



SUBSTANCE

uncompromising life in pittsburgh.

Growing up in the east-end with:
MF ONE

social control? politics? no thanks.
why the managers of society are our enemy.
create space. take space:
our story of building a social center.

Burning what is ours:
Journal of revolt
in Athens, Greece



issue 01: Spring '09

desire.graffiti.crime.space.social.war.

what is gpac?



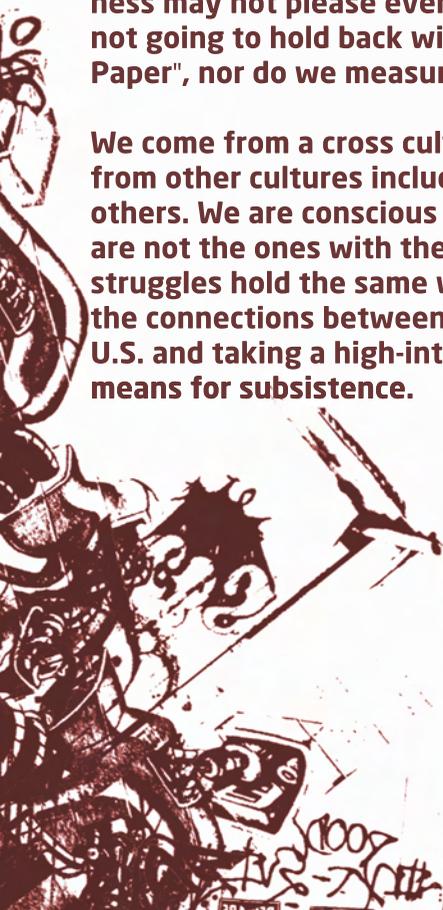
Who we are and where we are coming from

The Greater Pittsburgh Anarchist Collective is the realization of impassioned desires to collectively create anarchy. GPAC exists primarily to promote the anarchist ideal in an open, inclusive manner. We are based out of the East End of Pittsburgh. We seek to support all resistance against the state and all tendencies and hierarchies that alienate and oppress the people of our city and the people of the world.

We are students, workers, un-employed workers, immigrants, ex-cons, current cons. We have a working critique of activism, identity politics, and do-it-yourself subculture. We are not people who are looking for white middle class activist approval. We are honest with ourselves and others, and this is where we draw our approval. Our realness may not please everybody, in fact we might be offensive at times, but we are not going to hold back with what we say or do. We don't give a fuck about the "City Paper", nor do we measure our success in terms of media exposure.

We come from a cross cultural perspective, which is to say that we have a lot to learn from other cultures including radical struggles in Mexico, Spain, and Greece among others. We are conscious of our privileged position as radicals in North America. We are not the ones with the answers, we are not professionals. Our everyday personal struggles hold the same weight as larger struggles against institutions. We try to find the connections between taking a high-interest loan from a check-cashing store in the U.S. and taking a high-interest loan to start a small business in Central America as a means for subsistence.

GPAC is part of the Anti-Racist Action Network: a decentralized network of militant Anti-Fascists that are dedicated to building a fun, diverse, liberated and explicitly anti-racist, anti-sexist and anti-homophobic youth culture. In GPAC, every person has the same say in every issue. If something needs to be decided upon by the group as a whole, we get together and discuss it until we reach some sort of resolution or consensus. Then we put the decision in action.



What We Support

We seek to support others in their journey for a classless free society and to provide a voice with our publication and a physical space for organizing central to the east end of Pittsburgh. As anarchists, we seek to attack the things in life that limit our freedom. If we can do something to limit state power in our lives, we will. This includes struggle against bosses, police, politicians, and developers who want to build condos and push us out of our neighborhoods. Those who choose to use crime to support themselves and their families, those who choose to work outside the set of laws imposed by the government are just as deserving of our support as those who struggle in more traditional ways. Whether it is the literal assertion of the value of creativity over the sanctity of property via graffiti or by the commitment of a handful of volunteers to feed hungry people twice a week via Food Not Bombs, we are with them.

