



GENTRIFICATION

Disruption of the Parc-Ex Borough Council Meeting to Denounce Gentrification

On March 13, we went to the Villeray-St-Michel-Parc-Extension borough council meeting in order to prevent the elected officials of the borough from granting Ron Basal a permit to continue the development of his luxury apartment project in Plaza Hutchison. After the council refused to consider the appeal of residents in Vil-

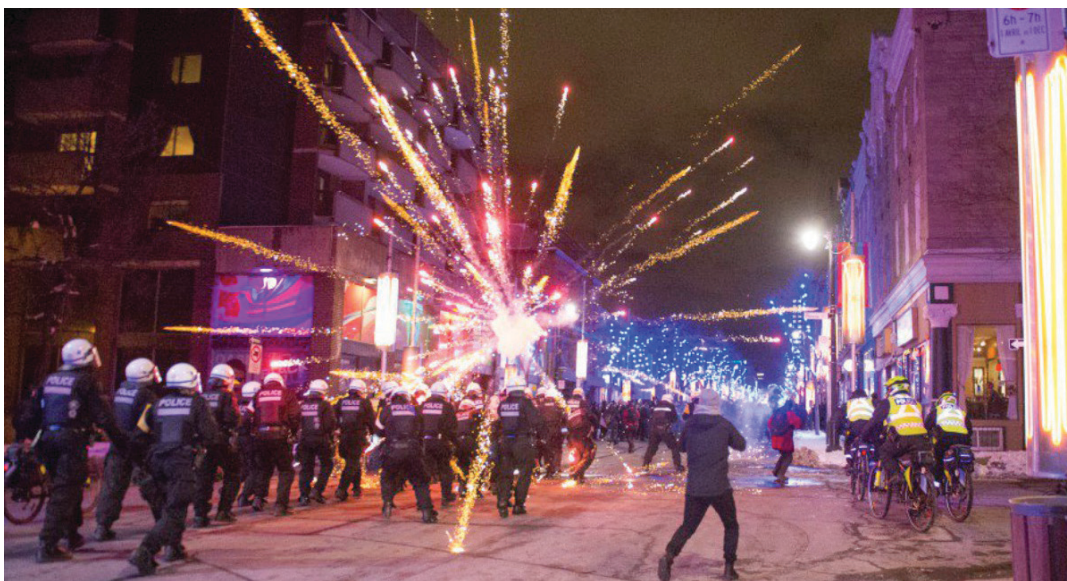
leray who opposed the Taxi Diamond condo project, we decided to disrupt the meeting, so that Ron Basal would not receive his permit. We were brutally forced out of the room by the police, and two people were arrested and charged. The borough council then approved the permit for the Plaza Hutchison construction, in an empty room, with

Basal sitting in the front row.

We have pursued all of the available administrative and political channels, but those have only led us to an impasse. It is time now to take to the streets, instead of trying to work with a system we don't believe in. If the mayors find this messy, that is too bad for them. We are disgusted, but not surprised by the lack of

initiative, openness, and lack of political will demonstrated by borough mayor Fumagalli. Fumagalli has demonstrated that she won't dare to take even the slightest risk in denying a simple permit, even when facing an issue with such grave consequences for the community. Writing a

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POLICE & PRISONS

March 15th: Anarchists Clash with Police

Anarchists clashed with cops during the march against police brutality. This was the 22nd installment of the march — and along with MayDay, it's consistently one of the most militant demonstrations that takes place in the Canadian city each year.

People attacked the cops with flag poles and fire extinguishers filled with paint.

Corporate stores and banks had their windows smashed, but the police managed to protect the studios of TVA — a right-wing TV network that published a fake news story that stoked anti-Muslim sentiments in Quebec City. The police violently charged at the crowd, seriously injuring one person and arresting three. Three cops were also injured.

Later that night, the TVA building was the target of an act of vandalism. A window facing De Maisonneuve Boulevard was shattered. A good reminder that possibilities of attack don't exist only in demos, during which it is not always easy to act due to the large numbers of cops.

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Two Queen Victoria Statues Vandalized with Green Paint

Two landmark statues to Queen Victoria in Montreal were vandalized last night, a few days before St. Patrick's Day. Both the Victoria Memorial in downtown Montreal as well the bronze statue on Sherbrooke Street at McGill University were both covered in green paint. The statues were unveiled in 1872 and 1900 respectively, more than a century ago.

The presence of these racist statues in Montreal are an insult to the self-determination and resistance struggles of oppressed peoples worldwide, including Indigenous nations in North America (Turtle Island) and Oceania, as well as the peoples of Africa, the Middle East, the Caribbean, the Indian subcontinent, and everywhere the British Empire committed its atrocities.

