

Photo: smashed front windows of the Little 5 Points Precinct

AGAINST STATE & CAPITAL

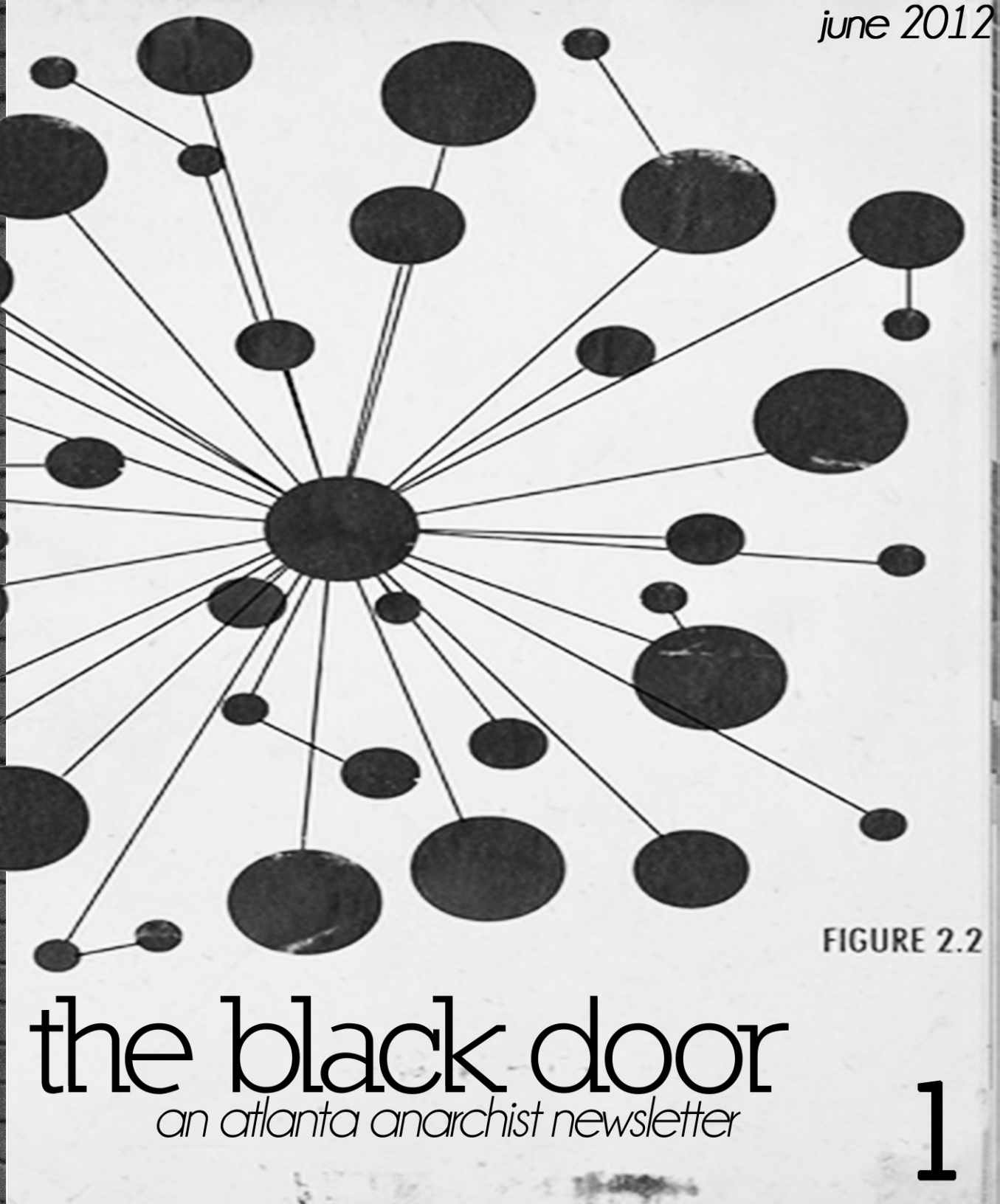
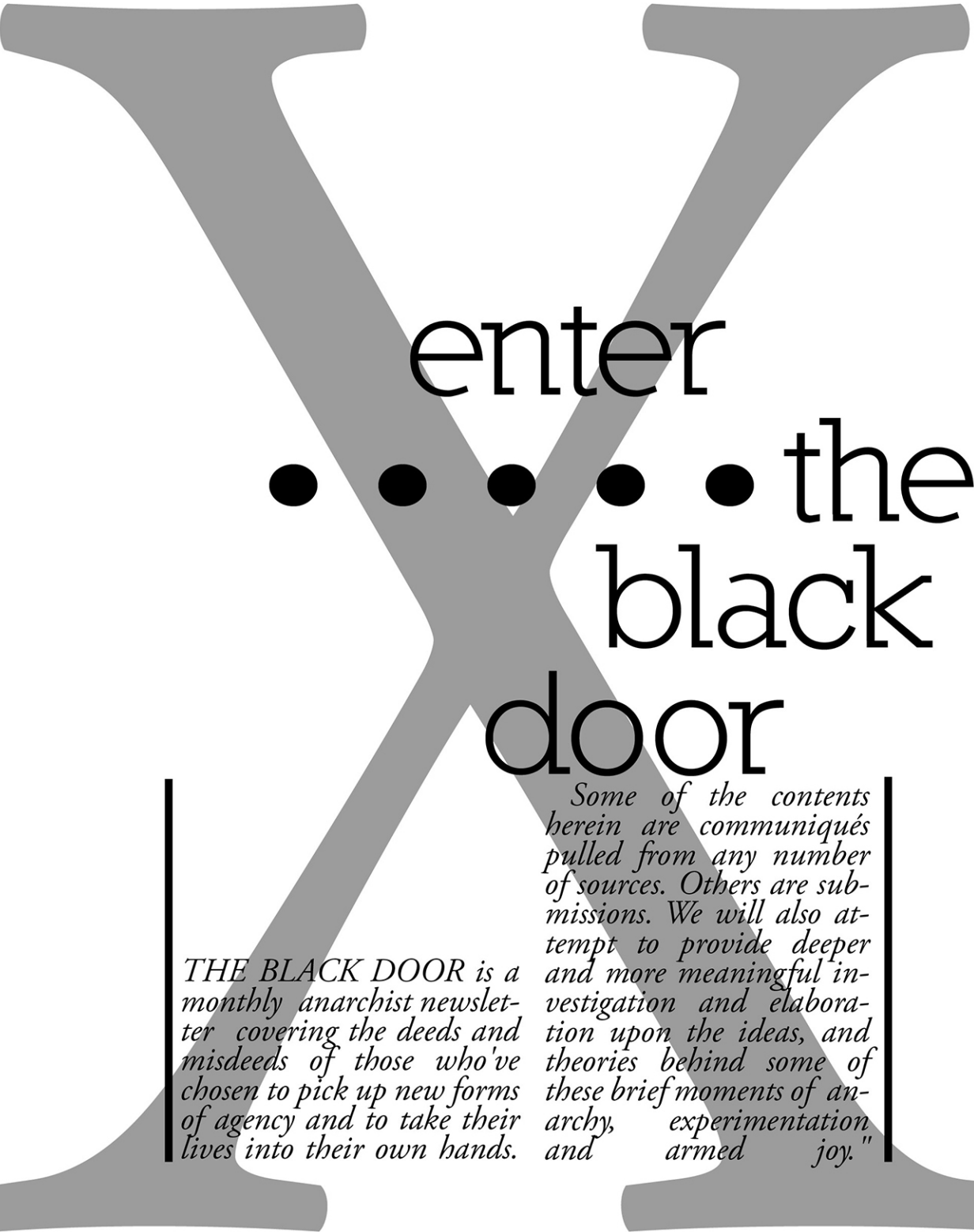