This is not to say that we are in favor of antisocial behavior, such as unwarranted assaults, murder, or property crime against the exploited or those who do not come from money. We support attacks against corporations and the economically well-off in pursuit of a life that many of us from working class or working poor backgrounds cannot attain. Although it may be easy for some people to advance within this system, we support those who lessen their participation in an exploitive system to create space to define new relationships with each other and the world we live in. We are open to all who want to be involved, so long as there is agreement with the kind of work we do and want to work in a way that is not controlling of others.

What we Desire

We are creating space for the future world that we want to live in through a physical venue and through ideas expressed in our publication. In this space, we are building power to connect with people similar to and different from us, inside or outside of our friend circles to build real community. By using space as a weapon, we desire to bring together all that experience oppression. We're not imposing on others one method of ending oppression. We're acting in a way that works for us. There is common ground between self-determination and a critique of what we see as counter-productive. We encourage self-criticism.

If any of this information has interested you, if you want to learn more, or if you simply want to stop by and meet some Pittsburghers who are down with wrecking life as usual and finding new ways to get and stay free, stop by 5001 Penn Ave. or e-mail us. We try not to be too heavy on process and meetings. We have movie viewings, food, and open discussions. We are interested in collaborating with individuals and groups who want to contribute to the space, publication, and/or work together with us on actions.

**GPACattack.org
5001 Penn Ave. Floor 1
PITTSBURGH , PA 15224**

create space:

our story of actualizing desire.



We did it. We did it in the midst of working full time jobs, fighting nazi's and going to jail, falling off ladders and ripping certain tender areas open. Having friends leave the state, country, and this world.

We did it without having funding, knowledge, or excitement. We did it with no heat while we were sick, with sketchy wiring and strangers. We did it in the midst of breakups, makeups, roller derby games, and just about everything else life gives.

We did it with desire, we did it when we could, and most of all... we got the shit done.

About 7 Months ago, four of us were sitting on a stoop dreaming up a really cool place where we could have fun on our own terms and work on projects that were fulfilling and effective. We wanted a super visible space in our neighborhood with no bosses, rent, control, or boredom. We wanted to use the space as a weapon to combat a society that tells us what to do, how to think, and how to act. We wanted to create space for movement. We wanted to create it together and with others. We wanted it for ourselves and for our city. We wanted it to inspire and to exist to resist.



We didn't want to reproduce anything else that was going on in the city. Most of all we didn't want it to suck and be a dumbass art gallery.

The space doesn't end here, it begins.

We had learned a bit from our old space: Project 1877. We knew when we opened up the doors to the public, that the real struggle would begin.

Many battles lay ahead. We are not rich. We are not playing by the rules, we are trying to create an anarchist world, a world worth living in.



take space:

our story of actualizing desire.

We cannot measure success and failure based on the number of members, the amount of money, or projects that we have or don't. Our measure is in the context of an expressive moment, a specific characterization; meaningfulness, joy, desire, beauty.

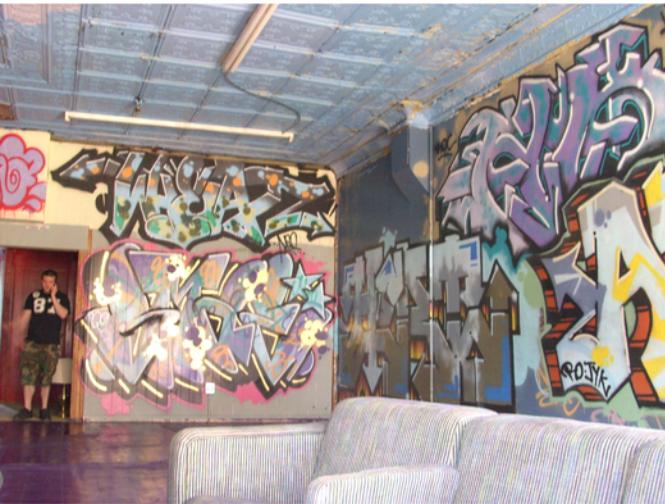
Life has a different meaning for us.

Our project is fulfilling us with those specific characteristics. It is a continuing journey of a larger revolt for a society worth living in, not one of death, one devoid of meaning and purpose.

We see our revolt as part of a project that we create for ourselves, and that we carry through to its end, or our own.

We speak on these terms because we are sick and tired of the way things are.