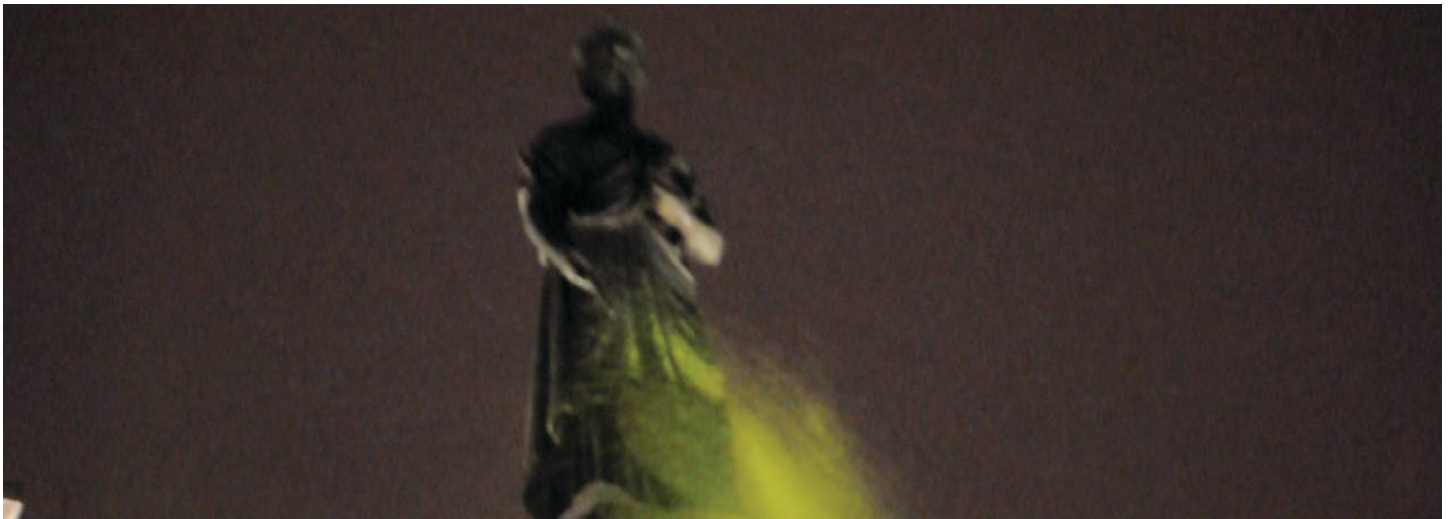
The statues are also an insult to the legacy of revolt by Irish freedom fighters, and anti-colonial mutineers of British origin. The statues particularly deserve no public space in Quebec, where the Québécois were denigrated and marginalized by British racists acting in the name of the putrid monarchy represented by Queen Victoria.

Queen Victoria's reign, which continues to be whitewashed in history books and in popular media, represented a massive expansion of the barbaric British Empire. Collectively her reign represents a criminal legacy of genocide, mass murder, torture, massacres, terror, forced famines, concentration camps, theft, cultural denigration, racism, and white supremacy. That legacy should be denounced and attacked.

We are motivated and inspired by movements worldwide that have targeted colonial and racist statues for vandalism and removal: Cornwallis in Halifax, John A. Macdonald in Kingston, the Rhodes Must Fall movement in South Africa, the resistance to racist Confederate monuments in the USA, and more. We are also inspired by the recent action in Montreal, in November 2017, against the John A. Macdonald Monument.

Our action is a simple expression of anti-colonial and anti-imperialist solidarity, and we encourage others to undertake similar actions against racist monuments and symbols that should be in museums, not taking up our shared public spaces.

Communiqué by the Delhi-Dublin Anti-Colonial Solidarity Brigade



Fuck fascists everywhere

During the night of March 18th, as a response to the Soldiers of Odin going out to promote themselves during the Saint Patrick Day's parade, we destroyed the car of the provincial president of the S.O.O., Kathy Latulipe. We found her gray HHR Chevrolet, (licence plate W69 K2M), parked in a small street in the Villeray neighbourhood. We painted "FUCK S.O.O." on the side, smashed

out all the windows, and slashed all the tires.

That same night, we also smashed out all the windows of the car belonging to Montreal director of S.O.O., Stéphane Blouin. We found his blue CX5 Mazda, (licence plate G54 HTB), parked in front of his house at 2553 rue Fletcher, in East Montreal.

A few days later, we doled out the

same treatment to Simon Arcand's car. He's the amateur videographer for the S.O.O. We found his car parked in front of his house at 4965 rue Laurentien, in Drummondville.

Soldiers of Odin is a racist and fascist group. They have no place in this world, and we will fuck with them every step of the way, by all means necessary.

Fuck fascists everywhere.

FROM PAGE 1

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> commune to say that she opposes the project, despite having voted for approving the permit, is an insult for the tenants of the building who have been evicted, as well as to the residents of the neighbourhood. She accuses us of making the council meeting unsafe, but the only weapons we had to oppose the police batons were toy trumpets and noisemakers. The two people arrested, brutally forced to the ground and handcuffed for having tried to make their voices heard would have also liked to feel safe.

We also reject Valérie Plante's proposal to invest 17 million dollars in projects to promote "social mixity" in Parc-Extension. Social mixity does not benefit everybody; it's just a polite term to make gentrification easier to swallow. In fact, such projects only result in the allocation of public funds to build housing for the wealthy- and actually furthers the process of gentrification by introducing them to "newly discovered" and "exotic" neighborhoods. We refuse to support the displacement of working class people of

colour from our neighbourhood for the benefit of a new wave of richer and whiter inhabitants.