FIGURE 2.2

the black door
an atlanta anarchist newsletter



enter

• • • • • the
black
door

Some of the contents herein are communiqués pulled from any number of sources. Others are submissions. We will also attempt to provide deeper and more meaningful investigation upon the ideas, and theories behind some of these brief moments of anarchy, experimentation and armed joy."

THE BLACK DOOR is a monthly anarchist newsletter covering the deeds and misdeeds of those who've chosen to pick up new forms of agency and to take their lives into their own hands.

submissions

The Black Door accepts submissions for publication.

As this is in no way a democratic project, we will publish only that which we feel matches the tone and general sentiment of this periodical.

If you are unhappy about our decision to publish or not publish an article in the news letter, our only advice to you is:

Start your own!

(But seriously, if it's sick as fuck we'll probably publish it.)

**Send your submissions to:
blackdoordistro@yahoo.com**

All original prints stolen or scammed; if you have paid for a copy or paid to make a copy, you're doing it wrong. Although all of the events in this issue supposedly occurred in reality, their myth only exists in our hearts; if you do not share these stories via word of mouth or through the duplication of this text, the events themselves will have never mattered.

This newsletter is printed on 8.5/14 paper. The body font is Adobe Garamond Pro, usually seen unitalicized, and the header fonts include Nilland, Helvetica, AND OSTRICH SANS.

INGREDIENTS

7 TABLESPOONS POTASSIUM NITRATE, AKA NITER, AKA SALT PETER AT GARDEN SUPPLY SHOPS, AKA SPECTRACIDE TREE STUMP REMOVER FROM THE HERBICIDE AISLE AT HOME DEPOT OR LOWE'S.

4 TABLESPOONS SUGAR (BROWN SUGAR CREATES THICKER SMOKE)

2 TEASPOONS BAKING SODA

6 TABLESPOONS POWDERED ORGANIC DYE (BLUE AND ORANGE WORK BEST. FOUND AT ART SUPPLY SHOPS AND THE LAUNDRY AISLE AT SOME GROCERY STORES)

CARDBOARD TUBE (TOILET PAPER OR PAPER TOWEL TUBES WORK WELL).

DUCT TAPE

PEN OR PENCIL

FUSE (WILL ELABORATE)

COTTON BALLS

SAUCEPAN

PROCEDURE

1. MIX POTASSIUM NITRATE WITH SUGAR IN A SAUCEPAN OVER LOW HEAT. THE INGREDIENTS ABOVE SHOW A HIGHER AMOUNT OF POTASSIUM NITRATE (DO THIS IF USING TREE STUMP REMOVER) HOWEVER, A RATIO OF 3 TO 2 IS SAID TO WORK BEST.

2. CONTINUE MIXING. THE SUGAR WILL CARAMELIZE AND BROWN. STIR THE MIXTURE CONTINUOUSLY UNTIL IT RESEMBLES SMOOTH PEANUT BUTTER.

3. REMOVE THE MIXTURE FROM HEAT BUT FROM THIS POINT ON, WORK FAST, AS THE PASTE WILL HARDEN AS IT COOLS.

4. STIR IN A SPOONFUL OF BAKING SODA (ROUNDED TEASPOON IS FINE). THE BAKING SODA IS ADDED TO SLOW DOWN THE COMBUSTION WHEN THE SMOKE BOMB IS IGNITED.

5. ADD THREE LARGE SPOONFULS (3TBSP) OF POWDERED ORGANIC DYE. BLUE DYE AND ORANGE DYE SUPPOSEDLY WORK BEST. STIR TO MIX WELL.

6. CONSTRUCT THE SMOKE BOMB WHILE THE MIXTURE IS STILL HOT AND PLIABLE.

7. FILL A CARDBOARD TUBE WITH THE WARM SMOKE BOMB MIXTURE.

8. PUSH A PEN OR PENCIL DOWN INTO THE CENTER OF THE MIX (NOT NECESSARILY ALL THE WAY, BUT ENOUGH SO IT STANDS).

9. LET THE MIXTURE HARDEN (ABOUT AN HOUR).

10. REMOVE THE PEN.

11. FUSE: IT'S EASIEST TO INSERT A FIREWORK FUSE. PUSH PIECES OF COTTON BALLS INTO THE HOLE TO TAMP THE FUSE SECURELY INSIDE THE SMOKE BOMB. BE SURE THERE IS FUSE LEFT OUTSIDE OF THE TUBE SO THAT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO LIGHT YOUR SMOKE BOMB.

THAT SAID, WITH FIREWORKS BEING ILLEGAL IN THE STATE OF GA, IT MIGHT BE NECESSARY TO MAKE YOUR OWN FUSE WHICH WILL REQUIRE SOME EXPERIMENTATION.