The space exists so people can make use of it. That they can create their own project and work on it, and give it the love and energy that it deserves. Whatever projects come from the space, our goal is that they stress quality. We seek to have a lively space where people can focus their energy into making their actions effective.



We want to thank everyone that helped: All the kids from across the country who stopped by even if just for a minute, all the writers who made the space look dope, and all of course the greater pittsburgh anarchist community.



We are burning what is ours we will never go back. we can never go back.

When I was 15, I never could have dreamed that 5,000 miles away there were kids, like me, that had to deal with daily police torment. I thought I was special, that somehow they just didn't like me and my family. That somehow it was something that I had done, I just couldn't remember, that caused them to put me up against walls and pat me down, demand to know where I was going, where I had been, who I was with, demand ID, and kick me out of places where I skateboarded, where I lived. Off of my block. It's amazing what 7 years later can teach you about yourself and living in a society that stands still while the greatest enemy to happiness is praised as something worthy of a paycheck.

A few short weeks ago it was hard to imagine that I could leave a stable job, a nice apartment, beautiful friends and family, and many great projects that I have loved working on without any notice and travel those 5,000 miles to a land that I have never had contact with, never smelled, tasted, touched, heard, or lived in before.

It was also hard for the Greek people to believe that among their neighbors they would find camaraderie. Together they could fight in the street, burn down everything, and run wild without control. The police had murdered a 15 year old boy named Alexandros Grigoropoulos without hesitation, and on his block where he lived, his friends had to hold him in their arms until he could no longer breathe, until he could no longer smile, until he died.

I've been home for a few days now and I often find myself trying to return to what life was before. I try to watch a movie, make some food, ride a bike, but every action is void. The reliving of moments in my head run like a dream that, until I see my pictures, I have a hard time believing. I try and discuss with friends my experience but I struggle with words... I realize now that it takes time to reflect and analyze what the fuck just happened.

The fluid motions of the day: looting, burning, smashing, running, give all that life has to offer in a single moment. Reclaiming space gives a comfortable flex of our collective power, along with the tear gas that swelled my throat, clamped my lungs so tightly shut that I feared death, my eyes that burned from unknown chemicals, smelling only mucus and fire. All that I had was the taste of sheering pain ripping through my body to my heart. In that moment I was with comrades who were fighting for all of our lives. Fighting, rebelling, resisting every single unmeasurable ounce of pain that society has pegged us with. The weight of it all comes crashing down when I peek my eyes open long enough, muster a single gasp of air, when a comrade places their hand on mine, and when the Maalox comes rushing at my face.

This is life on the front lines of social war...



We are burning what is ours we will never go back. we can never go back.

Insurrectionary life is one where politics are renamed desire, and joy is the only hope at keeping your heart beating, for nothing can be measured with a simple run-down of highlights from the nightly news.

Life is a spontaneous and fresh love affair that thunders through existence constantly transforming and adapting, creating and re-creating, destroying and building. Athens has taught me that I am a child and that I have neglected my play time. For life is play, life can be played, it can be exhilarating, devastating, and completely entrenched with emotional hardship but at the same time an airy familiar casualness of love for the game.

Athens is a gang of fifteen year old girls that are flexing their space, writing down their story, claiming their history with rocks, firey dumpsters, graffiti, chants of "cops, pigs, murderers" and their beautiful brown eyes that are filled with love, rage, passion, revenge, and realization.

Athens is the older man that paces impatiently for the bus, who pauses for a brief moment in front of an occupied university to pick up its publication: one that fills its pages with firebomb throwing Anarchists; stories of resistance to the common enemy. He sits and reads in the bus shelter, a shelter that has had its advertisements wrecked. He sparks up a conversation with a fellow next to him. It quickly ignites into a discussion of their current situation: revolt. The bus arrives, he gets on, but it is stilled by the comrade he was just chatting with. Dozens of posters suddenly spring up via wheatpaste about tomorrow's big demonstration. Someone spray paints a Circle A, and the driver and riders cheer.

They revel in excitement.

Space is transformed.

Those that have longed to burn down the shops, banks, prisons, police stations, and police do so. Those that fancied a free transit cut their ties with their pimp via a quick swing of a hammer on a ticket machine. Tearing from a rustic societal recital we are all alive when a wall jumps out and speaks that which we want to hear. Graffiti is liberation of space of walls and of the mind. It is the literal assertion of the value of creativity over the sanctity of property.