If the mayor and the councillors have thrown in the towel on this project, we cannot. We cannot abandon the struggle to preserve a community space that has been the heart of our community for decades. We will not allow gentrification in our neighbourhood. Together, we will continue the struggle!



Hamilton, Ontario: Ungovernables and Yuppie Tears, A Saturday Night on Locke St

Every day — whether it's the landlords charging ever more rent for ever shittier apartments, the boss pushing you to work harder, the business association lobbying for more cops, or just the Audi that cuts you off in rush hour — the rich make our lives worse. Every day we have to deal with their attacks on us, but every once in a while we can find a way to strike back.

On Saturday night, I met up with a group of people in the Durand neighbourhood, strolled along Aberdeen and up some of the side streets attacking

the luxury cars and mansions we found there, making noise with a portable sound system and loads of fireworks. The march then turned down Locke and attacked as many yuppie businesses as we could before deciding to disperse. The police say we ran from them, but I didn't see a single fucking cop after they were chased off up on Aberdeen.

To all the undoubtedly sincere and principled anti-capitalists on the internet who wonder why the Starbucks didn't get smashed but all the poor, sweet small businesses did, it's only because it was

just a bit too far north. My one regret from the evening.

As the comrade Kirk Burgess explained on Twitter:

"Imagine being so mad about gentrification; that you round up some loser friends, cover your faces, and run riot in one of the city's most affluent neighbourhoods. Throwing bricks at homes and businesses. You're disgusting."

That's more or less it Kirk, me and my loser friends.

All my worst bosses have been small business owners — the problem isn't

the size of the business, it's that the relationship is exploitative. When someone decides to be a capitalist, making money through their investments rather than through their labour, their position relative to changes in the city becomes fundamentally different. Gentrification, as an example: when rents go up, it means they make more money (rather than lose their home); when prices go up and rich people move in, it means a chance to sell luxury goods (while we work for minimum wage); when more police and surveillance come in, it secures your investment (while we get harassed and pushed out). They are getting rich because our lives are getting worse.

Sure, small business owners may work long hours, but even if I'm putting in 12 hour days next to my boss, and we both scrub the toilet, the fact that they own

and I work means our relationship to the work is totally different. When business is good (or when they manage to crowd-fund), they're taking out a new lease on a car or signing a mortgage on an investment property while my check is eaten up by rent, bills, and the grocery store. I've got no option but to show up tomorrow while their ability to enrich themselves increases.

Fuck the rich. Fuck capitalists (even the ones who sell high-end baked goods). And to all of you who want to complain about violence, remember that the only reason these parasites get to keep their hands clean is because most often their attacks just look like business as usual.

Should we continue writing letters hoping Jason "I-want-an-Apple-store" Farr will do something? Or believing that somehow Andrea Horwath will stop

kissing the Locke St BIA's ass? Or we could trick ourselves that the solution to economic oppression is more innovative startups, or charity? Should I just keep smiling at the rich jerk in hopes that he'll give me a bigger tip?

Locke St was downtown's first gentrified street, its "success story" as Mayor Fred might say, the surrounding neighbourhoods the first to see the rent hikes that have since come to dominate so many of our lives. Turning the tables and finally counterattacking Saturday night helped me to shake off some of the fear and frustration that build up when you're trapped in a hopeless situation. May the rich remember that they are still within the reach of all the people they fuck over.

Hamilton, Ontario: The Tower's Statement on Recent Events

From The Tower, Hamilton's Anarchist Social Centre, after a riot on Locke St Saturday, their windows smashed Sunday night, and then their door kicked in Tuesday night

We've held off on making any public statements so far because it's really not our desire to have conversations on the internet, such a toxic and alienating place. But having had our space attacked twice in the last couple of days, we feel like it's important to share a few reflections and be clear about where we stand.

First, no, the actions on Locke and Aberdeen on Saturday night were not organized by the Tower, but yes, we support what happened and are in solidarity with those who carried them out. Class war is happening every day in this city, with constant attacks on poor and working people. It's disappointing that so many only care about the occasional moment when a bit of anger flows back the other way. The ongoing effects of gentrification in this city are heartbreaking – waves of displacement, growing violence, and in-

intensifying poverty. You cannot expect for all of this to just be swept under the proverbial rug. We have zero tears to shed for Locke st.

We feel that a single family being evicted is far worse than everything that happened on Locke St, even if you believe that running luxury businesses is a neutral act. And the level of outrage is particularly despicable considering that there have been two random stabbings of women in the last few days as well. It's beyond disgusting to see conversations about artisan donuts being prioritized over conversations about violence against women.

This isn't just whataboutism, this is us picking sides. When shit goes down, we aren't on the side of the rich and business class. We're in solidarity with everyone who resists the dominant powers in this city and we make any tactical criticisms we have privately. We oppose all repression and all collaboration with the police.

We've received several specific threats from far-right groups in the last few days

foreshadowing the attacks on our space. Unsurprisingly, the local business class and the white supremacists who organized anti-immigrant demos in the city last year have found themselves on the same side.

All the dramatics from Locke St show that they expected not only to make money pursuing their self-interest and ignoring its impacts on others, they expected to also be loved for it. We aren't "shocked and horrified" by being attacked because we never expected the powerful and their bootlickers in this city to thank us for opposing them.

