.com)***



# oakland: congratulations.

Dear Oakland,

The night of January 7th we were with you, you were with me, when we saw a glimpse of the future: we smiled and embraced as we lit fires, stomped in windows, destroying real estate, both big and small business as usual. We shared tips on makeshift face masks, we rested together on the sidewalk to catch a breath, we reminded ourselves to “stay calm! don’t run!” when the cops gassed us or when they did their sorry shuffle: charging a little, pushing a little, running a little. We disbanded and came back together time and time again and realized we could make the city into anything we wanted.



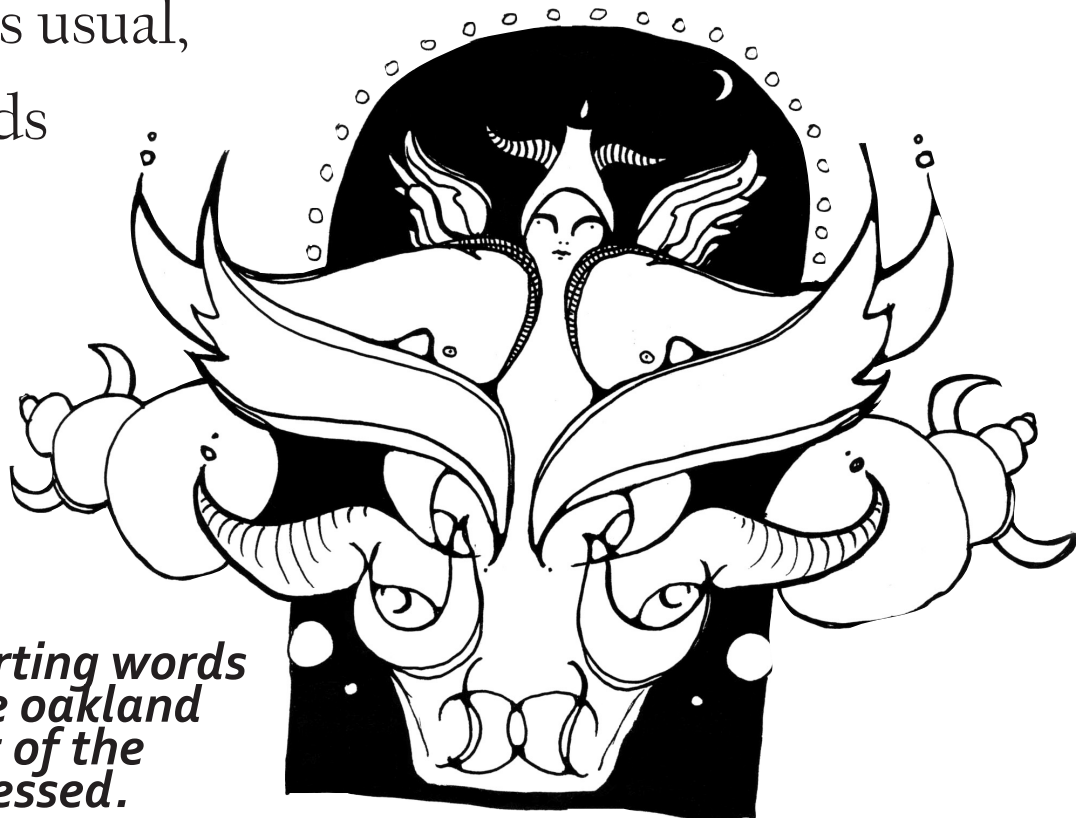
We flew through the night, always outrunning the twin monstrosity of police and liberal politics—both who call for passivity—staying close to familiar faces, but always defending a stranger. Here we write this letter even while we know that where our words so often fail, only our fires emerge victorious. But let this letter be a word of encouragement. Let this letter be comfort in the courtroom when you stare up back at the judge, when they call you a criminal. We do not silently watch as they disappear us into their prison dungeons, their service industries, or when they feel free to wave guns at us and shoot us. Let this word be with you.