Space has become of the utmost importance to all people, of all backgrounds. It is a rush, to find creative destruction and the creativity in destruction. New uses for mundane objects spring up all throughout the country. Universities become homes for hundreds, dumpsters and cars are barricades. Bottles become molotovs. Sidewalks become stones. Stores become playgrounds. And banks and car dealerships become ovens.

Through this I realized that never again will I be little, small, unheard, powerless, or voiceless. No longer is anarchy for dreamers. Power is being empowered, finding strength in yourself to fulfill your desires at whatever the consequence.

Objectivity of capitalism is hurled on its side by those who dare. The government is powerless to stop 'em. The police have reached their limit and are in desperation. The public is no longer a spectator but a participant.

We have revealed ourselves to the world as we always have, only this time, we cannot hold back anymore than we can turnback.



Where do we go from here?

Our history is told with fire.

Fire to the schools that haven't told it right.

Back in America, it's not easy to acclimate to the American way of life. The same oppression that I left, the same bullshit I had to deal with every day is still here. It festers with vile stank, searching for its entrance to my life.

I constantly examining my surroundings. Every room I walk into I size up everybody, look for exits, possible allies, and potential weapons. Life is a constant tension, a rude reality that comfort only seeps into in the most calm of seconds. I never forget that I am at war and society is at war with me. I try and craft beauty from the wreckage of everyday life – another phone call or letter from a family member or friend who has ended up in jail. Another message from a friend that someone I have loved has OD'd and died. For all the times when 5-0 has rolled up on me and my crew, wrecking our joy, our childhood, for when they try to take us in on some whack shit – curfew, skipping school, skating, loitering, merley existing. The liberation that I desire is, that I need, is the brick, the gatt, and the molotov.

Let's be real. We are up against heavy odds.

This is America and we get 2^{1/2} to 5 years for graffiti. 20 years for setting a few SUV's on fire. Organize a framework for a demonstration and get hit with felonies and grand jury indictments. But right next to the dire reality of oppression is the inspiration.

Aug '08: NYC; hundreds of people held an impromptu street party called Pandamonium; It was able to stop the flow of the grind of the Big Apple, and carve out blocks of an apocalyptic dance, rock, battle for fun.

Sept '08: Republican National Convention; Rioters in the face of great concentration of state power owned the streets of St. Paul, MN smashing cop cars, corporate stores, banks and a few right wing nut jobs.

Jan '09: Oakland, CA; Dumpsters, cars and police stations are set ablaze after police murder an unarmed black man in front of hundreds on a transit platform.

Mar '09: Oakland, CA; Lovelle Mixon kills 4 police, some say in response to the Jan '09 shooting.

April '09: Pittsburgh, PA. Young man opens fire on police killing 3 cops and injuring two others.

Everyones pissed

We can loot grocery stores and have a crowd of people cheer with no one even considering calling on the police for *help and protection*?!? Creating that kinda social condition only requires the breakdown between us and them. For our social condition to negate, for us to get free in every way: the issues can't be the issue. We have to have substance in our lives that compels us to fight everyday for another day of fighting. Hanging with the Greeks has opened up space for me to admit our bads and to rep our goods as American Anarchists.

We have the anger and we know what to do with it, we just have to get over ourselves, our self importance, our social cliques and be real.

Anarchists need to get in where they fit in.

The Panthers did street level organizing, not on message boards or myspace, but by talking to their neighbors, fliering, holding forums and creating compelling propaganda by word and deed.

Let's let our story be the collective story—the shared experience—of when we met together and found each other for the first time. In a street battle fighting for all our lives, free from a society that has pegged us with nothing but pain and sorrow.

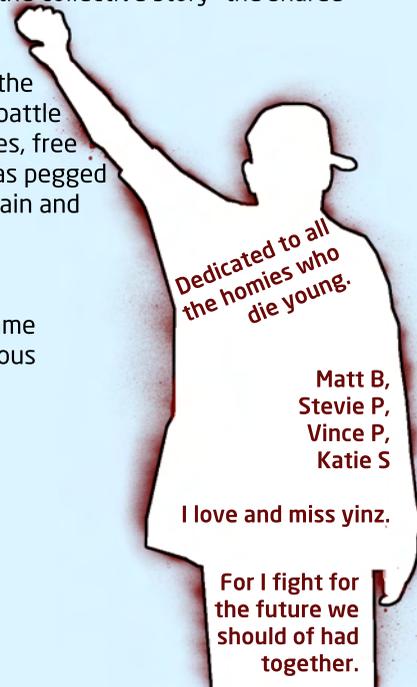
For the love of the game
-anonymous

Dedicated to all
the homies who
die young.