We know it's not boutiques that are the main driver of gentrification and the suffering it brings; it's real estate investment, speculation, and the municipal policies that encourage them. Small business are often visible and vocal in cheerleading, but aren't the ones redeveloping whole blocks or carrying out mass evictions. What they have done, though, is to put themselves on the side of the speculators and landlords, positioning themselves to profit off forces that

harm most of their neighbours. We've chosen to critique and oppose them in the past because of their alliance with the rich and the big capitalists, and though they're not most responsible, their actions do have real consequences.

To be clear, we won't be filing po-

lice reports over this, but rather dealing with it autonomously and drawing on networks of mutual aid. The Tower will continue hosting the kinds of events and groups it always has, putting resources in common and sharing ideas. The events of the past few days change nothing

about our project or our politics and we call on everyone with whom we've shared moments of struggle in the past to take some deep breaths and realize that although things are more intense right now, nothing has really changed.



From #HoMa to #HamOnt: The Secret is to Round Up Your Loser Friends.

These thugs are no better than the anarchists.

Don't they know the financial burden that their vandalism will have on the Tower's landlord?

Don't they understand that boarded up windows will bring down property values in the neighbourhood around the Tower??

Engaging in this kind of violence just creates lawlessness, and legitimizes the destruction of private property.

When we heard that the Tower got attacked, we had to show our love. Not only because we love anarchist social centres, but because we also live in a city where (as far as we can tell) small hip business owners exist solely to steal your wages,

fondle cops, and sell you overpriced shit sandwiches. Fuck the class traitors, fuck the gentrifiers, fuck the police, but still no fucks at all given to broken windows.

Imagine being so mad about another anarchist social centre getting attacked, that you round up your loser friends, cover your faces, and take a siiiiiick photo in solidarity.

Hamilton: As it Stands Today, Cedar's Arrest

This has been a big month for Hamilton. To contextualize Cedar's arrest, we can start with the Anarchist Bookfair in early March, our first bookfair here in 7 years. The event was a smashing success, and brought together people from all over the continent to explore possibilities for radical change, to envision a world without enforced hierarchies and domination, to simply meet each other and learn from each other. The weekend was particularly marked by a small riot through one of Hamilton's most affluent neighborhoods and down one of its most noxious commercial streets. The "Locke Street Riot" was a collective expression of rage, not only against the rapid gentrification of Hamilton, but against capitalism and the violent world of alienation it fosters. It led to a lot of productive conversations about the inevitability of discomfort in fighting for new worlds, and the importance of clarifying and articulating our politics. The riot also kicked up some toxic Hamilton sediment, including a mass spillage of sentimental tears for small businesses, shrieks of "terrorism" from city councillors, and anti-anarchist fervor from local alt-right trolls who saw this as an opportunity to step into the limelight.

In the weeks that followed many of these reactions were channeled into Hamilton's only anarchist social space, The Tower, which became the defacto target before they even had a chance to come out in support of the riot. First its windows were smashed, then the door was kicked down and the library got trashed, then the locks got glued, and more recently we've seen an ongoing wave of amateur graffiti, including the word "gay" written in crumbling wheat paste on the new plexiglass windows. In late

March, while supporters of the tower were busy cleaning up after the break-in, a coalition of white-nationalist, misogynistic, homophobic trolls organized a rally in support of the businesses on Locke Street. Their sad rally was confronted and largely foiled, but not before a few of them had a chance to mingle with Locke Street business owners and chit-chat over a lemon-pistachio donut. Information was leaked revealing that the Soldiers of Odin and The Proud Boys were hoping to head over to The Tower after the rally in order to confront the "120 lbs beta males" they hoped to find there. The first time they showed up they found 40 anarchists ready to defend the space. They screamed about their democratic rights and ended up utilizing a police escort to get to the other side of the street. A few hours later a smaller group of them showed up drunk looking for a fight, and despite noble efforts to deescalate we ended up sending them home that day with bloodied and broken noses.

Meanwhile, public pressure to find those responsible for the riotous action on Locke street built. The police had been unable to apprehend anyone on the night of the action, and had responded to public outcry with promises of justice and desperate pleas for public cooperation. Finally on April 6th, one month after the riot, the police put on a show for the bloodthirsty public. Warrants in hand, they smashed down the door of a collective house at dawn and lobbed a flash grenade into the living room. With assault rifles drawn they stormed through the house putting people in cuffs, and arrested Cedar (Peter) Hopperton charging them with conspiracy to commit an indictable offence (unlawful assembly while masked). The others were released

and made to spend hours in the driveway while the cops turned the house inside out looking for anything that might help their investigation. They seized computers, phones, loose papers, zines and books, which will inevitably take years to recover from their greasy hands.

Cedar's bail hearing, which itself only occurred five days after the arrest and after one particularly sneaky maneuver by the Crown to delay it, was a painstaking ordeal. Four hours of blathering drivel in which it became clear that not only Cedar, but all of anarchism was on trial. In the end Cedar was denied bail and sent back to the hellscape of Barton jail where hordes of abducted people wait in wretched conditions for trial. They will potentially remain in Barton for a year or more while the state drags its heels in making a case against them.