The early morning of January 1st was no accident, just as the fire lit night of January 7th was no accident. There are those who left early on the 7th who decry destruction and only want the specificity, the precision of a planned action with a planned target. They don’t know that our plan was to rebuild our humanity and that the target was the city. They expose us to their legitimacy litmus. They are afraid of our wild ambitions, they have a smug disdain for our free humanity, they are torn between their boring critiques of capitalism and how they don’t want to think we’re mongrels—but in their hearts, they do. We see them all the time: little conquistador Napoleons who want to mastermind a charge and lead a loud megaphone chant. Don’t let them guilt or shame you—if it helps, let this word be with you.

They do not know that our power does not have to look like neighborhoods of small businesses that cater to the middle road, businesses that employ us to work unending hours for them, all the while suspecting of us one perversion or another. Not now, or not ever, but especially not now when we live in a world where no one bats an eye when they kill us, imprison us, humiliate us each day. There is no human rights delegation to our daily lives—there are only capitalist gate keeper service agencies and liberals who think they know what’s good for everyone. No flashy car, no Obama/Biden bumper sticker, no “mom and pop” can prevent us or sell us the betrayal of our own experiences. We don’t grieve for a car window, or a nail salon, or liquor store, just as we don’t grieve for a McDonalds or a bank. We grieve that we are choked each day and we celebrate that just past the tear gas we finally caught a breath of reality. We finally found humanity, together.

It's cause to walk with a lighter step this week, to burn this memory into our histories, to remake our dreams for the future. We are reminded of what's possible: to be tender and patient with one another, and save our rage and distrust for those who destroy us. A heartfelt congratulations to you.

No business as usual,  
not ever,  
always towards  
humanity,  
Barbarians,  
Criminals,  
Anarchist  
people of  
color,  
the  
dignified.



***... and a few parting words  
dedicated to the oakland  
100 and the rest of the  
restless dispossessed.***

The beautiful images are still burned into our minds like cracks splayed across so many plate-glass storefronts. The joy of destruction, felt and celebrated, in the experiences of individual and collective power by those whose existence is regularly punished by this society. But the plate glass is replaced as quickly, even at the expense of the state, as if to make us forget that something ungovernable roared along this street. The media insist monotonously on the supposed meaninglessness of the blows dealt: so it is up to us to ask ourselves, what did they communicate, in and of themselves, these interruptions of the current social order's smooth, right-angled, mass-produced facades?

*First*, that they were interrupted by force, by bodies and the force of bodies—not by arguments, pleas, declarations or counter-proposals. Social war happens in the physical realm, the realm of police bullets flying into a poor man's back, and also of shoes against the windshield of this particular police car, the athletic exaltation of arms sending lonely garbage bins on new adventures. A terrain in the digital gaze of the camera, overrun and subverted by the masked and fleet of foot. The workings of this terrain as an organ of commerce have been interrupted, repeatedly, and its elements reinterpreted as both weapons and targets, according to subjective desires which found immediate expression- creating destruction.

*Second*, that these interruptions contained no call for reform, did not propose alternatives, or plan counter-institutions—the only call is for maximum damage. The only organizational plan is for getting away with it. There is no indication, for instance, that any of the participants' actions were premised on the continuation of the state or capital—a fact which has left many 'anarchists' scratching their heads. What does a 'small business' have to do with police violence? they want to know. It seems that this may be understood better by those who deal with it more often than those who simply theorize about it.

*Third*, that this joy is contagious. It moves in blind spots of control. It appears sometimes as a street full of youths around sunset, sometimes an all-but empty block many hours later. Sparks blow about, to be stomped on where the state sees them land. But they can't see all of them. Some of them have not yet appeared because they are inside us. We will learn to release them.

# what is this that you're holding in your hands?

*a love letter from rebels of the occupied  
Ohlone coast.*

*a contribution in the continual feedback loop  
between ideas and action.*

*a new, regionally-focused anti-authoritarian  
periodical from Santa Cruz.*

*a scandalous, subversive pamphlet produced  
and circulated by mischievous persons.*

*poetry written in spraypaint and broken glass.*

*news and analysis of struggles against social  
oppression and ecological destruction, for free  
and balanced ways of life.*

*an invitation to think, create, participate, act,  
and resist.*

**sticks and stones**  
*sticksandstonesscz@gmail.com*