FOR GRENADE STYLE PULL RING, CUT DOWN A STRAW SO IT'S ABOUT AN INCH OR SO TALLER THAN YOUR CARDBOARD TUBE. FILL THE DRINKING STRAW WITH MATCH HEADS. SECURE THE TOP WITH TISSUE PAPER SO MATCH HEADS DONT FALL OUT. THEN LINE THE TOP OF THE STRAW WITH A ROW OF MATCHES TAPED TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE STRAW.

CUT OUT THE STRIKER FROM THE MATCH BOX AND FOLD IN HALF ABOVE THE MATCH HEADS. USE A RUBBER BAND TO TIGHTEN. WHEN YOU PULL THE TAB IT SHOULD STRIKE THE MATCH HEADS AND IGNITE THE FUSE. THE DRINKING STRAW FUSE SHOULD EASILY FIT INTO THE PENCIL HOLE.

12. WRAP THE ENTIRE SMOKE BOMB WITH DUCT TAPE, COVER THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE TUBE, TOO, BUT LEAVE THE HOLE AREA WITH THE COTTON AND FUSE UNCOVERED. THIS WILL FORCE THE SMOKE OUT OF A SMALL HOLE CREATING HEAVY PLUMES.

13. GO OUTSIDE AND LIGHT YOUR SMOKE BOMB!

On May 5th just before noon, a man walked into a Cobb County Wells Fargo Bank in an Atlanta Falcons hat & robbed the place while enjoying a lollipop. This comes after a robbery at a Burger King by the same man. Exactly 1 week later,, the man robbed a Regions Bank & just like the time before, he walked away, cash in hand, sucking a lollipop, into the noon day. This suburban antihero has been dubbed "The Lollipop Bandit" by the local media.

In a supposedly unrelated incident on May 7th, a Sun Trust Bank inside a Publix grocery store in Decatur GA was also robbed. A few weeks prior, on April 30th a woman wearing a wig brandishing a revolver attempted to rob a Bank of America in Smyrna GA. If these acts are so common, one might begin to wonder: Aside from the deed, what could these acts possibly share in common? They control our access to rich fulfilling lives.

The media shows its true colors in cases like these, acting as a vehicle through which the logic of policing & panoptical society can be extended deeper into our daily lives. The stories are run but the intention is to persuade would-be snitches to turn these people in. Every question has a pre-determined answer: re-affirm state power. The question of how banks rob us daily are only asked if they can be answered with easy solutions like "stricter regulation." We're expected to believe that these actions exist in a bubble. That these people are irrational & undesirable & that they exist as pure aberrations with no context. . When we realize that acting for total freedom is worth the joys and risks that come with it, we might refuse to reproduce our selves as submissive law abiding citizens and leave behind this world of property and law once and for all.

"Well that was easy. And fun.

We threw bricks through the windows of Emory's Department of Human Genetics. Tucked away right next to the local grocery store. So many of these buildings of Capital, Science, and Finance sleep soundly in the beds of local strip malls and shopping centers. The experiments of Science and Capital never go unanswered and cannot possibly account for all variables: all of those, human and other, caged, prodded, anesthetized, and experimented on are not forgotten.

We did this with the passion of Pax, CeCe, La Tortuga, Cameron Maddox, Wenka, the lollipop bandit, the NATO arrestees, the Chilean and Montreal students, and any and all others who would do the same and with the thoughts of those who will risk fun this summer because despite all appearances, it's easy to do something."

SUPPORT ATLANTA NATO ARRESTEE *

For more info visit <http://freedomforchris.wordpress.com>

Send Letters &
Postcards to:
Christopher
French
2012-0522081
P.O. Box
089002
Chicago, Illinois

CHRIS FRENCH

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOC: FIRE SET & FENCES TORN DOWN @ WOODRUFF PARK

On May 30th, members of Atlanta's "progressive" milieu met in the outskirts of Woodruff Park to conduct their monthly mass strategy meeting.

Like thousands of others from around the country, Chris traveled to Chicago this May and attended the anti-NATO protests.