We in Hamilton have organized a solid support team to make sure that Cedar has reliable legal defense and as much advocacy and communication as possible. We want to continue the projects they hold dear, and support any forms of organizing they might pursue in jail. We've launched this blog as a space where we can provide updates on Cedar's whereabouts, their legal situation, and how they're doing. Should there be any more arrests in connection with the Locke Street riot this site will offer similar outlet for those support efforts. Prison isn't the end of the road for anarchists, it's merely one dimension of the world we stand against. We will do everything in our power to resist the isolation they attempt to impose on those they capture, and continue to fight together against the world of police, courts and prisons.



Solidarity Demo Outside Laval Prisons for the New Year!

On New Year's Eve, for the sixth year in a row, a noise demonstration was held in front of the Laval prisons. Despite the freezing cold, this year was marked by the greatest participation since the beginning of this tradition. More than a hundred people walked chanting "Everybody hates the police!" and "For a world without prisons or detention centers!", the whole thing accompanied by percussion, banners, whistles and fireworks in large quantities.

The group arrived in front of Montée Saint-François Institution (B-16), where the minimum security allowed us to be in direct contact with the detainees. Thanks to the windows directly facing the street, they could wave to us, see the banners and hear us. The second institution we visited was Leclerc, the former and outdated federal prison that was converted to a provincial prison for in 2015 and was a provincial prison for men and women until this summer, when it became just a provincial prison

for women. The prison is very far from the road and access to it is usually prevented by the police, but the large number of people this year made it possible to get through and around the police lines with joy, everyone engaging in a rather funny race in the snow, during which several policemen were able to intimately appreciate the coolness of the powder. The inefficacy of the police allowed us to set off many fireworks in close proximity to the prison. At the same time, another group of people slipped to the opposite side of the prison to fire fireworks near the buildings where the prisoners are housed.

All this continued in front of the Laval Immigration Detention Centre, where we recalled the importance of opposing the Federal Government's project to replace the existing building with a new immigration detention centre in Laval. This project is part of a broader effort to expand the Canada Border Services Agency (CBSA)'s capacity to imprison

and deport migrants. We want to see a world without borders, where everyone has access to the things they need to live with dignity. Imprisoning migrants, denying them a place to stay, and deporting them to situations of extreme danger are things we directly oppose.

The big charivari ended at the Federal Training Center, a multi level, medium and minimum security prison. When our group finally decided to split in two for the return to the bus, the police chose to take advantage of the reduced number of people to make an arrest. Fortunately, the arrested person was released the same evening, but has judicial charges.

Prisons were created to isolate people from their communities. Noise demonstrations at prisons are a concrete way to fight against repression and isolation. We want to extend a message of solidarity to folks inside and wish them a happy new year- although a truly happy new year would be one without prisons or borders and the world that needs them!

Demonstration Against the Police in Maniwaki

As part of the week against police brutality, the Outaouais region mobilized like every year to create a series of events denouncing the violence of the Gatineau police and the SQ. This year, community organizations from the region and activists also decided to rent a bus to go to Maniwaki in support of two families that have faced the violence of SQ officers. In 2015, Brandon Maurice was killed, shot by an SQ cop, and in 2018, a friend of the Maurice family, Steven Bertrand, was shot in the dead by a courthouse guard who refused to let him leave to smoke a cigarette.

We chose to say loud and clear that

the police is nothing but an instrument of the state that abuses its power, all while protecting the rich and fascists.

In Maniwaki, as in many regions patrolled by SQ pigs, it's young men just out of police school that end up in these postings they don't want. These assholes show up in these regions, knowing nothing of their reality, which doesn't interest them. As a result, in Maniwaki as elsewhere, the cops are cloaked in impunity when they murder, bully, and systematically profile the most oppressed. We refuse the colonial attitude of these cops just as we refuse silence on the disappearances and assaults on indigenous

women.

All we have left is to defend ourselves against the police. We have no confidence in them, nor the justice system, nor their fraternalist deontology.

Fuck the police state that represses poor and marginalized people and political activists. Fuck these armed pigs that enforce a climate of social insecurity. Fuck the guard dogs of the state, the bourgeoisie and the capitalist system. Antifascist as long as necessary, and until they have disappeared absolutely: NO JUSTICE NO PEACE, FUCK THE POLICE!



Stop Deportations

Lucy Granados, mother of three and member of non status women's collective in Montreal, was violently arrested in her home. She was being held at an immigrant detention center in Laval. People protested for her release, they called politicians, wrote letters, signed petitions, and held protests. After the federal court refused to stop Lucy's deportation on Thursday evening and in the face of continued silence from the Minis-

ter of Immigration Ahmed Hussen, one last effort was made to stop the deportation.