Matt B,
Stevie P,
Vince P,
Katie S

I love and miss yinz.

For I fight for
the future we
should of had
together.



Daniel Montano, known to many as MF-ONE is currently serving 2 ½ to 5 years in PA state prison for crimes against property. This is in contrast to the 3 years of house arrest given to a Pittsburgh man for involuntary manslaughter after a 15-year-old girl was blasted in the face with a sawed-off shotgun. In contrast to the 3 days suspension given to cops when they steal the lives out of neighbors and family members. But this comes as no surprise to us who are aware of the growing importance private property takes over creativity, over youth, over even life itself.

Who can we blame for this travesty of “justice”? You can blame the entire faceless system, you can blame capitalism, the state. We also blame those who we can put a face and a name on. City Councilman Bill Peduto, failed mayoral candidate and wanna-be hipster is one man behind this.

Peduto is the councilman for District 8, which includes East Liberty, Bloomfield, Friendship along with more artsy-fartsy rich liberal areas such as Point Breeze, Shadyside, and Squirrel Hill. A supposed progressive, this man personally helped push for MF-ONE's imprisonment to seem tough on the graffiti that is popular in these areas. He wanted to appease the snitches and property owners, people such as Tony Ceoffe, executive director of Lawrenceville United (a ragtag group of racists and nebbly old white people), and Richard Swartz, director of the Bloomfield Garfield Corporation.



These are both organizations who push for graffiti artists and working-class youth to be kicked out of their neighborhoods and imprisoned. The two groups are also deeply involved in the gentrification of the East End, actively promoting commercial development and the opening of art galleries while also calling for increased policing and harassment of working-class people of color.

To fight what has happened to Daniel Montano we must also fight the process of gentrification and the system of capitalism and state control. These groups are closely allied with these forces and also must be fought. Recently a benefit was held to raise over \$1000 towards Danny's appeal, and more actions are on the way. For updates on the case, keep an eye out on FREEMFONE.ORG.

The following is an interview with Danny from behind bars at Coal Township SCI.



From behind bars:

through bridges to magic.

What was it like to grow up in the east end?

As a child, I always was an explorer. At first it was just my street and back alley and then I saw the world was much bigger. I guess I was born with a curious heart. When I was 8, I started living in two different East End neighborhoods, switching from my mom and dad's house back and forth. A block from the house I grew up in was a small green bridge that goes over the MLK Jr. East Busway, and I would always cross it to get to my Dad's house. This bridge and the surrounding area, to this day might be one of my favorite places in the world, maybe because it's home to me, but I think more so because it is extremely significant for several reasons, to my life, who I am, and what I do. Even as a child of 8 I saw that the bridge was an entrance to a completely different world, two sides in almost complete contrast to each other, like day and night. Even at this age, I saw this as unfair (for reasons so obvious I won't say) and decided that I would not limit myself to one world, which most people seemed to do, but to explore it and to find out what it's all about. I seemed to relate to this other side maybe more than the first but I always considered myself right in the middle. I was not one side or the other. I was the Bridge itself. Growing up in the East End I felt super blessed. I guess I'm biased, but the East End is the best part of the whole city, better than all three other sides combined.

I think it's the people, the culture, the layout, how everything is central and close by. How you can go from the richest to poorest neighborhoods in one block distance. Individually, a lot of neighborhoods are not diverse but as a whole it is very diverse.

I think I liked it so much because when I rode around on my bicycle it seemed like I had the world at my fingertips and life inside my empty pockets. Maybe it was because I knew it so well, all its secrets and shortcuts. Maybe because it had a history to me, memories and stories, or maybe because it was all I knew.