In a demonstration on Sunday evening, Chris was arrested along with several others in a barrage of police violence. Keeping with the precedent set leading up to and throughout the summit, the City of Chicago is using Chris' political beliefs as an excuse to set his bail at \$ 1 0 0 , 0 0 0 .

He is being charged with "aggravated battery on a police officer" and "resisting police." In light of all of this, **we need to raise \$10,000 simply to get Chris free.** Friends and loved ones from Atlanta are doing our best to coordinate the much-needed support for Chris.

For total freedom!

A few anarchists showed up to table, distro zines, and agitate for a re-occupation of the park - although many were too skeptical to even show up.

The meeting kind of dragged for 2 hours. There were interesting new faces but by the end of the meeting most people seemed kind of bored. After the agenda finished the 'zine table was moved up onto the paved plaza outside of the fenced-in park. Everyone seemed uncomfortable with the idea of a re-occupation until the howls of laughter echoed from the back of the crowd. *A handful of people dressed in full black were tearing apart the fences surrounding the park.* Excited & shocked, we dragged the 'zine table into the park & ran excitedly around the formerly occupied park.

As the crowd rushed the park, some people noticed signs & caution tape demarcating a number of trees that were scheduled to be cut down. The crowd, energized by the temporary autonomy, created a pile out of the wooden stakes surrounding the trees and *set it on fire.* Many of the anarchists present were feverishly excited and taken aback - were these some of the same people telling us it was "violent" to scream "fuck the police" just a few months ago? Do we know these people? These black bloc arsonists/arborists were not the usual suspects, & we couldn't be more overjoyed.

To the hooligans: We welcome you and would like to thank you for breaking the slump of boredom many of us have fallen into since the end of the occupation.

FUCK CAPITALISM.

While much of May Day proved a disappointment to Atlanta As - the anti-capitalist march downtown remained relatively tame throughout and our more ambitious actions were abandoned - some of our collective hunger for direct, defiant and fun gestures was satiated later that night:

10pm. A small commercial building for lease in Old Fourth Ward, a neighborhood that's become Atlanta's most prized gentrification project, noisily loses its locks and windows.

11pm. Anti-gentrification slogans are sprayed all over the main entrance, "Occupy Everywhere" is more carefully painted in the center of the main floor space, and a large banner reading "FUCK CAPITALISM - LET'S DANCE. MAYDAY 2012" adorns the only intact front window.

Within the hour the nearly empty building is transformed into a sketchy discotheque and canvas for graffiti. Attendees construct makeshift furniture out of the wood and bricks in the building share their interior decorating visions, scheme for more sustainable future actions and, of course, dance.

mayday report back:
building takeover

Non-radicals are text blasted about the event and attend in decent numbers. We hope they were seduced. (We had some short and saccharine propaganda for them, of course.) Confused yuppies drive by the raucous occupy, which is conveniently situated at a stop light, doing their best to look away. We hope they were scared. People on foot and bicycle are on pig patrol, ready to call people at the site for the inevitable moment our foes are near.

1am. Two warning calls are received, and everyone leaves as the pigs arrive. The exit strategy goes as planned, leaving no one arrested and everyone eager for more.

Let's make it happen!

Text from leaflet handed out in bulk and tossed all over the street out front:

REVOLT FOR A LIFE WORTH LIVING:

I always imagined that growing up was something of a terrifying adventure: changing schools, moving out, getting a job. In fact, the uncertainty and fear that I always felt about getting older in many ways resembled my anxiety about death: "so like...what the fuck happens?" I would later learn, much to my dismay, that the answer to both questions was quite simple: Nothing. Nothing happens. So here I am with all of my friends and I can barely catch my breath. The cops should be here any minute now but I can barely hold back my smile.

Something is finally happening. It's hard to say exactly what it is but it has to do with finding new ways to fulfill, shape & share our desires. Transforming our surroundings is crucial in this exploration. Tonight a small, unremarkable building on Irwin Street became more than just dead space awaiting transformation into an underpaid barista's familiar nightmare. I have found the terrifying thrills that I had once hoped for - in crime. The point, now, is to create spaces of rebellion - to spread anarchy - and to get away with it. Not all experiments end up how we hope, but the secret is to really begin. The risk is the reward and the stakes are higher than ever.