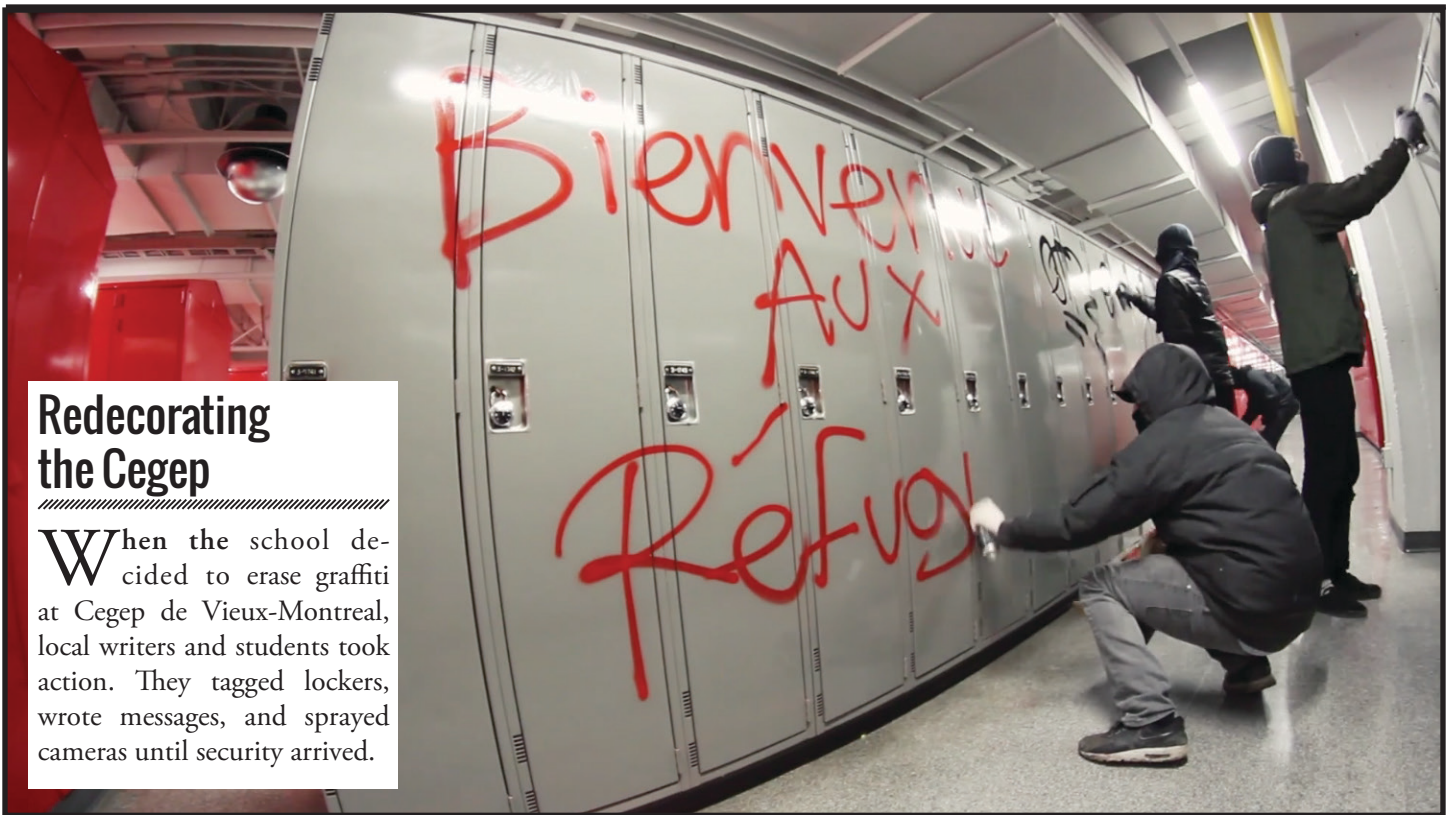
Around 50 people arrived at the Laval Immigration Detention Centre shortly after 3am on Friday morning. They chained the gates and barricaded the exits, hoping to prevent Lucy's deportation until Lucy's immigration application was decided. People held the space and danced until sunrise. Riot

police were called in, but no one moved. Finally, at around 10 am, the police announced that she had already left by plane. Folks left together and no one was arrested. Later, we learned that Lucy had been smuggled out from the back of the prison by immigrant agents who cut a hole in a fence.

For more info:
solidarityacrossborders.org

Redecorating the Cegep

When the school decided to erase graffiti at Cegep de Vieux-Montreal, local writers and students took action. They tagged lockers, wrote messages, and sprayed cameras until security arrived.



SEE SUB.MEDIA FOR VIDEOS



No Good Cops

In the lead-up to the annual demo against police brutality, several vandals set out to remind everyone that the problem is not a few bad apples. Anarchists don't want nicer cops, we want to abolish the fucking police. ALL. COPS. ARE. BASTARDS.



Stories of Struggle



Riots and Eagles - My World Opened

The story below is the first of the 'Stories of Struggle' series from MTL Counter-info. This series will give voice to experiences of anarchist struggle in the territory dominated by the Canadian State. We believe that the practice of story-telling is important, as it gives life to our collective memory and allows us an opportunity to learn from past experiences.

While Riots and Eagles is a tale of riotous joy, celebration, and magic, we hope to also create space for accounts of small everyday victories and failures, as well as the depths of isolation and despair that mark anarchist struggles. We want to transmit stories that will be shared around a campfire. The moments that inspired us, that made us feel more alive than ever, that challenged us to our core. There are innumerable moments that shape our history. Let us carry them forward through our fractured generations.