When I was a teenager I was always kind of a lonely adventurer but soon I found kids like me, related by a common bond, which was the East End itself and its legacy. It was like if you were a kid and you lived in the East End then you would just know certain things, or maybe more so certain places. If you were a kid who had adventure, mischief, curiosity, or something in your heart then you would know about these places, too, and then you were a true East-Enders, part of the club. These are places most people would pass by and not notice, or see the entrance to but never go in for me life was not just the house you grew up in, it was all around you but you had to find it. The culture and beauty of the East End wasn't usually in the public domain but hidden,

in your favorite spot deep in the park where you go with your friends, your favorite place to look at the night sky or look down on the world below, behind a garage door in an alley, the train tracks by the river, or a small hole in the wall packed with young hearts searching for something more. just what you see, and if you can find it it's nothing short of magic.

Social control? Politics? No thanks.

Why the managers of society are our enemy.

Tony Ceoffe from Lawrenceville United and Aggie Brose from the Bloomfield Garfield corporation talk about "knowing the community" and use words like "street knowledge". They talk about their work with government, artists, and insurance companies. When asked about graffiti, Tony speaks to his value of the millionaire rather than the 21 year old kid who values rest with creativity:

"If he used his artistic ability for good, he could probably be a millionaire". But the fact of the matter is, he's not. He's a criminal, he's a felon and he's a vandal. What he does, and what people like him continue to do, is vandalize properties in our neighborhoods."

It is ridiculous to think that either of them have a clue about what life is like growing up in 2009. It is clear they view kids as an enemy. Tony created power to influence people's decisions, to frame debates and discussions and now he wants the power to rule over our lives as district magistrate.

The outlets that were available 5, 10, 20 years ago are no longer there. I don't know how Tony or Aggie grew up, but for me: It is watching my friends OD and die from boredom/crack. It is being told that Myspace, Youtube, sitting at home, txt-ing, etc... are perfectly acceptable forms of relationships. That virtual reality is the way to go! It is safe, well managed, and most of all profitable.

But when you try and escape that ghetto; try and skateboard/bmx ride, start a punk band, and flex space and get creative: it is the reality of being arrested for a curfew violation, or facing harassment from do-gooders calling the police because they don't want kids hanging out. It is the reality of being thrown in jail for graffiti or being too loud. It is always being told that dreaming of a better world is fine, but taking steps is not. It is having the whole world against you and having your desire for escape and fun wrecked in every way. It is then turning to drugs and alcohol to escape to leave the prison of everyday life.

The BGC and LU are at war with youth across the city. They create false hope for youth with framing "art" as something more valuable than "crime". Their concern are not outlets for youth, but in their own interests: having a well controlled, well regulated society. They might as well be police. They are quick to vilify and jail any un-desireable. They are quick to wreck "run-down" homes and build artists lofts in it's place. They are quick to point fingers and place blame.

With all the talking those two do, you think that they would have a clue? Better communities are not ones where neighbors are at war with their neighbor. They do not have cameras spying, snitches calling police over kids hanging out. Better communities are not defined by how many art galleries exist on the block. Better communities are ones that stand in solidarity with one another and resolve issues on a communal basis. They are ones that don't run to some outside regulator (police, CDC's) for problem solving. Better communities have life, meaning, and purpose.

GPAC STATEMENT ON POLICE KILLINGS

Much has been said of the recent shootings in Pittsburgh involving a supposed white supremacist that resulted in the deaths of 3 police officers. We would like to provide information on the ideology of Richard Poplawski and his friends and to also express our anger at the hypocrisy of the media regarding the recent events.

On Richard Poplawski, Edward Perkovic, and right-wing white supremacy:

Richard Poplawski is a 22-year old Pittsburgh man accused in the shooting of 3 police officers in his Stanton Heights home. The day of the shootings his self-described best friend Edward Perkovic appeared on TV, talking of Zionist control of the federal government and Obama's supposed plans to "take our guns away". This was an obvious red flag that led us to look deeper into the background of these people.

It turns out that Richard Poplawski was a member of Stormfront, an online forum for white supremacists to gather and discuss their racist views. Despite statements to the contrary by friends Edward Perkovic (more on this budding white supremacist later) and Aaron Vire (who happens to be black), his frequent posting on a message board whose slogan is "White Pride World Wide" would suggest Poplawski strongly sympathized with white supremacist right-wing ideology. In one posting, he commented on Black, Asian, and Latina women: "Don't mix your blood with dirt, son.". In other posts, he rants against the "Zionist Occupied Government", a codeword invented by Anti-Semites and other Neo-Nazis who hide their racism behind legitimate anti-Zionism.