If you have a story to share, get in touch by email. We're available to provide editorial feedback.

No Gods! No Masters!

Whether this most fundamental of classical anarchist slogans is simply a hollow iteration of Western enlightenment philosophies and scientific progress, or is instead a cry directed towards the destruction of all that binds us, in life and death, to the world of exploitation and domination, is really a matter of interpretation.

I was raised with the former firmly rooted in my consciousness. All that might have been wondrous and with endless meaning was imprisoned in a linear progressive ideology in which "mankind" was to triumph. My Marxist father, with his historical determinist faith, did not give me the tools to smash both god and master at once. Instead of the Christian God, rooted in authoritarian tradition, that my anarchist ancestors declared war against, it was the state, science (controlled experimentation), and an alienating submissiveness to expertise that was to shackle my imagination and agency.

I began to break with all this many years ago. And it is with full recognition that I sound far too similar to all the other white-boys who have found themselves in some exotic religion or culture, when I say that my break came as a result of struggling in close proximity to Indigenous people.

One of the first and most profound experiences I can remember that cracked my mind ajar came at a march for missing and murdered Indigenous women. This is an annual event with a great deal of pain, grief and warmth involved. This time, thousands of people had crowded around an intersection with drummers and singers in the centre. The crowds vary in size from year to year, the drummers, singers, burning sage and abalone shells are consistent, and it is common to see eagles circling above. The moment is always powerful. On this particular occasion, while I began with the usual feeling of intimate connection through pain and grief to those around me, I noticed the eagles circling above. This time there were more than I could count, circling

upwards and downwards, far above the intersection. So far, that some seemed to be disappearing and reappearing.

At this moment, I felt profoundly foolish in the most liberating way. Would I fall back on the scientific rationalist religion in which I had been raised? The same world-view which drives the horrors that people were gathered here against? How could I explain away the presence of these eagles and the way my eyes observed them? Why would I deny the profound spiritual meaning of what was in front of me? Is there somehow, something more anti-authoritarian and rebellious in reducing all meaning to a one dimensional reason, or in reducing all the world to dead things in a mathematical equation?

This experience was a long time coming, and in a moment I felt something had changed in me.

Some time later, I was with some friends in a downtown financial district of a major capitalist metropolis. We were there because a global financial and government meeting was going to take place in the next few days. The police state was gathering and preparing, and so were we. We wanted to acquaint ourselves with the surroundings and streets, and one of my friends, at the request of one of their Indigenous comrades, had asked that we spread around some tobacco for the spirits while we went on our way. We took care to do so as we moved through the concrete commodity cathedral. For me this felt right. Although I'm not Indigenous myself and I didn't have the cultural context for the specific meaning of this offering, it stuck with me as the following days passed.

A few days later, I found myself standing in an intersection with the largest black bloc I had ever been a part of. The mood was understandably foreboding and intense, the police mobilization that stretched for miles around seemed insurmountable, and in spite of all this there was a hint of celebration in the air.

Suddenly, we were charging in one direction, a cop car was swarmed and

smashed with a pig still inside. A bit further down the street, with that boost of confidence behind us, a rock garden was discovered. A corporate news van took a couple rocks, a line of riot cops were backed up against a building by a few more and the rest were saved for later.

Aside from what the bloc discovered along its way, it seemed we were woefully ill prepared to confront the cops head-on. We used the best weapon we had: mobility. Even considering the usual advantage this would have given us, it really felt like we were stronger than ourselves, like there was an invisible force that gave us greater powers of evasion and intimidation. I thought back to the tobacco. I thought of the spirits.

We continued along a jubilant path of destruction, eventually finding ourselves stopped in another intersection surrounded by giant financial temples and surrounding a burning, recently abandoned cop car. I remember feeling nervous as it seemed like we were hanging around far too long and it seemed like cops were moving to block off all our exists in the distance.

We started moving again, running in the direction that a slight breeze was blowing the thick black smoke from the fire behind us, turning the overcast midday nearly into night. I screamed to build my courage towards the line of riot cops who were blocking our path ahead, "You're gonna fuckin' die today, pigs!" As we got within twenty or thirty metres of them they appeared to back away in fright, and we took a sharp left turn up another busy commercial street.

As our merry way of revenge continued, more stores and banks than I could have possibly counted were smashed, small groups of cops were sent running in the distance, and one of the main police stations was attacked. It was impossible to believe we had been able to carry on the way that we had without significant intervention. Again, I couldn't help but think back to the tobacco, and think of the spirits.

We eventually vanished like spirits

ourselves after about ninety minutes of mayhem in all, to the point that it had almost gotten boring. This was profoundly inexplicable to many and yet many different explanations followed.

The various enthusiasts for state control, from right-wingers to liberals, to social democrats and some communists, preferred the explanation that the black bloc themselves were a secret covert government operation and/or that the cops had intentionally let them go around and do what they wanted in order to justify the brutal repression and mass arrests of everyone from pacifists to random people who came to enjoy the chaos.

Some more vocal anarchists and other radicals preferred the cops' explanation that there was a lack of communication, and confusion stemming from a centralized command that couldn't adequately respond to such a dynamic situation.

Privately I had my own explanation.

All explanations help to prop up the explainers' worldview. I no longer feel a great need for a rigid scientific explanation of all events. We can all agree these situations defy common sense as we know it. Meaning is powerful and my life is far richer now that I am more open in my interpretations of the world.

It has been years since the events described above, and they were profound events in my life. They provide two examples of how spirituality can enrich one's experiences. Significantly, they also show that spiritual power is neither to be reserved for peaceful moments of grief, nor is it strictly to be weaponized in a warrior culture. However, both these examples are mass events in which my intimate relations with those around me are still limited. I may or may not have shared these experiences with anyone that I know very well. What I think is missing in these examples is the importance of smaller events: interactions with a raven, butterfly, or extreme weather, giving thanks to the ecosystems around me, privately or in small groups. I believe both mass cathartic events and everyday quiet events are vital to an enriched spi-

ritual life.

Since those moments, my spiritual path has looked a lot more personal and based around small, quieter events and rituals. The way I offer what I can to these interactions is informed by much of what I've seen from Indigenous comrades, and from bits and pieces I have picked up from European pre-Christian practices.

Of course I cannot say that I am now completed or on some kind of true path. Let's be real, I come from a culture of near complete alienation. The fact that I, like so many of the gross hipsters and new-age hippies we see around, need to be "awakened" to other ways of thinking about ourselves and surroundings, is because of this. This being said, I believe a struggle on these lands is necessarily going to have to confront Western perspectives of separation from and dominance over "nature" (the fact that I can even write the word "nature" as a separation from my own life is a result of western thinking).

And of course I would never dare to claim a specific Indigenous spirituality. This would be as absurd as claiming an Indigenous identity for myself. These spiritual practices and world-views come from living cultures and communities that are fighting to re-establish them-

ves. They come from a concrete social context that I have not been socialized into, and am simply not a part of.

Strangely I feel even more clumsy when I reach for European pagan traditions. The way I see them practiced and the teachings I attempt to understand from them, clearly are from a social context that has not existed for over a thousand years. I am also suspicious that much of the available information that we use to educate ourselves on these cultures is heavily tainted by the Western, Christian, and patriarchal thinking of the missionaries who wrote down the oral teachings of these cultures before they vanished.

Neither have I ever been satisfied with or receptive to the Western astrology that attracts so many of my (often urban) alienated fellow travelers who are open to spirituality.

And so, ironically, I continue to walk this lonely and alienating path. I yearn for the intergenerational group context and ritual that would make for a more complete and fulfilling spiritual world. I look towards our indigenous comrades who use a framework that focuses on seven generations. I think of one of my favorite quotes in *At Daggers Drawn*, that so many of my comrades seem to be

influenced by:

"Life cannot simply be something to cling to. This thought skims through everyone at least once. We have a possibility that makes us freer than the gods: we can quit. This is an idea to be savoured to the end. Nothing and no one is obliging us to live. Not even death. For that reason our life is a tabula rasa, a slate on which nothing has been written, so contains all the words possible. With such freedom, we cannot live as slaves. Slavery is for those who are condemned to live, those constrained to eternity, not for us. For us there is the unknown—the unknown of spheres to be ventured into, unexplored thoughts, guarantees that explode, strangers to whom to offer a gift of life. The unknown of a world where one might finally be able to give away one's excess self love. Risk too. The risk of brutality and fear. The risk of finally staring *mal de vivre* in the face. All this is encountered by anyone who decides to put an end to the job of existing."

...and I wonder if these are all so mutually exclusive. If my life is a blank slate, then I must be free to break with the alienation I am expected to reproduce. To destroy that which I hate, and create a world absolutely other. And it is here that I direct my thoughts.

FINDING EACH OTHER: AUTONOMOUS AND ANARCHIST SPACES IN MONTREAL

Visit RESISTANCEMONTREAL.ORG for a calendar of radical events in the city, and a larger list of anarchist groups, spaces, and news.

L'Achoppe

Event space in Hochelaga.
1800 Létourneux, Hochelag'
FB:[achoppemontreal](https://www.facebook.com/achoppemontreal)

La Déferle

Anarchist social space in Hochelaga. Library, workshops, and more!
1407 Valois, Hochelag'.
au1407.org
FB:[ladeferle](https://www.facebook.com/ladeferle)

La librairie Racines

The goal of the Racines Bookstore is to focus on the histories, cultures, and living conditions of racialized people.
4689 Henri-Bourassa Est, Montréal-Nord.
FB:[Racinesmontreal](https://www.facebook.com/Racinesmontreal)

Le DIRA / L'Insoumise

The DIRA (documentation, information et références anarchistes) is an anarchist library and meeting space downtown. L'Insoumise is an anarchist bookstore.
2035 St-Laurent, 3e étage, près du métro St-Laurent.
bibliodira.org
insoumise.wordpress.com

Open hours are on the website.

La Mandragore

La Mandragore is a collective that shares a queer and feminist library with La Déferle. It also organizes workshops, projections, and discussions to contribute to the formation and maintenance of queer and feminist communities.
lamandragore.xyz
FB:[bibliothequelaMandragore](https://www.facebook.com/bibliothequelaMandragore)