Edward Perkovic (resident of Lawrenceville, employee of Children's Hospital of Pittsburgh) also states in a KDKA interview very clearly "I am not a racist." This comes conveniently after he wiped his Myspace and Facebook of racist rantings against Jews and promoted writings by David Duke, a former grand wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. It seems he knew that everyone would be scrutinizing his beliefs after the shootings, and tried to beat us to the punch. Luckily, we're quicker than him. To quote Perkovic, *"I must point out the dangers of...mixed bloodlines that will erase national identity (deemed not to be appropriate in today's America, but I assure you, your nationality is something you should be proud of, NOT ERASE)."*

Perkovic goes on to list books he would like you to read:

"The Turner Diaries" by Dr. William Pierce:

The Turner Diaries is a book depicting a violent revolution in which white people would exterminate all People of Color and Jews off the face of the planet. It is an extremist white power manifesto, and has inspired such people as Timothy McVeigh who bombed the Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City. Timothy McVeigh was tied to the right-wing militia movement, groups whose propaganda Poplawski and Perkovic both espouse repeatedly.

"Jewish Supremacism" by Dr. David Duke:

Jewish Supremacism is a book published in 2003 by former grand wizard of the KKK David Duke. This book promotes the anti-Semitic notion that Jews are engaged in a Jewish-Supremacist conspiracy.

Both Perkovic and Poplawski have been influenced by racist right-wing fear mongering that has become more prevalent since Obama took power early this year. They have both openly subscribed to white supremacist beliefs held widely by those in the Neo-Nazi and right-wing movements. Both have tried to hide their racism behind conspiracy theorists and nutjobs such as Alex Jones and Rush Limbaugh, but anyone with a brain can see past their lies, no matter how much they try to act like regular old Pens-loving yinzers.

Both of their views are those of politically under-developed neo-Nazi or pro-American right-wing fascist thought processes. There is no evidence (so far) that either of these two are involved in any organized white supremacist groups. Poplawski has claimed on Stormfront that in the near future he would "up the activism." It seems his activism is going to be confined to death row in the State Prison in Greene County.

On media racism, classism, and downright hypocrisy:

It was October 12th, 1995. Johnny Gammage was driving down Rt. 51 when he was pulled over by a gang of white officers. They beat him with flashlights and proceeded to murder him by kneeling on his back until he suffocated to death. All officers were let off by racist white juries (yet we still call foul when people refer to Western Pennsylvanians as having racist sentiments).

Fast forward to Christmas Eve, 2002. 12 year old Michael Ellerbe lay face down on the pavement dying of a gunshot wound to the back inflicted by a police officer in Uniontown. 7 years later, in 2009, Samuel Nassan, the same cop who shamelessly murdered the 12 year old boy, unloaded his clip into a moving car in the South Side killing Nicholas Haniotakis, 33 years old.

On January 8th of this year police shot and killed Lamar Smith in North Point Breeze, and then on February 3rd they shot Paul Palmer to death on the North Side. Where are the black ribbons for the people that the police have routinely and systematically victimized? They have no front page tributes; their stories are shuffled into the middle of section C. The night after Richard Poplawski shot and killed three Pittsburgh police officers, members of that same department burst into a party in Bloomfield assaulting several attendees, including a young woman who was beaten and a man who was punched in the face until he was knocked unconscious.

The bias in the media is clear regarding these events. The media serves a purpose that is also served by the police, to protect the state and capitalism. The media serves to glorify members of the police force whose routine murders of innocent unarmed people go unmentioned while they get processions, memorial services, and full-page tributes in the papers.

When all the dust settles, when all of the black ribbons on the telephone poles fade, when the Stanton Heights home of Margaret Poplawski is abandoned and boarded up, those police who people glorified and stood by when three of their co-workers were gunned down still won't think twice about cracking your skull open with a baton. They still won't think twice about murdering unarmed black children or unarmed poor white people. **We still remember all those times we've been brutalized, and we won't ever forget it. We most certainly will not forgive it.**